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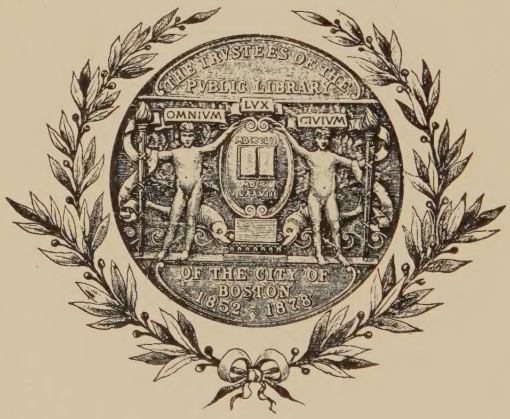
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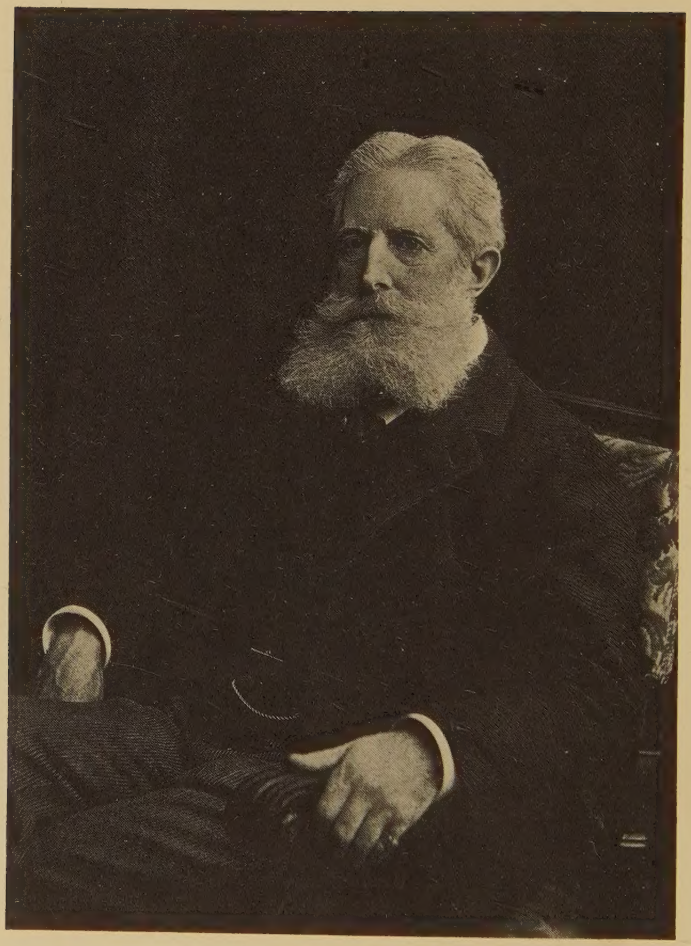

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1787–1900

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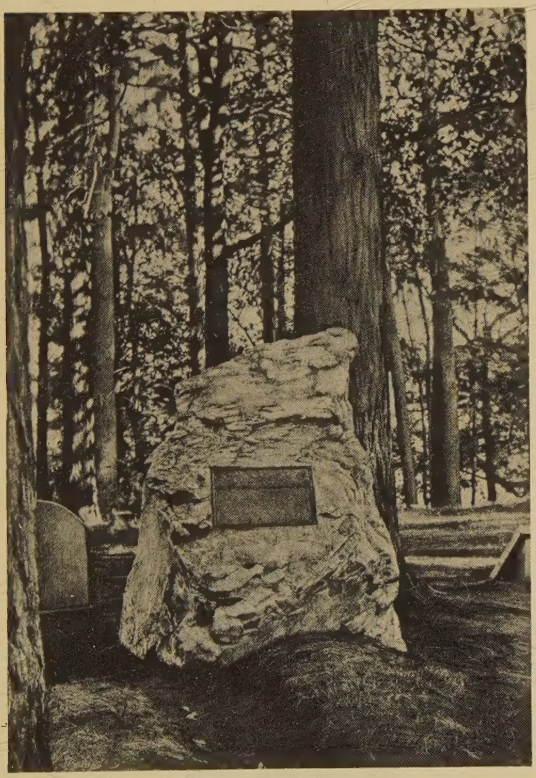

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1787–1900

SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE EDITOR'S CRITICAL REVIEW OF AMERICAN POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

AUTHOR OF "POETS OF AMERICA," "VICTORIAN POETS," ETC.
AND EDITOR OF "A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY"

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

III. SECOND LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

DIVISION I, *continued*

(MITCHELL, TIMROD, HAYNE, MRS. JACKSON, MISS DICKINSON, STEDMAN, THE PIATTS, MRS. SPOFFORD, MRS. MOULTON, WINTER, ALDRICH, HOWELLS, HAY, HARTE, SILL, MILLER, LANIER, AND OTHERS)

Edward Rowland Sill

THE FOOL'S PRAYER 419
BEFORE SUNRISE IN WINTER . . . 419
THE LOVER'S SONG 420
THE COUP DE GRACE 420
TEMPTED 420
FORCE 420
A PRAYER 421

William Gordon McCabe

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62 421
DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES . . . 422

Titus Munson Coan

A DREAM OF FLOWERS 422
THE CRYSTAL 423
NIHIL HUMANI ALIENUM 423

Nora Perry

CRESSID 423
THE LOVE-KNOT 424
RIDING DOWN 424
WHO KNOWS? 425

James Herbert Morse

SILENCE 425
BROOK SONG 425
THE WILD GEESE 426
HIS STATEMENT OF THE CASE . . . 426
THE WAYSIDE 426

Joaquin Miller

COLUMBUS 426
AT THE GRAVE OF WALKER . . . 427
WESTWARD HO! 427
CROSSING THE PLAINS 428
VAQUERO 428
BY THE PACIFIC OCEAN 428
TWILIGHT AT THE HEIGHTS . . . 429
DEAD IN THE SIERRAS 429
PETER COOPER 429
TO RUSSIA 429
THE VOICE OF THE DOVE . . . 429
JUANITA 430

Joseph O'Connor

WHAT WAS MY DREAM? 430
THE GENERAL'S DEATH 431

Charles Goodrich Whiting

BLUE HILLS BENEATH THE HAZE . . 431
THE EAGLE'S FALL 432
THE WAY TO HEAVEN 432

Charles Edward Carryl

THE SONG IN THE DELL 432
ROBINSON CRUSOE 433

Sidney Lanier

SONG FOR "THE JAQUERIE"
Betrayal 433
The Hound 434
NIGHT AND DAY 434
THE STIRRUP-CUP 434
SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE . . 434
THE MARSHES OF GLYNN 435
THE MOCKING BIRD 437
THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS . . . 437
A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER 437
SUNRISE 437

May Riley Smith

My Uninvited Guest 441
Departure 441

Henry Abbey

Donald 442
Winter Days 442
In Memory of General Grant . . 442
Faith's Vista 443

Ambrose Bierce

The Death of Grant 443
The Bride 443
Another Way 444
Montefiore 444
Presentiment 444
Creation 444
T. A. H. 444

Charles Warren Stoddard

The Royal Mummy to Bohemia . 445
Wind and Wave 445
Albatross 446
The Cocoa-Tree 446

Francis Fisher Browne

Vanquished 446
Under the Blue 447
Santa Barbara 447

Mary Ainge De Vere

("Madeline Bridges")

The Wind-Swept Wheat 447
A Farewell 448
Faith Trembling 448
The Spinner 448
When the Most is Said . . . 449
Poet and Lark 449
A Breath 449
Friend and Lover 449
God Keep You 449

Additional Selections

(various poems belonging to this division)

I

The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor 450
Hezekiah Butterworth

Carmen Bellicosum 451
Guy Humphreys McMaster

At Marshfield — From "Webster: An Ode" 451
William Cleaver Wilkinson

The Cowboy 452
John Antrobus

II

All Quiet along the Potomac . . 454
Ethel Lynn Beers

Sambo's Right to be Kilt . . . 454
Charles Graham Halpine

The Band in the Pines 455
John Esten Cooke

The Volunteer 455
Elbridge Jefferson Cutler

Stonewall Jackson 455
Henry Lynden Flash

Roll-Call 456
Nathaniel Graham Shepherd

"Picciola" 456
Robert Henry Newell

Reveille 457
Michael O'Connor

Farragut 457
William Tuckey Meredith

Driving Home the Cows 458
Kate Putnam Osgood

III

Negro Spirituals
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin' . . 459
Stars begin to fall 459
Roll, Jordan, Roll 459
Swing low, Sweet Chariot . . . 459
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard . 460

IV

The Pyxidanthera 460
Augusta Cooper Bristol

Yellow Jessamine 460
Constance Fenimore Woolson

The Petrified Fern 461
Mary Bolles Branch

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR . . . 461
MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE

THE WILLIS 462
DAVID LAW PROUDFIT

TWO OF A TRADE 463
SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD

V

SONNETS
An Open Secret 463
Reconciliation 463
CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON

NOW 463
MARY BARKER DODGE

A LIVING MEMORY 464
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS CROFFUT

WAITING 464
JOHN BURROUGHS

DEAD LOVE 464
MARY MATHEWS ADAMS

DISARMED 465
LAURA REDDEN SEARING
("Howard Glyndon")

POST-MERIDIAN
Afternoon 465
Evening 465
WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

VI

THOREAU'S FLUTE 465
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

OPPORTUNITY 466
JOHN JAMES INGALLS

THE CONDEMNED 466
EDWARD HOWLAND

MY BIRTH 466
MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

THE INEVITABLE 467
SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

QUATRAINS
Time 467
Infallibility 467
Power 467
Disappointment 467
Compensation 467
THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER

VII

ANCIENT OF DAYS 468
WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM . 468
PHILLIPS BROOKS

IN GALILEE 468
MARY FRANCES BUTTS

REINCARNATION 469
DAVID BANKS SICKELS

ROLL OUT, O SONG 469
FRANK SEWALL

NOT KNOWING 469
MARY GARDINER BRAINARD

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN 470
BENJAMIN DIONYSIUS HILL
(Father Edmund, of the Heart of Mary, C. P.)

VIII

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP . 470
EUGENE HENRY PULLEN

ONE SATURDAY 470
ANNIE DOUGLAS ROBINSON
("Marian Douglas")

MY LADDIE'S HOUNDS 471
MARGUERITE ELIZABETH EASTER

THE CHILDREN 471
CHARLES MONROE DICKINSON

IX

"THE DOVES OF VENICE" . . . 472
LAURENCE HUTTON

MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS
Jack and Jill 473
Simple Simon 473
HARRIET S. MORGRIDGE

A THRENODY 473
GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN

DIVISION II

(Gilder, O'Reilly, Maurice Thompson, Father Tabb, Emma Lazarus, Mrs. Cortissoz, Edith Thomas, Eugene Field, Bates, Markham, Whitcomb Riley, Ina Coolbrith, R. U. Johnson, and Others)

Richard Watson Gilder

Ode 474
The Celestial Passion 475
I count my Time by Times that I meet thee 475
Songs 475
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln 475
The Sonnet 476
Evening in the Tyringham Valley 476
Sherman 476
Hast thou heard the Nightingale? 476
The Cello 477
A Child 477
Ah, be not False 477
Of one who neither sees nor hears 477
The Birds of Bethlehem . . . 478
Noël 478
The Song of a Heathen 478
The Heroic Age 478
After-Song 478

Edward Willard Watson

Absolution 479

John Boyle O'Reilly

From "Wendell Phillips" . . . 480
At Best 480
An Art Master 480
A Savage 480
A White Rose 481
Mayflower 481

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward

The Lost Colors 481
The Room's Width 482
Gloucester Harbor 482

Francis Howard Williams

Electra 483
Walt Whitman 483
Song 483

Maurice Thompson

The Lion's Cub 483
An Early Bluebird 484
Written on a Fly-Leaf of Theocritus 485
A Flight Shot 485
A Creole Slave Song 485
A Prophecy — From "Lincoln's Grave" 486

Mary Thacher Higginson

Changelings 486
In the Dark 486
Ghost-Flowers 487
Inheritance 487

John Henry Boner

Poe's Cottage at Fordham . . 487
Remembrance 488
We walked among the Whispering Pines 488
The Light'ood Fire 488

John Banister Tabb

Evolution 489
The Water-Lily 489
To Shelley 489
The Sisters 489
Anonymous 489
Clover 489
The Departed 489
Indian Summer 490
The Druid 490
The Child 490
Quatrains
The Bubble 490
Becalmed 490
Fame 490

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

("Susan Coolidge")

Helen 491
Gulf Stream 491

Gertrude Bloede

("Stuart Sterne")

Night after Night 492
My Father's Child 492
Soul, wherefore fret Thee? . . 492

Will Carleton

Out of the Old House, Nancy . . 493

Jna Coolbrith

When the Grass shall cover me . 494
The Mariposa Lily 495
Fruitionless 495
Helen Hunt Jackson 495

Lloyd Mifflin

The Sovereigns 496
Milton 496
The Ship 496
To an Old Venetian Wine-Glass . 496
Theseus and Ariadne 496
To the Milkweed 497
To a Maple Seed 497
Sesostris 497
The Doors 497
The Flight 498
Fiat Lux 498

James Jeffrey Roche

The Kearsarge 498
Andromeda 498
My Comrade 499
The Skeleton at the Feast . . 499

Alice Wellington Rollins

The Death of Azron 499
Many Things thou hast given me, Dear Heart 500
Vita Benefica 500

Alice Williams Brotherton

The Blazing Heart 501
My Enemy 501

Walter Learned

With a Spray of Apple Blossoms 502
The Last Reservation 502
On the Fly-Leaf of Manon Lescaut 502
In Explanation 503
To Critics 503

Henry Augustin Beers

Posthumous 503
On a Miniature 504
Biftek aux Champignons . . . 504
Ecce in Deserto 505
The Singer of One Song . . . 505

Arthur Sherburne Hardy

Duality 505
Immortality 506
Iter Supremum 506

William Young

From "Wishmakers' Town"
The Bells 506
The Flower-Seller 506
The Conscience-Keeper . . . 507
The Pawns 507
The Bridal Pair 507
Judith 508
Philomel to Corydon 508

Will Henry Thompson

The High Tide at Gettysburg . 508
Come Love or Death 509

Charles De Kay

Arcana Sylvarum 509
Ulf in Ireland 510

Edward King

The Tsigane's Canzonet . . . 511
A Woman's Execution 512

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

Thoralf and Synnöv 512

Joel Chandler Harris

The Plough-Hands' Song . . . 513
My Honey, My Love 514

John Vance Cheney

The Happiest Heart 515
The Strong 515
Every one to his own Way . . 515
Evening Songs 515
The Skilful Listener 516
Whither 516

O. C. Auringer

The Flight of the War-Eagle . 516
The Ballad of Oriskany . . . 517
April 518

Emma Lazarus

On the Proposal to erect a Monument in England to Lord Byron 518
Venus of the Louvre 519
The Cranes of Ibycus 519
The Banner of the Jew . . . 519
The Crowing of the Red Cock . 520
The New Ezekiel 520

Grace Denio Litchfield

My Letter 521
To a Hurt Child 521
My Other Me 521

Francis Saltus Saltus

The Andalusian Sereno . . . 521
The Sphinx speaks 522
The Bayadere 522
Pastel 523
The Ideal 523

Lucy White Jennison

("Owen Innsley")

A Dream of Death — Helena . . 523
Bondage 524
The Burden of Love 524

Laura Elizabeth Richards

A Song of Two Angels . . . 524
Where Helen sits 525
A Valentine 525

George Houghton

Sandy Hook 525
The Handsel Ring 525
The Manor Lord 526

Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . . 526
Garden and Cradle 527
In the Firelight 527
Nightfall in Dordrecht . . . 527
The Dinkey-Bird 528
Little Boy Blue 528
The Lyttel Boy 528
Our Two Opinions 529
The Bibliomaniac's Prayer . . 529
Dibdin's Ghost 529
Echoes from the Sabine Farm
To the Fountain of Bandusia . . 530
To Leuconöe — I 530
To Leuconöe — II 531

Robert Burns Wilson

It is in Winter that we dream of Spring 531
The Dead Player 531
To a Crow 531
The Sunrise of the Poor . . . 532
Such is the Death the Soldier dies 532
Ballad of the Faded Field . . 532

Arlo Bates

America — From the "Torch Bearers" 533
In Paradise 533
The Cyclamen 533
Conceits
Kitty's Laugh 534
Kitty's "No" 534
Like to a Coin 534
The Watchers 534
On the Road to Chorrera . . 534
A Winter Twilight 535

Florence Earle Coates

Perdita 535
Survival 535
India 535
Tennyson 536
Songs
The World is Mine 536
To-Morrow 536

George Parsons Lathrop

The Flown Soul 536
South-Wind 537
The Sunshine of thine Eyes . . 537
Remembrance 537
The Voice of the Void . . . 537
The Child's Wish granted . . 537
Keenan's Charge 538

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

Give me not Tears 539
Dorothy 539
A Song before Grief 540
The Clock's Song 540

Charles Francis Richardson

Prayer 540
After Death 541
A Conjecture 541

Edwin Markham

The Man with the Hoe . . . 541
My Comrade 542
Poetry 542
A Look into the Gulf . . . 542
The Last Furrow 542
The Whirlwind Road 542
Joy of the Morning 543

Richard Edwin Day

England 543
To Shakespeare 543

Maurice Francis Egan

Maurice de Guérin 543
He made us Free 544
The Old Violin 544
The Shamrock 544

Nathan Haskell Dole

Russia 545
To an Imperilled Traveller . 545
A Russian Fantasy 545

Henry van Dyke

An Angler's Wish 545
The Veery 546
Roslin and Hawthornden . . 546
The Lily of Yorrow 546
Tennyson 547
Four Things 547

Joseph K. C. Clarke

The Fighting Race 547

Charles Henry Phelps

Henry Ward Beecher 548
Rare Moments 549
Yuma 549

Robert Underwood Johnson

From "The Voice of Webster" . 549
As a Bell in a Chime 550
The Wistful Days 550
In Tesla's Laboratory . . . 550
Browning at Asolo 551
The Blossom of the Soul . . . 551

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

At the Shrine 551
Ghosts 551
A Bulb 552
To Miguel de Cervantes Saavadra . 552

Craven Langstroth Betts

The Hollyhocks 552
Don Quixote 552
To the Moonflower 553

Ellen Mackay Hutchinson Cortissoz

Moth-Song 553
Her Picture 553
On Kingston Bridge 553
So wags the World 554
Praise-God Barebones 554
Pamela in Town 555
April Fantasie 555
Quaker Ladies 555
The Bride's Toilette 556
A Cry from the Shore 556
Sea-Way 557
Harvest 557

Thomas Nelson Page

Uncle Gabe's White Folks . . 557
Ashcake 558

James Whitcomb Riley

When she comes Home 559
The Old Man and Jim 559
A Life-Lesson 560
The Way the Baby woke . . . 560
The Way the Baby slept . . . 561
Bereaved 561
Ike Walton's Prayer 561
On the Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft 561
Little Orphant Annie 562
Dwainie — From "The Flying Islands of the Night" 563
Honey dripping from the Comb . 563
A Man by the Name of Bolus . 563
Longfellow 564
Love's Prayer 564

Louis James Block

The Garden where there is no Winter 564
Tuberose 565
Fate 565
Work 565

Maybury Fleming

To Demeter 566
What though the Green Leaf grow? 566
To Sleep 566

William Cranston Lawton

Song, Youth, and Sorrow . . . 567
My Fatherland 567

Katherine Eleanor Conway

The Heaviest Cross of all . . 567
Saturninus 568

Irwin Russell

De Fust Banjo 568

Charles Leonard Moore

To England 569
From the "Book of Day-Dreams"
Soul unto Soul glooms darkling . 570
Disenchantment 570
Or ever the Earth was 571
Thou livest, O Soul! 571
Then shall we see 571

Edith Matilda Thomas

The Betrayal of the Rose . . . 571
The Tears of the Poplars . . . 572
The Quiet Pilgrim 572
Mother England 573
Breath of Hampstead Heath . . 573
Thefts of the Morning 574
Frost 574
Quatrains
The Soul in the Body 574
Insomnia 575
To Imagination 575
A Far Cry to Heaven 575
The Mother who died too . . . 575
Winter Sleep 575
From "The Inverted Torch"
When in the First Great Hour . 576
Tell me 576
If still they live 576
Will it be so? 576

Samuel Minturn Peck

Sassafras 576
A Southern Girl 577
The Captain's Feather 577
My Little Girl 577

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

Pray for the Dead 578
The Egyptian Lotus 578

Additional Selections

(various poems belonging to this division)

I

Little Wild Baby 579
Margaret Thomson Janvier
("Margaret Vandegrift")

Vivérols 579
David Starr Jordan

He 'd nothing but his Violin . 580
Mary Kyle Dallas

What my Lover said 580
Homer Greene

Unless 581
Ella Dietz Glynes

Winter Twilight 581
George Tracy Elliot

II

Under the Red Cross 581
Chauncey Hickox

A Child's Question 582
Emma Huntington Nason

The Mystery 582
Lilian Whiting

Thomas à Kempis 582
Richard Rogers Bowker

Kelpius's Hymn 582
Arthur Peterson

III

Two Argosies 583
Wallace Bruce

In the Old Churchyard at Fredericksburg 583
Frederick Wadsworth Loring

IV

The Aztec City 584
Eugene Fitch Ware
("Ironquill")

Were-Wolf 585
Julian Hawthorne

V

The Golden Age 585
Ernest Francisco Fenollosa

The Man with the Hoe — A Reply 586
John Vance Cheney

VI

"Gossamer Weft"
Whenever a Little Child is born . 587
Agnes Carter Nason

Morning 587
EMILY DICKINSON

Snowflakes 587
MARY MAPES DODGE

Why it was cold in May . . . 587
HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

Thistle-down 587
CLARA DOTY BATES

A Little Boy's Vain Regret . . 588
EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

A Mortifying Mistake . . . 588
ANNA M. PRATT

Early News 588
ANNA M. PRATT

A Million Little Diamonds . . 588
MARY FRANCES BUTTS

Only One 588
GEORGE COOPER

Lullaby 588
JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

VII

IMPROMPTUS
Written in the Visitors' Book at the Birthplace of Robert Burns . . 589
The New Arrival 589
GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS . 589
GEORGE AUGUSTUS BAKER

AN AMERICAN GIRL 589
BRANDER MATTHEWS

TO JESSIE'S DANCING FEET . . . 590
WILLIAM DE LANCEY ELLWANGER

DIVISION III

(WOODBERRY, BUNNER, MRS. PULLEN, MISS REESE, H. S. MORRIS, MISS CONE, BURTON, SHERMAN, GARLAND, MISS MONROE, MISS GUINEY, AND OTHERS)

George Edward Woodberry

FROM "WILD EDEN"
When First I saw her . . . 590
The Secret 590
O, Inexpressible as sweet . . 591
The Rose of Stars 591
Divine Awe 591
Homeward Bound 591
The Child 592
O, Struck beneath the Laurel . 592
So slow to die 592
Seaward 592
FROM "MY COUNTRY" . . . 593
ON A PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS . 594
AMERICA TO ENGLAND . . . 594
AT GIBRALTAR 594
LOVE'S ROSARY 595
SONG OF EROS, IN "AGATHON" . 595

Francis Barton Gummere

JOHN BRIGHT 595

Henry Cuyler Bunner

THE WAY TO ARCADY 596
SHE WAS A BEAUTY 597
A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE . . . 597
DEAF 597
LES MORTS VONT VITE 598
THE APPEAL TO HAROLD . . . 598
ON READING A POET'S FIRST BOOK . 598
FEMININE 599
J. B. 599
TO A JUNE BREEZE 599
THE CHAPERON 600

Wilbur Larremore

MADAM HICKORY 600
BLOSSOM TIME 600

Elisabeth (Cavazza) Pullen

HER SHADOW 601
ALICIA'S BONNET 601
LOVE AND POVERTY 602
DERELICT 602
THE SEA-WEED 603

Daniel Lewis Dawson

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES . . 603

Lewis Frank Tooker

The Last Fight 604
Sleep 606
His Quest 606

Armistead Churchill Gordon

Kree 606
Roses of Memory 607

Edward Sanford Martin

A Girl of Pompeii 608
A Little Brother of the Rich . 608
Egotism 608

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Lydia 609
Anne — Sudbury Meeting-House, 1653 609
Daffodils 609
Tears 610
Immortality 610
Thomas à Kempis 610
Telling the Bees 611
In Time of Grief 611
To a Town Poet 611
Trust 611
A Holiday 612
Keats 612
Reserve 612

William Hamilton Hayne

The Southern Snow-Bird . . . 612
To a Cherokee Rose 612
Quatrains
Moonlight Song of the Mocking-Bird 613
Night Mists 613
An Autumn Breeze 613
Exiles 613
A Cyclone at Sea 613
"Sleep and his Brother Death" 613
The Yule Log 613

George Edgar Montgomery

England 613
To a Child 614
A Dead Soldier 614
At Night 615

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Recrimination 615

Charles Lotin Hildreth

To an Obscure Poet who lives on my Hearth 616
Implora Pace 616
At the Mermaid Inn 617

Harrison Smith Morris

Destiny — a. d. 1899 617
The Lonely-Bird 619
A Pine-Tree Buoy 619
Mohammed and Seid 619
Walt Whitman 620
Fickle Hope 620

Ernest Crosby

Choir Practice 620
The Search 621
The Soul of the World . . . 621

Harry Thurston Peck

Heliotrope 621
Wonderland 622
The Other One 622

Frank Lebby Stanton

One Country 622
A Plantation Ditty 623
The Graveyard Rabbit . . . 623
The Mocking-Bird 623
A Little Way 624

Margaret Deland

Love and Death 624
Sent with a Rose to a Young Lady 624
The Clover 624
Love's Wisdom 624

Tudor Jenks

Small and Early 625
The Spirit of the Maine . . 625

Alice Brown

Candlemas 626
Trilby 626
Cloistered 626
Life 626
Sleep 627

William Morton Payne

Incipit Vita Nova 627
"Ej Blot Til Lyst" 627
Tannhäuser 627
Lohengrin 628

Milicent Washburn Shinn

Song and Science
"The Twilight of the Poets" . 628
When Almonds bloom 629
Yosemite — From "The Washington Sequoia" 629

James Benjamin Kenyon

Tacita 630
Quatrains
The Bedouins of the Skies . . 630
The Two Spirits 630
A Challenge 630
Death and Night 630
Bring them not back 631
Come slowly, Paradise . . . 631

Charles Henry Crandall

Stella 631
The Human Plan 631
With Lilacs 631

Charles Henry Luders

The Four Winds 632
The Haunts of the Halcyon . . 632
Heart of Oak 632
An Old Thought 632
The Mountebanks 633

Mary Augusta Mason

The Scarlet Tanager 633
My Little Neighbor 633

Henry Jerome Stockard

Over their Graves 634
As some Mysterious Wanderer of the Skies 634
The Mocking-Bird 634

Sarah Pratt McLean Greene

The Lamp 634
De Sheepfol' 635

Clarence Urmy

As I came down Mount Tamalpais 635
Blondel 635

Susan Marr Spalding

A Song's Worth 636
The Sea's Spell 636
Fate 636

Robert Bridges

"The Unillumined Verge" . . . 637
James McCosh 637

William Lindsey

En Garde, Messieurs 638
The Hundred-Yard Dash . . . 638

Horace L. Traubel

I served in a Great Cause . . 638
If all the Voices of Men . . . 639
Epicedium 639

Danske Dandridge

The Dead Moon 639
The Spirit of the Fall . . . 640

William Roscoe Thayer

("Paul Hermes")

The Last Hunt 640
Man in Nature 641
The Violin's Complaint . . . 641

Helen Gray Cone

The Ride to the Lady . . . 642
Arraignment 642
Thisbe 643
The Contrast 643
The Last Cup of Canary . . 643
The Spring Beauties 644
Fair England 644

Richard Burton

The First Song 645
On a Ferry Boat 645
Black Sheep 645
The Forefather 646
"Extras" 646
Love is Strong 646
An Unpraised Picture . . . 646
The Polar Quest 647
In Sleep 647

Katharine Lee Bates

Robin's Secret 647
A Song of Riches 648
The Little Knight in Green . 648

George Pellew

On a Cast from an Antique . . 648
Death 649

Robert Mowry Bell

The Tutelage 649
The Second Volume. 649

Frank Dempster Sherman

On a Greek Vase. 650
To a Rose 650
On Some Buttercups 650
The Library 650
Quatrains
A Quatrain 651
A Hollyhock 651
Moonrise 651
The Rose's Cup 651
The Shadows 651
At Midnight 651

John Hall Ingham

George Washington 652
Genesis 652
A Summer Sanctuary 652

Harry Lyman Koopman

Sea and Shore 652
John Brown 653
Icarus 653
The Satirist 653
Revealed 653

Oscar Fay Adams

At Lincoln 653
On a Grave in Christ-Church, Hants 654

Hamlin Garland

Pioneers 654
In the Grass 654
The Meadow Lark 654
The Massasauga 655
A Tribute of Grasses — To W. W. 655
A Wish 655
The Gift of Water 655
The Ute Lover. 655
Do you fear the Wind 656
The Gold-Seekers 656
The Greeting of the Roses . . 656

Virginia Woodward Cloud

The Mother's Song 657
An Old Street 657
Care 657
Youth 658

Clinton Scollard

Sidney Godolphin 658
As I came down from Lebanon . 658
Khamsin 659
Memnon 659
Be ye in love with April-Tide? . 660
A Bell 660

Harriet Monroe

From the "Commemoration Ode" — World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago
Washington 660
Lincoln 660
Democracy 661
In the Beginning 662
The Fortunate One. 662
The Night-Blooming Cereus . . 662
A Farewell 662

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

A Common Inference 663
The Beds of Fleur-de-Lys . . . 663
A Conservative 663

Louise Imogen Guiney

Ode for a Master Mariner ashore 664
In Leinster 665
Pax Paganica 665
On first entering Westminster Abbey 665
Martyr's Memorial 665
A Footnote to a Famous Lyric . 666
The Wild Ride 666
Valse Jeune 666
Of Joan's Youth 666
Sanctuary 667

Lilla Cabot Perry

Meeting after Long Absence
As she feared it would be . . . 667
As it was 667
Life and Death 667
Art 668

Hannah Parker Kimball

Beyond 668
Soul and Sense 639
One Way of Trusting 669

Albert Bigelow Paine

The Little Child 669
In Louisiana 669

Ernest McGaffey

As the Day breaks 669
"Mark" 670
A "Rise" 670
Geronimo 670
I fear no Power a Woman wields 670

Katrina Trask

Sorrow 671
Love 671
At Last 671
Aidenn 671

Additional Selections

(various poems belonging to this division)

I

Birth 672
Annie R. Stillman
("Grace Raymond")

The First Step 672
Andrew Bice Saxton

To O. S. C. 672
Annie Eliot Trumbull

A Plain Man's Dream 672
Frederick Keppel

A Child of To-Day 673
James Buckham

Vingtaine
Separation 673
Immutabilis 673
Alice Learned Bunner

When Even cometh on . . . 673
Lucy Evangeline Tilley

II

The Statue of Lorenzo De' Medici 674
James Ernest Nesmith

Ahmed 674
James Berry Bensel

Ave! Nero Imperator . . . 674
Samuel Duffield Osborne

A Night in Lesbos . . . 675
George Horton

Bacchylides 675
George Meason Whicher

Carlyle and Emerson . . . 676
Montgomery Schuyler

III

The Town of Hay 676
Sam Walter Foss

A Drop of Ink 676
Joseph Ernest Whitney

Sea Irony 677
John Langdon Heaton

Solitude 677
Frederick Peterson

An Epilogue at Wallack's . . 677
John Elton Wayland
("Idas")

IV

"The Tune of the Time"
When Love comes knocking . . 678
William Henry Gardner

If I but knew 678
Amy E. Leigh

Song from "Ben Hur" . . . 678
Lew Wallace

At Twilight 678
Peyton Van Rensselaer

Art Thou the Same . . . 678
Frances Dorr (Swift) Tatnall

The Song of the Turnkey . . . 679
Harry Bache Smith

The Armorer's Song . . . 679
Harry Bache Smith

His Majesty 680
THERON BROWN

Little Alabama Coon 680
HATTIE STARR

Go Sleep, Ma Honey 680
EDWARD D. BARKER

Kentucky Babe 681
RICHARD HENRY BUCK

A Little Dutch Garden 681
HATTIE WHITNEY

V

"A SONG THAT OLD WAS SUNG"
The Old Sexton 681
PARK BENJAMIN

He came too late 682
ELIZABETH BOGART

IV. CLOSE OF THE CENTURY

(TYPICAL POETS AND POETRY OF THE FINAL YEARS)

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

("John Philip Varley")

FROM "TO A WRITER OF THE DAY"
Technique 685
Purpose 685
SONGS
Fear 686
Sweets that die 686
TO ONE BEING OLD 687
THE WAYSIDE VIRGIN 687
WRITTEN AT THE END OF A BOOK . 687

Wallace Rice

UNDER THE STARS 688
THE END 688
IMMORTAL FLOWERS 688

Robert Cameron Rogers

THE DANCING FAUN 689
A SLEEPING PRIESTESS OF APHRODITE 689
VIRGIL'S TOMB 690
THE SHADOW ROSE 690
DOUBT 690
A HEALTH AT THE FORD 690
THE ROSARY 691

Vance Thompson

SYMBOLS 691
LINEN BANDS 691

Ella Higginson

BEGGARS 692
MOONRISE IN THE ROCKIES . . . 692
THE LAMP IN THE WEST 692
THE GRAND RONDE VALLEY . . . 692
FOUR-LEAF CLOVER 692

John Kendrick Bangs

TO A WITHERED ROSE 693
MAY 30, 1893 693
THE LITTLE ELF 693

Sophie Jewett

("Ellen Burroughs")

"IF SPIRITS WALK" 693
ARMISTICE 693
SONG 694
WHEN NATURE HATH BETRAYED THE HEART THAT LOVED HER . . . 694
A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME 694

Evaleen Stein

BUDDING-TIME TOO BRIEF 694
IN MEXICO 695
IN YOUTH 695
FLOOD-TIME ON THE MARSHES . . 695

Lucy Robinson

(Lucy Catlin Bull)

THE FIRE I' THE FLINT 696
"HIC ME, PATER OPTIME, FESSAM DESERIS" 696
A BALLADE OF ISLANDS 696

Oliver Herford

PROEM 697
A BELATED VIOLET 697
WHY YE BLOSSOME COMETH BEFORE YE LEAFE 697
THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE . . 698
THE MON-GOOS 698

Amélie Troubetzkoy

A Mood 698
Before the Rain 699
A Sonnet 699

Gertrude Hall

Mrs. Golightly 699
Angels 700
The Dust 700
My Old Counselor 700

Elaine Goodale Eastman

A Countrywoman of Mine . . . 700
Ashes of Roses 701
Baby 701

Winifred Howells

Forthfaring 701
The Poet and the Child . . . 701
A Wasted Sympathy 702
Past 702
A Mood 702

Richard Hovey

The Wander-Lovers 702
Envoy — To "More Songs from Vagabondia" 703
The Call of the Bugles . . . 703
Unmanifest Destiny 704
Love in the Winds 705
Dartmouth Winter-Song . . . 705
Laurana's Song 705
From "The Birth of Galahad"
Ylen's Song 705
From "Taliesin: A Masque" . . 706

Julie Mathilde Lippmann

Love and Life 707
Stone Walls 707
The Pines 707

Mark A. De Wolfe Howe

The Travellers 708
Distinction 708
'Whom the Gods love" . . . 708

Madison Cawein

Proem 708
The Rain-Crow 708
To a Wind-Flower 709
Death 709
The Soul 710
The Creek-Road 710
Ku Klux 710
Quatrains
The Wind in the Pines . . . 710
Opportunity 710
Comradery 710
Flight 711
Dirge 711

John Bennett

Songs from "Master Sky-Lark"
The Sky-Lark's Song 711
The Song of the Hunt 712
God bless you, Dear, To-Day . 712
Her Answer 712

Edward Lucas White

The Last Bowstrings 712
Genius 714

Martha Gilbert Dickinson

Reality 714
A Priest's Prayer 714
Forgiveness Lane 714
Separation 715
Unanswered 715
Her Music 715
Heaven 715

Walter Malone

October in Tennessee. 715
He who hath loved 716

John Jerome Rooney

Joined the Blues 716
The Homing 717
The Men behind the Guns . . 717
Where Helen comes 718
The Ráhat 718
A Beam of Light 718

Anne Reeve Aldrich

A Song about Singing. 718
In November 718
Music of Hungary 718
A Crowned Poet 719
Love's Change 719
Fraternity 719
Recollection 719
April — and dying 719
A Little Parable 720
Death at Daybreak 720
The Eternal Justice 720

Herbert Bates

PRAIRIE 720
THE HEAVENS ARE OUR RIDDLE . . 721

John Russell Hayes

FROM "THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN" 721

Dora Read Goodale

THE FLIGHT OF THE HEART . . . 722
THE SOUL OF MAN 722
THE JUDGMENT 722

Joseph Russell Taylor

THE FLUTE 723
THE VEERY-THRUSH 723

Arthur Colton

A SONG WITH A DISCORD 723
TO FAUSTINE 724

Philip Henry Savage

MORNING 724
SILKWEED 724
SOLITUDE 724
INFINITY 725

Barrett Eastman

RICHARD SOMERS 725
JOY ENOUGH 725

William Vaughn Moody

FROM "AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION"
Robert Gould Shaw 726
"No Hint of Stain" 726

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

NATURE: THE ARTIST 727
A PASTURE 727

Edwin Arlington Robinson

LUKE HAVERGAL 727
BALLADE OF DEAD FRIENDS . . . 728
THE CLERKS 728
THE PITY OF THE LEAVES . . . 728
THE HOUSE ON THE HILL . . . 729

Caroline Duer

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE (MARCH 15, 1889) 729
A PORTRAIT 730
A WORD TO THE WISE 730

Alice Duer Miller

SONG 730
A SONNET 731

Edward A. A. Valentine

HELEN 731
THE SPIRIT OF THE WHEAT . . . 731

Alice Archer (S.) James

SINFONIA EROICA 732
THE BUTTERFLY 732
PROCESSIONAL 733

Stephen Crane

THE PEAKS 733
'SCAPED 733
THE BLACK RIDERS 734
WHY? 734
THE WAYFARER 734
CONTENT 734
ANCESTRY 734
THE VIOLETS 734
I EXPLAIN 734

Herbert Bashford

THE ARID LANDS 735
BY THE PACIFIC 735
NIGHT IN CAMP 735
MORNING IN CAMP 735
QUATRAINS
Mount Rainier 736
Along Shore 736
Sunset 736

Rupert Hughes

FOR DECORATION DAY 736

Paul Laurence Dunbar

A CORN-SONG 737
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE . . . 737
RETORT 737
ON THE ROAD 738
HYMN 738
A DEATH SONG 738

Mary McNeil Fenollosa

Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma . 739
Flying Fish 739
Miyoko San 739
A Drifting Petal 739
Yuki 739
Morning Fancy 740

Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson

England 740
War 740
Judgment 740
A Song of Arno 741

Guy Wetmore Carryl

When the Great Gray Ships come in 741
The Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven 742

Mildred Howells

Romance 742
A Moral in Sevres 743
Down a Woodland Way 743

George Cabot Lodge

A Song of the Wave 743
Youth 744

Hildegarde Hawthorne

A Song 744
My Rose 744

Josephine Preston Peabody

Prelude 745
Wood-Song 745
Sonnet in a Garden 745
A Changeling Grateful 745
Caravans 746
Rubric 746
Isolation 746
After Music 747
A Far-Off Rose 747

Joseph Leiser

Kol Nidra — From "The Day of Atonement" 747

Howard Weeden

The Banjo of the Past 748
The Borrowed Child 749

Wilbur Underwood

The Cattle of his Hand 749

Ednah Proctor (Clarke) Hayes

To a Wild Rose found in October 750
A Good-by 751
The Deathless 751
The Mocking-Bird 751
The Dancer 751

Frederic Ridgely Torrence

From "The House of a Hundred Lights"
The Young Lovers 752
Youth and Age 752
Compensation 752
Carpe Diem 753
The Conclusion of the Whole Matter 753

Helen Hay

To Diane 753
A Woman's Pride 754
Love's Kiss 754
Was there Another Spring . . 754
Does the Pearl know? 754
Sigh not for Love 754

George Sidney Hellman

Coleridge 755
The Hudson 755

Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

Love and Time 755
With Roses 756
Night-Wind 756

Additional Selections

(from the balladry, lyrics, sonnets, and lighter verse of the final decade)

I

The Flag goes by 756
Henry Holcomb Bennett

The Coasters 756
Thomas Fleming Day

Of the Lost Ship 757
Eugene Richard White

CAMILLA 758
CHARLES AUGUSTUS KEELER

THE SONG OF THE SONS OF ESAU . . 758
BEETHA BROOKS RUNKLE

II

THE UNBORN 759
JULIA NEELY FINCH

III

DEEP WATERS 759
VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MORITURA 760
MARGARET GILMAN (GEORGE) DAVIDSON

THE LONG NIGHT 760
HARRY BACHE SMITH

WHITE ROSES 761
CORA FABBRI

IV

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY 761
KATHERINE MILLER

SONNETS
On the Death of a Metaphysician . 761
On a Piece of Tapestry 761
GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE ARTIST 762
ARTHUR GRISSOM

THE MOUNTAIN TO THE PINE . . 762
CLARENCE HAWKES

EXPERIENCE 762
EDITH WHARTON

V

INTAGLIOS
Tennessee 763
On the Plains 763
FRANCIS BROOKS

QUATRAINS
A Diamond 763
Spring 763
March 763
April 763
A Sunset 763
ROBERT LOVEMAN

VI

THE RECRUIT 764
ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS

THE LITTLE NIPPER AN' 'IS MA . . 764
GEORGE FAUVEL GOURAUD

VII

SOME RECENT COLLEGE VERSE

1

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE 765
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

2

TO A MOTH 765
CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS

METHINKS THE MEASURE . . . 766
PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON

HELIOS 766
JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN

DARKNESS 766
JAMES NAUMBERG ROSENBERG

WHITHER 766
PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

ATTAINMENT 767
ALGERNON TASSIN

GOD'S WILL 767
ROBERT LOUIS MUNGER

3

CAMEOS
A Valentine 767
Forgiven 767
JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

THE SONG 767
JOHN ERSKINE

4

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA . . . 767
EUGENE HOWELL DALY

ON A MAGAZINE SONNET . . . 768
RUSSELL HILLARD LOINES

A Crew Poem 768
Edward Augustus Blount, Jr.

In a China Shop 768
George Sidney Hellman

Classical Criticism 768
George Lynde Richardson

For Sale, a Horse 768
Charles Edward Taylor

Persicos Odi 769
Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr.

VIII

Miss Nancy's Gown 769
Zitella Cocke

The Journey 769
Mary Berri (Chapman) Hansbrough

IX

Little Theocritus 770
Caroline Wilder (Fellowes) Paradise

Now is the Cherry in Blossom . 770
Mary Eleanor Wilkins

Hey Nonny No 771
Marguerite Merington

Gold-of-Ophir Roses 771
Grace Atherton Dennen

I know not why 772
Morris Rosenfeld

Gentian 772
Elizabeth Green Crane

Dryad Song 772
Margaret Fuller

Sing again 773
Marie Van Vorst

The Parting of the Ways . . 773
Joseph B. Gilder

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 777
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 837
INDEX OF TITLES 855
INDEX OF POETS 873

SECOND LYRICAL PERIOD

(IN THREE DIVISIONS)

DIVISION I, *continued*

(TIMROD, HAYNE, MRS. JACKSON, MISS DICKINSON, STEDMAN, THE PIATTS, WINTER, ALDRICH, HOWELLS, HAY, HARTE, SILL, MILLER, LANIER, AND OTHERS)

Edward Rowland Sill

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!

The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

BEFORE SUNRISE IN WINTER

A PURPLE cloud hangs half-way down;
Sky, yellow gold below;
The naked trees, beyond the town,
Like masts against it show, —

Bare masts and spars of our earth-ship,
With shining snow-sails furled;
And through the sea of space we slip,
That flows all round the world.

THE LOVER'S SONG

Lend me thy fillet, Love!
I would no longer see:
Cover mine eyelids close awhile,
And make me blind like thee.

Then might I pass her sunny face,
And know not it was fair;
Then might I hear her voice, nor guess
Her starry eyes were there.

Ah! Banished so from stars and sun —
Why need it be my fate?
If only she might dream me good
And wise, and be my mate!

Lend her thy fillet, Love!
Let her no longer see:
If there is hope for me at all,
She must be blind like thee.

THE COUP DE GRACE

If I were very sure
That all was over betwixt you and me, —
That, while this endless absence I endure
With but one mood, one dream, one misery
Of waiting, you were happier to be free, —

Then I might find again
In cloud and stream and all the winds that blow,
Yea, even in the faces of my fellowmen,
The old companionship; and I might know
Once more the pulse of action, ere I go.

But now I cannot rest,
While this one pleading, querulous tone without
Breaks in and mars the music in my breast.
I open the closed door — lo! all about,
What seem your lingering footprints; then I doubt.

Waken me from this sleep!
Strike fearless, let the naked truth-edge gleam!
For while the beautiful old past I keep,
I am a phantom, and all mortals seem
But phantoms, and my life fades as a dream.

TEMPTED

Yes, I know what you say:
Since it cannot be soul to soul,
Be it flesh to flesh, as it may;
But is Earth the whole?

Shall a man betray the Past
For all Earth gives?
"But the Past is dead?" At last,
It is all that lives.

Which were the nobler goal, —
To snatch at the moment's bliss,
Or to swear I will keep my soul
Clean for her kiss?

FORCE

The stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message
Hidden well.

There 's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.

Perish dark memories!
There 's light ahead;
This world 's for the living,
Not for the dead.

In the shining city,
On the loud pave,
The life-tide is running
Like a leaping wave.

How the stream quickens,
As noon draws near!
No room for loiterers,
No time for fear.

Out on the farm lands
Earth smiles as well;
Gold-crusted grain-fields,
With sweet, warm smell;

Whir of the reaper,
Like a giant bee;
Like a Titan cricket,
Thrilling with glee.

On mart and meadow,
Pavement or plain;
On azure mountain,
Or azure main, —

Heaven bends in blessing;
Lost is but won;
Goes the good rain-cloud,
Comes the good sun:

Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts,
And weaklings fail.

Down the great currents
Let the boat swing;
There was never winter
But brought the spring.

A PRAYER

O God, our Father, if we had but truth!
Lost truth — which thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth
He waste in song and dance;
That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If, blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,
And follow twinkling motes
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake
Of Wisdom for the notes
Which mocking Beauty utters here and there,
Thou surely wilt forgive him, and forbear!

Oh love us, for we love thee, Maker — God!
And would creep near thy hand,
And call thee "Father, Father," from the sod
Where by our graves we stand,
And pray to touch, fearless of scorn or blame,
Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good we name.

William Gordon McCabe

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
I see again the glad surprise
That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy —
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
Where lies the snow in drifting waves, —
And I am sitting here alone.

There 's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise.
The lips are mute and closed the eyes —
My home is in the bivouac.
In the Army of Northern Virginia.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES

I PICTURE her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose —
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old *Romance* — which she holds on her knee —
Of Tristram the bravest of knights in the fray,
And Iseult, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
As she watches the dying embers fall:
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps — ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I 'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men, —
I 'll be true to the end all the same.
Petersburg Trenches, 1864.

Titus Munson Coan

A DREAM OF FLOWERS

EVEN at their fairest still I love the less
The blossoms of the garden than the blooms
Won by the mountain climber: theirs the tints
And forms that most delight me, — theirs the charm
That lends an aureole to the azure heights
Whereon they flourish, children of the dews
And mountain streamlets.
But in sleep sometimes
Mountain and meadow blend their gifts in one.
This morn I trod the secret path of dreams,
And, lo! my wilding flowers sprang thick around me,
Alpine and lowland too; and with them sprang
Blossoms that never had I known before
Except in poets' pages — fancied forms
And hues that shone in more than Alpine light.
Poppies incarnadine and rosemary,
And violets with gentle eyes were there,
And their sweet cousinry, the periwinkles;
Night-blooming cereus, agrimony, rue,
And stately damask roses, Eastern queens,
The noblest-born of flowers; and by their side

he panthers of the meadow, tiger-lilies;
ame with her trembling banner of perfumed bells
he lily of the valley, and the jessamine,
incesses twain with maiden fragrance pure;
he azure of the Alpine gentian shone
tense beneath the rival blue of heaven;
long the heights blossomed the Alpine rose,
nd higher yet the starry edelweiss, —
nd sweet the wind came o'er the visioned Alp.
. . . . . .
ut now I seemed to wonder at the view,
o my dimmed sense a riddle; then was 'ware
f daytime colors blending with my dream,
nd cleared my eyes, and saw my roguish girl,
witch of seven, with flowers in both her hands,
resh-gathered in my garden, stealing in
pon my morning vision, and waving me
heir fragrance. "Wake!" she cried, and I awoke
o her, a sweeter flower than all the rest!

THE CRYSTAL

LYMPIAN sunlight is the Poet's sphere;
et of his rapt unconscious thought at play
he wintry stream gave image but to-day,
hen first the frost his magic made appear;
The darkling water dreamed, and mirrored clear,
A thousand miles adown, the clouds' array,
Nor any gleam or stirring did betray
The secret of the transformation near —
When, lo! what beauty flashing from the night
Of formless atoms! Nature stirs amain,
Building her crystal arches firm and well,
And framing fairy cantilevers bright.
So broods the vision in the Poet's brain,
And leaps to life beneath a kindred spell.

NIHIL HUMANI ALIENUM

In the loud waking world I come and go,
And yet the twofold gates of dreams are mine;
I have seen the battle-lightnings round me shine,
And won the stillness of Hawaiian snow;
The votary's sad surrender do I know;
Joy have I had of passion and of wine;
Nor shines the light of poesy less divine
Though science's white cressets round me glow.
Yet never in me are these things at feud;
They make one sum of rapture; in my heart
Their memories rise and glow, a living good;
Dreams, banquets, battles, prayers, carousals, art,
All form for me a vital brotherhood;
From nothing human let me hold apart!

Nora Perry

CRESSID

AS any one seen my Fair,
as any one seen my Dear?
uld any one tell me where
nd whither she went from here?

he road is winding and long,
ith many a turn and twist,
nd one could easy go wrong,
r ever one thought or list.

ow should one know my Fair,
nd how should one know my Dear?
r the dazzle of sunlight hair
hat smites like a golden spear.
By the eyes that say "Beware,"
By the smile that beckons you near, —
This is to know my Fair,
This is to know my Dear.

Rough and bitter as gall
The voice that suddenly comes
Over the windy wall
Where the fishermen have their homes: —

"Ay, ay, we know full well
The way your fair one went:
She led by the ways of Hell,
And into its torments sent

"The boldest and bravest here,
Who knew nor guilt nor guile,
Who knew not shadow of fear
Till he followed that beckoning smile.

"Now would you find your Fair,
Now would you find your Dear?
Go, turn and follow her where
And whither she went from here,

"Along by the winding path
That leads by the old sea-wall:
The wind blows wild with wrath,
And one could easily fall

"From over the rampart there,
If one should lean too near,
To look for the sunlight hair
That smites like a golden spear!"

THE LOVE-KNOT

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hai
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's brea
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpl
chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

RIDING DOWN

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through a
through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face, —

My face uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows the thoughts of a child,
The angel unreconciled
To the new strange world that lies
Outstretched to its wondering eyes?

Who knows if a piteous fear,
Too deep for a sob or a tear,
Is beneath that breathless gaze
Of sudden and swift amaze, —

Some fear from the dim unknown,
Some shadow like black mist blown
Across the heavenly ray
Of this new-come dawning day?

But the smile which as sudden and swift
Breaks through the shadowy rift, —
From what far heaven or near,
What unseen blissful sphere,

Comes the smile of a little child,
This angel unreconciled
To the new, strange world that lies
Outstretched to its wondering eyes?

James Herbert Morse

SILENCE

Come, Silence, thou sweet reasoner,
Lay thy soft hand on all that stir —
On grass and shrub and tree and flower,
And let this be thine own dear hour.

No more across the neighbor rill
To that lone cottage on the hill
Shall wonder with her questions go,
Seeking if joy be there or no.

No longer shall the listening ear
Go seeking grief afar, or near;
Or eye be turned to find a stain
In the dear God's well-ruled domain.

The cricket tunes his slender throat
And lifts an early evening note.
The late bird ventures one last flight
Of song, and nestles for the night.

High up beyond the cloud-rift dun
One spot of blue yet shows the sun;
On that I fix a silent eye:
All earth, all life, all else pass by.

BROOK SONG

Brook, would thou couldst flow
With a music all thine own —
Thy babble of music alone —
Not a word of the Long Ago
In thy brawling down below,
Not a sigh of the wind by thee,
The wind in the willow tree!

Or, Brook, if thou couldst go,
As once, in the prime of May,
For a whole long holiday,
When the cowslips down below,
And the violets watched thy flow,
With the babble of two by thee,
And the wind in the willow tree!

O Brook, if thou couldst so
Make a living music, and sing
Of a faded, bygone spring,
And down by the violets flow
With that babble of Long Ago, —
I would listen forever to thee
And the wind in the willow tree.

THE WILD GEESE

THE wild geese, flying in the night, behold
Our sunken towns lie underneath a sea,
Which buoys them on its billows. Liberty
They have, but such as those frail barques of old
That crossed unsounded mains to search our wold.
To them the night unspeakable is free;
They have the moon and stars for company;
To them no foe but the remorseless cold,
And froth of polar currents darting past,
That have been nigh the world's-end lair of storms.
Enormous billows float their fragile forms.
Yes, those frail beings, tossing on the Vast
Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay!
'T is we who dread the thunder, and not they.

HIS STATEMENT OF THE CASE

"Now half a hundred years had I been born —
So many and so brief — when made aware,
By Time's blunt looks, of hoar-frost in my hair.
I turned to one of twenty, in the corn,
At husking time, that blissful autumn morn,
And said, 'What if the red ear fall to me?'
I would not for the world have any see
The look, half doubtful, mazeful, half in scorn,
That grew through all degrees, then broke in laughter,
As she ran down among the beardless men.
I left the husking, nor returned thereafter,
That autumn morn, nor any morn since then.
But you shall see gray beards in a long row,
Upon the rustic roads where I now go."

THE WAYSIDE

THERE are some quiet ways —
Ay, not a few —
Where the affections grow,
And noble days
Distil a gentle praise
That, as cool dew,
Or aromatic gums
Within a bower,
In after-times becomes
A calm, perennial dower.

There wayside bush and briar!
These lend a grace,
Flashing a glad assent
To sweet desire.
All their interior choir
The woodlands place
At service to command;
Man need not know,
In such a favored land,
The ways that proud folk go.

Perhaps the day may be,
Dear heart of mine,
When riches press too near
Outside, and we,
To live unfettered, flee
The great and fine,
And hide our little home
In some deep grove,
Where they alone may come
Who only come for love.

Joaquin Miller

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

AT THE GRAVE OF WALKER

He lies low in the levelled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low, sad song, of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in sacred sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.

In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,
And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

WESTWARD HO!

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great ploughshares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White, starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly levelled tombs;
And then below the spotted sky

She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gathered you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

WHAT great yoked brutes with briskets low,
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,
That turned so slow and sad to you,
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,
That seemed to plead, and make replies,
The while they bowed their necks and drew
The creaking load; and looked at you.
Their sable briskets swept the ground,
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;
Two sullen captive kings were they,
That had in time held herds at bay,
And even now they crushed the sod
With stolid sense of majesty,
And stately stepped and stately trod,
As if 't were something still to be
Kings even in captivity.

VAQUERO

HIS broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air,
The proud vaquero sits his steed as free
As winds that toss his black abundant hair.
No rover ever swept a lawless sea
With such a haught and heedless air as he
Who scorns the path, and bounds with swift disdain
Away, a peon born, yet born to be
A splendid king; behold him ride and reign.
How brave he takes his herds in branding days,
On timbered hills that belt about the plain;
He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding ways
Of hiding ferns and hanging fir; the rein
Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane
Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;
They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
Then sudden plunge from out the wood, and pour
A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar.

Now sweeps the tawny man on stormy steed,
His gaudy trappings tossed about and blown
About the limbs as lithe as any reed;
The swift long lasso twirled above is thrown
From flying hand; the fall, the fearful groan
Of bullock toiled and tumbled in the dust —
The black herds onward sweep, and all disown
The fallen, struggling monarch that has thrust
His tongue in rage and rolled his red eyes in disgust.

BY THE PACIFIC OCEAN

HERE room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere;
The dignity of death is here,
The large, lone vastness of the deep;
Here toil has pitched his camp to rest:
The west is banked against the west.

Above yon gleaming skies of gold
One lone imperial peak is seen;
While gathered at his feet in green
Ten thousand foresters are told:
And all so still! so still the air
That duty drops the web of care.

Beneath the sunset's golden sheaves
The awful deep walks with the deep,
Where silent sea doves slip and sweep,
And commerce keeps her loom and weaves.
The dead red men refuse to rest;
Their ghosts illume my lurid West.

TWILIGHT AT THE HEIGHTS

THE brave young city by the Balboa seas
Lies compassed about by the hosts of night —
Lies humming, low, like a hive of bees;
And the day lies dead. And its spirit's flight
Is far to the west; while the golden bars
That bound it are broken to a dust of stars.

Come under my oaks, oh, drowsy dusk!
The wolf and the dog; dear incense hour
When Mother Earth hath a smell of musk,
And things of the spirit assert their power —
When candles are set to burn in the west —
Set head and foot to the day at rest.

DEAD IN THE SIERRAS

HIS footprints have failed us,
Where berries are red,
And madroños are rankest, —
The hunter is dead!

The grizzly may pass
By his half-open door;
May pass and repass
On his path, as of yore;

The panther may crouch
In the leaves on his limb;
May scream and may scream, —
It is nothing to him.

Prone, bearded, and breasted
Like columns of stone;
And tall as a pine —
As a pine overthrown!

His camp-fires gone,
What else can be done
Than let him sleep on
Till the light of the sun?

Ay, tombless! what of it?
Marble is dust,
Cold and repellent;
And iron is rust.

PETER COOPER

GIVE honor and love for evermore
To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

So whether to wander the stars or to rest
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest and he gave his best —
Give him the best to come.

1883.

TO RUSSIA

WHO tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled stud,
A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you, —
The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime
And bound your fierce divided force?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course
United down the grooves of time?
Your mighty millions all to-day
The hated, homeless Jew obey.
Who taught all poetry to you?
The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey-lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew! Your Jew! Your hated Jew!

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

COME listen, O Love, to the voice of the dove,
Come, hearken and hear him say,

There are many To-morrows, my Love,
my Love, —
There is only one To-day.

And all day long you can hear him say
This day in purple is rolled,
And the baby stars of the milky-way —
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret, serene gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly alway ?
"There are many To-morrows, my Love,
my Love, —
There is only one To-day."

JUANITA

You will come, my bird, Bonita ?
Come ! For I by steep and stone
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

Rugged ! Rugged as Parnassus !
Rude, as all roads I have trod —
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes
Smooth o'erhead, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my cañon
Shake its walls in Titan wars !
Here white sea-born clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars !

Here madrona, manzanita —
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita,
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell !

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower set, as sets a gem.

Aye, I built in woe. God willed it;
Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded —
Builded, singing as I built.

All is finished ! Roads of flowers
Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed ? Nay, the hours
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming
When the thousand flags are furled —
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world !

You will come, my dearest, truest ?
Come, my sovereign queen of ten;
My blue skies will then be bluest;
My white rose be whitest then:

Then the song ! Ah, then the sabre
Flashing up the walls of night !
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor —
Rhymes of battle for the Right !

Joseph O'Connor

WHAT WAS MY DREAM?

"AND MY SPIRIT WAS TROUBLED TO KNOW THE DREAM"

What was my dream ? Though consciousness be clear,
I hold no memory of the potent thing,
Yet feel the force of it — a creeping fear,
A hope, a horror, and a sense austere
Of revelation, stayed at thought's extreme:
As when the wind is passed, the pines still swing;
Or when the storm has blown, the waves yet fling
To shore the battered corpse and shattered beam;
So sways my troubled mind. What was my dream ?

What was my dream ? A heath, starlit and wide,
With marching giants marshalled to and fro
As if for strife ? A moonlit river's tide,
Where every form I love may be descried
Afloat and past all effort to redeem ?

A garden rare, with Nature all aglow
Among her fruits and flowers, that, as they grow,
Breathe perfumed melody, full glad to teem
With every germ of life? What was my dream?

What was my dream? A distant, unknown world
That elemental ether doth immerse,
With matter in a wild disorder hurled,
And primal forces in contention whirled,
A senseless demon over all supreme,
Who seeks with apish malice to reverse
Creative influences, and coerce
A universe to death, and bring its scheme
To chaos whence it came? What was my dream?

What was my dream? Some Indian sage's scroll
May keep for me, perchance, a glimpse or glint;
Some Hebrew prophet's vision may unroll
Its veils and show this secret of the soul;
At times, among the murmurs of a stream,
I catch the far, faint echo of a hint, —
Or seem to feel in some suggestive tint,
Where golden glories of the sunset gleam,
A presence unrevealed. What was my dream?

What was my dream? A silver trumpet blown
Thrills with a touch of the strong mystery;
The buds of spring, the leaves of autumn strown,
The tempest's flashing blade and braggart tone
Remind me of the unremembered theme.
Where billows curve along the shining sea,
It breaks through lucent green in foamy glee,
And hides uncaught; not seldom do I deem
Love's sigh its harbinger? What was my dream?

THE GENERAL'S DEATH

The general dashed along the road
Amid the pelting rain;
How joyously his bold face glowed
To hear our cheers' refrain!

His blue blouse flapped in wind and wet,
His boots were splashed with mire,
But round his lips a smile was set,
And in his eyes a fire.

A laughing word, a gesture kind, —
We did not ask for more,
With thirty weary miles behind,
A weary fight before.

The gun grew light to every man,
The crossed belts ceased their stress,
As onward to the column's van
We watched our leader press.

Within an hour we saw him lie,
A bullet in his brain,
His manly face turned to the sky,
And beaten by the rain.

Charles Goodrich Whiting

BLUE HILLS BENEATH THE HAZE

Blue hills beneath the haze
That broods o'er distant ways,
Whether ye may not hold
Secrets more dear than gold, —
This is the ever new
Puzzle within your blue.

Is 't not a softer sun
Whose smiles yon hills have won?
Is 't not a sweeter air
That folds the fields so fair?
Is 't not a finer rest
That I so fain would test?

The far thing beckons most,
The near becomes the lost.

Not what we have is worth,
But that which has no birth
Or breath within the ken
Of transitory men.

THE EAGLE'S FALL

THE eagle, did ye see him fall? —
Aflight beyond mid-air
Erewhile his mighty pinions bore him,
His eyry left, the sun before him;
And not a bird could dare
To match with that tremendous motion,
Through fire and flood, 'twixt sky and ocean, —
But did ye see the eagle fall?

And so ye saw the eagle fall!
Struck in his flight of pride
He hung in air one lightning moment,
As wondering what the deadly blow meant,
And what his blood's ebb tide.
Whirling off sailed a loosened feather;
Then headlong, pride and flight together, —
'T was thus ye saw the eagle fall!

Thus did ye see the eagle fall!
But on the sedgy plain,
Where closed the monarch's eye in dying,
Marked ye the screaming and the vying
Wherewith the feathered train,
Sparrow and jackdaw, hawk and vulture,
Gathered exulting to insult your
Great eagle in his fall?

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

HEAVEN is open every day;
In night also
He that would wend his upward way
May surely go.
There is no wall to that demesne
Where God resides; nor any screen
To hide the glories of that scene, —
If man will know.

The ladder which the Hebrew saw
Whenas he slept,
From earth God never doth updraw,
But still hath kept;
And angels ever to and fro
On errands swiftly glide and glow, —
For love above, for love below,
Its rounds have stept.

Thereon the saint doth daily mount
Above the stars,
Caring nowhit to take account
Of earthly bars;
Since well 't is known to such as he
There are no guards but pass him free;
He hath the watchword and the key,
In peace, or wars.

Charles Edward Carryl

THE SONG IN THE DELL

I KNOW a way
Of hearing what the larks and linnets say:
The larks tell of the sunshine and the sky;
The linnets from the hedges make reply,
And boast of hidden nests with mocking lay.

I know a way
Of keeping near the rabbits at their play:
They tell me of the cool and shady nooks
Where waterfalls disturb the placid brooks
That I may go and frolic in the spray.

I know a way
Of catching dewdrops on a night in May,
And threading them upon a spear of green,
That through their sides translucent may be seen
The sparkling hue that emeralds display.

I know a way
Of trapping sunbeams as they nimbly play
At hide-and-seek with meadow-grass and flowers,
And holding them in store for dreary hours
When winds are chill and all the sky is gray.

I know a way
Of stealing fragrance from the new-mown hay
And storing it in flasks of petals made,
To scent the air when all the flowers fade
And leave the woodland world to sad decay.

I know a way
Of coaxing snowflakes in their flight to stay
So still awhile, that, as they hang in air,
I weave them into frosty lace, to wear
About my head upon a sultry day.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

The night was thick and hazy
When the Piccadilly Daisy
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they did n't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I 've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I 'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden
That I 'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,
And I 'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshments for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy
We remain at home and study, —
For the Goat is very clever at a sum, —
And the Dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

Sidney Lanier

SONG FOR "THE JAQUERIE"

BETRAYAL

The sun has kissed the violet sea,
And burned the violet to a rose.
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be
Mere violet still? Who knows? Who knows?
Well hides the violet in the wood:
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,
And winter's ill is violet's good;

But the bold glory of the rose,
It quickly comes and quickly goes, —
Red petals whirling in white snows,
Ah me!

The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:
The rose is turned to ashes gray.
O Sea, O Sea, mightst thou but be
The violet thou hast been to-day!
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,
The sun is lord of love and light,
But after him it cometh night.
Dim anguish of the lonesome dark! —
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,
Was laid in a tomb without a mark,
Ah me!

THE HOUND

THE hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked,
O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was nicked,
(*All.*) Oo-hoo-o, howled the hound.
The hound into his kennel crept;
He rarely wept, he never slept.
His mouth he always open kept,
Licking his bitter wound,
The hound,
(*All.*) *U-lu-lo*, howled the hound.

A star upon his kennel shone
That showed the hound a meat-bare bone.
(*All.*) O hungry was the hound!
The hound had but a churlish wit:
He seized the bone, he crunched, he bit.
"An thou wert Master, I had slit
Thy throat with a huge wound,"
Quo' hound.
(*All.*) O, angry was the hound.

The star in castle-windows shone,
The Master lay abed, alone.
(*All.*) Oh ho, why not? quo' hound.
He leapt, he seized the throat, he tore
The Master, head from neck, to floor,
And rolled the head i' the kennel door,
And fled and salved his wound,
Good hound!
(*All.*) *U-lu-lo*, howled the hound.

NIGHT AND DAY

THE innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
— Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.
— She 's dead, she 's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
— I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
— Come back, O Day! said he.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

DEATH, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I 'll drink it down right smilingly.

SONG OF THE CHATTA-HOOCHEE

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,

The ferns and the fondling grass said
Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the
pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and
sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth
brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming
stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the
main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that
myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform
boughs, —
Emerald twilights, —
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through
the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark
woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-
beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-
day fire, —
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with waver-
ing arras of leaves, —
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer
to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June-
day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held
you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and
riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous
gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-
aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a
dream, —
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath
drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the
wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of
trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I
know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great
compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the
sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they
have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when
breadth was but bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain, —

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark: —
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low, —
Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at his highest height;
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Superb and sole, upon a plumëd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS

Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,
And all familiar Forms that firmly keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.
Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears
At midnight break through bounden lids — a sign
Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
I think thou 'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last,
When out of the woods He came.

SUNRISE

In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of range and of sweep,

Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling;
The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes*,
Shaken with happiness:
The gates of sleep stood wide.

I have waked, I have come, my beloved!
I might not abide:
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to hide
In your gospelling glooms, — to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea.

Tell me, sweet burly-barked, man-embodied Tree
That mine arms in the dark are embracing, dost know
From what fount are these tears at thy feet which flow?
They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent deeps.
Reason 's not one that weeps.
What logic of greeting lies
Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the eyes?

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like as ye gloss
All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous darks that emboss
The vague blackness of night into pattern and plan,
So,
(But would I could know, but would I could know,)
With your question embroidering the dark of the question of man, —
So, with your silences purfling this silence of man
While his cry to the dead for some knowledge is under the ban,
Under the ban, —
So, ye have wrought me
Designs on the night of our knowledge, — yea, ye have taught me,
So,
That haply we know somewhat more than we know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me, —
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring, — repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death, —
Teach me the terms of silence, — preach me
The passion of patience, — sift me, — impeach me, —
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.

My gossip, the owl, — is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?
. . . . . .
Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
Distilling silence, — lo,
That which our father-age had died to know —
The menstruum that dissolves all matter — thou
Hast found it; for this silence, filling now
The globëd charity of receiving space,
This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
Death, love, sin, sanity,
Must in yon silence, clear solution lie, —
Too clear! That crystal nothing who 'll peruse?

The blackest night could bring us brighter news.
Yet precious qualities of silence haunt
Round these vast margins, ministrant.
Oh, if thy soul 's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
Just to be fellowed, when that thou hast found
No man with room, or grace enough of bound,
To entertain that New thou tellst, thou art, —
'T is here, 't is here, thou canst unhand thy heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide 's at full; the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy, —
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made !
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence a-spring, —
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string !
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream, —
Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list ! somewhere, — mystery, where ?
In the leaves ? in the air ?
In my heart ? is a motion made:
'T is a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 't is palpable: low multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so, they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill, —
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river, —
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades, —
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats, — and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea —
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams), —
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail, —
And lo, in the East ! Will the East unveil ?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 't is dead; 't is alive: 't is dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 't is abiding, 't is unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven ! 'T is Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a flush is uprolled:
To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the sea:
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea.

Yet now the dewdrop, now the morning gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day

Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summed moon shines complete as in the blue
Big dewdrop of all heaven: with these lit shrines
O'ersilvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild,
Minded of nought but peace, and of a child,

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion, — not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure, —
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise,
— 't is done !
Good-morrow, Lord Sun !
With several voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all morrows doth roll,
Cry good and past good and most heavenly morrow, Lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple, — Workman Heat, —
Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness, — innermost Guest
At the marriage of elements, — fellow of publicans, — blest
King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
The idle skies yet laborest past evermore, —
Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
Of the heart of a man, thou Motive, — Laborer Heat:
Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea 's all news,
With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest, perfectest hues
Ever shaming the maidens, — lily and rose
Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl
Or a-flicker the subtiler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth, — yea, thou with a storm for a heart,
Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
From part oft sundered, yet ever a globëd light,
Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
Than the eye of a man may avail of: — manifold One,
I must pass from the face, I must pass from the face of the Sun:
Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art, — till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

May Riley Smith

MY UNINVITED GUEST

One day there entered at my chamber door
A presence whose light footfall on the floor
No token gave; and, ere I could withstand,
Within her clasp she drew my trembling hand.

"Intrusive guest," I cried, "my palm I lend
But to the gracious pressure of a friend!
Why comest thou, unbidden and in gloom,
Trailing thy cold gray garments in my room?

"I know thee, Pain! Thou art the sullen foe
Of every sweet enjoyment here below;
Thou art the comrade and ally of Death,
And timid mortals shrink from thy cold breath.

"No fragrant balms grow in thy garden beds,
Nor slumbrous poppies droop their crimson heads;
And well I know thou comest to me now
To bind thy burning chains upon my brow!"

And though my puny will stood straightly up,
From that day forth I drank her pungent cup,
And ate her bitter bread, — with leaves of rue,
Which in her sunless gardens rankly grew.

And now, so long it is, I scarce can tell
When Pain within my chamber came to dwell;
And though she is not fair of mien or face,
She hath attracted to my humble place

A company most gracious and refined,
Whose touches are like balm, whose voices kind:
Sweet Sympathy, with box of ointment rare;
Courage, who sings while she sits weaving there;

Brave Patience, whom my heart esteemeth much,
And who hath wondrous virtue in her touch.
Such is the chaste and sweet society
Which Pain, my faithful foe, hath brought to me.

And now upon my threshold there she stands,
Reaching to me her rough yet kindly hands
In silent truce. Thus for a time we part,
And a great gladness overflows my heart;

For she is so ungentle in her way
That no host welcomes her or bids her stay;
Yet, though men bolt and bar their house from thee,
To every door, O Pain, thou hast a key!

DEPARTURE

Adieu, kind Life, though thou hast often been
Lavish of quip, and scant of courtesy,
Beneath thy roughness I have found in thee
A host who doth my parting favor win.
Friend, teacher, sage, and sometimes harlequin,
Thine every mood hath held some good for me, —
Nor ever friendlier seemed thy company
Than on this night when I must quit thine inn.
I love thee, Life, in spite of thy rude ways!
Dear is thy pleasant house, so long my home.
I thank thee for the hospitable days,
The friends, the rugged cheer. Then, landlord, come!
Pour me a stirrup cup, — our parting nears;
I ever liked thy wine, though salt with tears.

Henry Abbey

DONALD

O WHITE, white, light moon, that sailest in
the sky,
Look down upon the whirling world, for
thou art up so high,
And tell me where my Donald is who sailed
across the sea,
And make a path of silver light to lead
him back to me.

O white, white, bright moon, thy cheek is
coldly fair;
A little cloud beside thee seems thy wildly
floating hair;
And if thou wouldst not have me grow as
white and cold as thee,
Go, make a mighty tide to draw my Don-
ald back to me.

O light, white, bright moon, that dost so
fondly shine,
There is not a lily in the world but hides
its face from thine:
I too shall go and hide my face close in
the dust from thee,
Unless with light and tide thou bring my
Donald back to me.

WINTER DAYS

Now comes the graybeard of the north:
The forests bare their rugged breasts
To every wind that wanders forth,
And, in their arms, the lonely nests
That housed the birdlings months ago
Are egged with flakes of drifted snow.

No more the robin pipes his lay
To greet the flushed advance of morn;
He sings in valleys far away;
His heart is with the south to-day;
He cannot shrill among the corn:
For all the hay and corn are down
And garnered; and the withered leaf,
Against the branches bare and brown,
Rattles; and all the days are brief.

An icy hand is on the land;
The cloudy sky is sad and gray;
But through the misty sorrow streams,
Outspreading wide, a golden ray.
And on the brook that cuts the plain
A diamond wonder is aglow,
Fairer than that which, long ago,
De Rohan staked a name to gain.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL GRANT

WHITE wings of commerce sailing far,
Hot steam that drives the weltering
wheel,
Tamed lightning speeding on the wire,
Iron postman on the way of steel, —
These, circling all the world, have told
The loss that makes us desolate;
For we give back to dust this day
The God-sent man who saved the state.

When black the sky and dire with war,
When every heart was wrung with fear,
He rose serene, and took his place,
The great occasion's mighty peer.
He smote armed opposition down,
He bade the storm and darkness cease,
And o'er the long-distracted land
Shone out the smiling sun of peace.

The famous captains of the past
March in review before the mind:
Some fought for glory, some for gold,
But most to yoke and rule mankind.
Not so the captain dead to-day,
For whom our half-mast banners wave:
He fought to keep the Union whole,
And break the shackles of the slave.

A silent man, in friendship true,
He made point-blank his certain aim,
And, born a stranger to defeat,
To steadfast purpose linked his name:
For while the angry flood of war
Surged down between its gloomy banks,
He followed duty, with the mien
Of but a soldier in the ranks.

How well he wore white honor's flower,
The gratitude and praise of men,
As General, as President,
And then as simple citizen!
He was a hero to the end:
The dark rebellion raised by Death

Against the Powers of Life and Light,
He battled hard, with failing breath.

O hero of Fort Donelson,
And wooded Shiloh's frightful strife!
Sleep on! for honor loves the tomb
More than the garish ways of life.
Sleep on! sleep on! Thy wondrous life
Is freedom's most illustrious page;
And fame shall loudly sound thy praise
In every clime, to every age.

FAITH'S VISTA

When from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide
Significance and glorious mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are suns
Round which innumerable worlds revolve, —
My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts dissolve,
And death, that dread annulment which life shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
"You could not reach us if you did not die."

Ambrose Bierce

THE DEATH OF GRANT

Father! whose hard and cruel law
Is part of thy compassion's plan,
Thy works presumptuously we scan
For what the prophets say they saw.

Unbidden still, the awful slope
Walling us in, we climb to gain
Assurance of the shining plain
That faith has certified to hope.

In vain: beyond the circling hill
The shadow and the cloud abide;
Subdue the doubt, our spirits guide
To trust the Record and be still;

To trust it loyally as he
Who, heedful of his high design,
Ne'er raised a seeking eye to thine,
But wrought thy will unconsciously,

Disputing not of chance or fate,
Nor questioning of cause or creed:
For anything but duty's deed
Too simply wise, too humbly great.

The cannon syllabled his name;
His shadow shifted o'er the land,
Portentous, as at his command
Successive cities sprang to flame!
He fringed the continent with fire,
The rivers ran in lines of light!
Thy will be done on earth — if right
Or wrong he cared not to inquire.

His was the heavy hand, and his
The service of the despot blade;
His the soft answer that allayed
War's giant animosities.

Let us have peace: our clouded eyes
Fill, Father, with another light,
That we may see with clearer sight
Thy servant's soul in Paradise.

THE BRIDE

"You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in my house, —
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse."

So sang the Lord of Poets. In a gleam
Of light that made her like an angel seem,
The Daughter of the Vine said: "I myself
Am Reason, and the Other was a Dream."

ANOTHER WAY

I LAY in silence, dead. A woman came
And laid a rose upon my breast, and said,
"May God be merciful." She spoke my name,
And added, "It is strange to think him dead.

"He loved me well enough, but 't was his way
To speak it lightly." Then, beneath her breath:
"Besides" — I knew what further she would say,
But then a footfall broke my dream of death.

To-day the words are mine. I lay the rose
Upon her breast, and speak her name, and deem
It strange indeed that she is dead. God knows
I had more pleasure in the other dream.

MONTEFIORE

I SAW — 't was in a dream, the other night —
A man whose hair with age was thin and white;
One hundred years had bettered by his birth,
And still his step was firm, his eye was bright.

Before him and about him pressed a crowd.
Each head in reverence was bared and bowed,
And Jews and Gentiles in a hundred tongues
Extolled his deeds and spake his fame aloud.

I joined the throng and, pushing forward, cried,
"Montefiore!" with the rest, and vied
In efforts to caress the hand that ne'er
To want and worth had charity denied.

So closely round him swarmed our shouting clan
He scarce could breathe, and, taking from a pan
A gleaming coin, he tossed it o'er our heads,
And in a moment was a lonely man!

PRESENTIMENT

WITH saintly grace and reverent tread
She walked among the graves with me;
Her every footfall seemed to be
A benediction on the dead.

The guardian spirit of the place
She seemed, and I some ghost forlorn,
Surprised by the untimely morn
She made with her resplendent face.

Moved by some waywardness of will,
Three paces from the path apart
She stepped and stood — my prescient heart
Was stricken with a passing chill.

My child-lore of the years agone
Remembering, I smiled and thought,
"Who shudders suddenly at naught,
His grave is being trod upon."

But now I know that it was more
Than idle fancy. O, my sweet,
I did not know such little feet
Could make a buried heart so sore!

CREATION

GOD dreamed — the suns sprang flaming into space,
And sailing worlds with many a venturous race.
He woke — His smile alone illumined space.

T. A. H.

YES, he was that, or that, as you prefer, —
Did so and so, though, faith, it was n't all;
Lived like a fool, or a philosopher,
And had whatever 's needful to a fall.
As rough inflections on a planet merge
In the true bend of the gigantic sphere,
Nor mar the perfect circle of its verge,
So in the survey of his worth the small

Asperities of spirit disappear,
Lost in the grander curves of character.
He lately was hit hard; none knew but I
The strength and terror of that ghastly stroke, —
Not even herself. He uttered not a cry,
But set his teeth and made a revelry;
Drank like a devil, — staining sometimes red
The goblet's edge; diced with his conscience; spread,
Like Sisyphus, a feast for Death, and spoke
His welcome in a tongue so long forgot
That even his ancient guest remembered not
What race had cursed him in it. Thus my friend,
Still conjugating with each failing sense
The verb "to die" in every mood and tense,
Pursued his awful humor to the end.
When, like a stormy dawn, the crimson broke
From his white lips, he smiled and mutely bled,
And, having meanly lived, is grandly dead.

Charles Warren Stoddard

THE ROYAL MUMMY TO BOHEMIA[1]

WHEREFORE these revels that my dull eyes greet?
These dancers, dancing at my fleshless feet;
The harpers, harping vainly at my ears
Deaf to the world, lo, thrice a thousand years!

Time was when even I was blithe: I knew
The murmur of the flowing wave, where grew
The lean, lithe rushes; I have heard the moan
Of Nilus in prophetic undertone.

My sire was monarch of a mighty race:
Daughter of Pharaoh, I! before my face
Myriads of groveling creatures crawled, to thrust
Their fearful foreheads in the desert dust.

Above me gleamed and glowed my palace walls:
There bloomed my bowers; and there, my waterfalls
Lulled me in languors; slaves with feather flails
Fretted the tranquil air to gentle gales.

O, my proud palms! my royal palms that stood
In stately groups, a queenly sisterhood!
And O, my sphinxes, gazing eye in eye,
Down the dim vistas of eternity!
Where be ye now? And where am I at last?
With gay Bohemia is my portion cast:
Born of the oldest East, I seek my rest
In the fair city of the youngest West.

Farewell, O Egypt! Naught can thee avail:
What tarries now to tell thy sorry tale?
A sunken temple that the sands have hid!
The tapering shadow of a pyramid!

And now, my children, harbor me not ill:
I was a princess, am a woman still.
Gibe me no gibes, but greet me at your best,
As I was wont to greet the stranger guest.

Feast well, drink well, make merry while ye may,
For e'en the best of you must pass my way.
The elder as the youngster, fair to see,
Must gird his marble loins and follow me.

Bohemian Club, San Francisco.

WIND AND WAVE

O, WHEN I hear at sea
The water on our lee,
I fancy that I hear the wind
That combs my hemlock tree:

But when beneath that tree
I listen eagerly,

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 823.

I seem to hear the rushing wave
I heard far out at sea.

ALBATROSS

Time cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave, —
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,
On an eternity of waters rocked,
Defiant to the last!

THE COCOA-TREE

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me:
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case.
Widowed within this solitary place
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb
Beckoning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!

Francis Fisher Browne

VANQUISHED

I

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke, —
Not mid the ranks of War
Fell the great Conqueror.

II

Unmovëd, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade, —
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form, —
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

III

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV

The Hero woke, rose undismayed,
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

V

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;

No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low:
Victor in his latest breath —
Vanquished but by Death.

UNDER THE BLUE

The skies are low, the winds are slow,
The woods are filled with autumn glory;
The mists are still on field and hill,
The brooklet sings its dreamy story.

I careless rove through glen and grove;
I dream by hill and copse and river;
Or in the shade by aspen made
I watch the restless shadows quiver.

I lift my eyes to azure skies
That shed their tinted glory o'er me;
While memories sweet around me fleet,
As radiant as the scene before me.

For while I muse upon the hues
Of autumn skies in splendor given,
Sweet thoughts arise of rare deep eyes
Whose blue is like the blue of heaven.

Bend low, fair skies! Smile sweet, fair eyes!
From radiant skies rich hues are streaming;
But in the blue of pure eyes true
The radiance of my life is beaming.

O skies of blue! ye fade from view;
Faint grow the hues that o'er me quiver;
But the sure light of sweet eyes bright
Shines on forever and forever.

SANTA BARBARA

Between the mountains and the sea,
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;
Above her head the cloudless skies
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge;
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
And summer rules the radiant year.

Mary Ainge De Vere

("MADELINE BRIDGES")

THE WIND-SWEPT WHEAT

Faint, faint and clear,
Faint as the music that in dreams we hear
Shaking the curtain-fold of sleep,
That shuts away
The world's hoarse voice, the sights and sounds of day,
Her sorry joys, her phantoms false and fleet, —
So softly, softly stirs
The wind's low murmur in the rippled wheat.

From west to east
The warm breath blows, the slender heads droop low
As if in prayer;
Again, more lightly tossed in merry play,
They bend and bow and sway
With measured beat,
But never rest, — through shadow and through sun
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat.

Dreams more than sleep
Fall on the listening heart and lull its care;
Dead years send back
Some treasured, unforgotten tune.
Ah, long ago,
When sun and sky were sweet,
In happy noon,

We stood breast-high, mid waves of ripened grain,
And heard the wind make music in the wheat.

Not for to-day —
Not for this hour alone — the melody
So soft and ceaseless thrills the dreamer's ear:
Of all that was and is, of all that yet shall be,
It holds a part.
Love, sorrow, longing, pain,
The restlessness that yearns,
The thirst that burns,
The bliss that like a fountain overflows,
The deep repose,
Good that we might have known, but shall not know,
The hope God took, the joy He made complete, —
Life's chords all answer from the wind-swept wheat!

A FAREWELL

I PUT thy hand aside, and turn away:
Why should I blame the slight and fickle heart
That cannot bravely go, nor boldly stay,
Too weak to cling, and yet too fond to part?
Dead Passion chains thee where her ashes lie.
Cold is the shrine, ah, cold for evermore!
Why linger, then, while golden moments fly
And sunshine waits beyond the open door?
Nay — fare thee well, for memory and I
Must tarry here and wait. . . . We have no choice
Nor other better joy, until we die,
Only to wait, and hear nor step nor voice,
Nor any happy advent come to break
The watch we keep alone — for Love's dear sake!

FAITH TREMBLING

WERE I a happy bird,
Building my little nest each early spring,
It might be easy then to keep God's word,
His praise to sing;
Easy to live content,
Tending my little ones, — of love secure,
Knowing no agony for time misspent,
Or thought impure!

Were I a butterfly,
A bright-winged creature of the sunshine born,
Idle and lovely I could live and die
Without self-scorn;
I need not fear
To take my utmost will of summer sweet;
Nor dread, when the swift end came near,
My Judge to meet!

If I were only made
Patient, and calm, and pure, as angels are,
I had not been so doubtful, — sore afraid
Of sin and care;
It would seem sweet and good
To bear the heavy cross that martyrs take,
The passion and the pain of womanhood
For my Lord's sake.

But strong, and fair, and young,
I dread my glowing limbs, — my heart of fire,
My soul that trembles like a harp full strung
To keen desire!
O, wild and idle words!
Will God's large charity and patience be
Given unto butterflies and singing birds,
And not to me?

THE SPINNER

THE spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat and spun:
"The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,
"And the moon and sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new-blown rose
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon
And her song was low:
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go.
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere it turn to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun:
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary, — my work is done,
I have wrought my best;
I have spun and woven with patient eyes
And with fingers fleet.
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies
In a winding-sheet!"

WHEN THE MOST IS SAID

WHAT 's love, when the most is said?
The flash of the lightning fleet,
Then, darkness that shrouds the soul, —
but the earth is firm to my feet;
The rocks and the tides endure, the grasses
and herbs return,
The path to my foot is sure, and the sods
to my bosom yearn.

What 's fame, when the truth is told? A
shout to a distant hill,
The craigs may echo a while, but fainter,
and fainter still;
Yet forever the wind blows wide the sweet-
ness of all the skies,
The rain cries and the snow flies, and the
storm in its bosom lies.

What 's life, what 's life, little heart? A
dream when the nights are long,
Toil in the waking days, — tears, and a
kiss, a song.
What 's life, what 's life, little heart? To
beat and be glad of breath
While death waits on either side, — before
and behind us, Death!

POET AND LARK

WHEN leaves turn outward to the light,
And all the roads are fringed with green,
When larks are pouring, high, unseen,
The joy they find in song and flight,
Then I, too, with the lark would wing
My little flight, and, soaring, sing.

When larks drop downward to the nest,
And day drops downward to the sea,
And song and wing are fain to rest,
The lark's dear wisdom guideth me,
And I too turn within my door,
Content to dream, and sing no more.

A BREATH

A BREATH can fan love's flame to burn-
ing, —
Make firm resolve of trembling doubt.
But, strange! at fickle fancy's turning,
The selfsame breath can blow it out.

FRIEND AND LOVER

WHEN Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!
But, oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become — her friend!

GOD KEEP YOU

GOD keep you, dearest, all this lonely night:
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the western
hill;
God keep you safely, dearest, till the
light.

God keep you then when slumber melts
away,
And care and strife
Take up new arms to fret our waking
life,
God keep you through the battle of the
day.

God keep you. Nay, beloved soul, how
vain,
How poor is prayer!
I can but say again, and yet again,
God keep you every time and every-
where.

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

I

THE THANKSGIVING IN BOSTON HARBOR

"PRAISE ye the Lord!" The psalm to-day
Still rises on our ears,
Borne from the hills of Boston Bay
Through five times fifty years,
When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept,
In April sun and rain.
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships
As faded Yarmouth Bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day,
And May-days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.
And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue,
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Each morn was shouted, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay;

Blew warm the breeze o'er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns, and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low 'neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman's Woe they passed,
The wood-doves came, the white mists through,
And circled round each mast.
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Then called the leader, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair —
God's towers — began to rise,
And odors rare breathe through the air,
Like balms of Paradise.
Through burning skies the ospreys flew,
And near the pine-cooled shores
Danced airy boat and thin canoe,
To flash of sunlit oars.
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "pray!"
Then prayer arose, and all the ships
Sailed into Boston Bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.
"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called;
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

"Praise ye the Lord!" Primeval woods
First heard the ancient song,
And summer hills and solitudes
The echoes rolled along.
The Red Cross flag of England blew
Above the fleet that day,
While Shawmut's triple peaks in view
In amber hazes lay.
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

The Arabella leads the song —
The Mayflower sings below,
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow.
Oh! never be that psalm forgot
That rose o'er Boston Bay,
When Winthrop sang, and Endicott,
And Saltonstall, that day:
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day;"
And praise arose from all the ships,
Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

That psalm our fathers sang we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars,
While o'er our heads unfolds its wing
The flag of forty stars.
And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
'T will ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day:
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day;"
So rose the song from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Our fathers' prayers have changed to psalms,
As David's treasures old
Turned, on the Temple's giant arms,
To lily-work of gold.
Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
Ho! ships of Boston Bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
To this Thanksgiving Day!
We pray to God with fervent lips,
We praise the Lord to-day,
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
But psalms from Boston Bay.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires:
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the villainous saltpetre
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREYS MCMASTER[1]

AT MARSHFIELD

FROM "WEBSTER: AN ODE"

His way in farming all men knew;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor.
That huge Websterian plough what furrows drew
Through fallows fattened from the barren sea!
Yoked to that plough and matched for mighty size,
What oxen moved! — in progress equal, sure,
Unconscious of resistance, as of force

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 809.

Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown eyes,
That with a light of love half human shone
Calmly on him from out the ample front,
While, with a kind of mutual, wise,
Mute recognition of some kin,
Superior to surprise,
And schooled by immemorial wont,
They seemed to say, We let him in,
He is of us, he is, by natural dower,
One in our brotherhood of great and peaceful power.

So, when he came to die
At Marshfield by the sea,
And now the end is nigh,
Up from the pleasant lea
Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,
Funereal procession, and before
Their master's door
In melancholy file compassionately go;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends once more.
Now let him look a look that shall suffice,
Lo, let the dying man
Take all the peace he can
From those large tranquil brows and deep soft eyes.
Rest it will be to him,
Before his eyes grow dim,
To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze
Commingled with old days,
On faces of such friends sincere,
With fondness brought from boyhood, dear.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.
Henceforth he will no more,
As was his wont before,
Step forth from yonder door
To taste the freshness of the early dawn,
The whiteness of the sky,
The whitening stars on high,
The dews yet white that lie
Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering lawn;
Never at evening go,
Sole pacing to and fro,
With musing step and slow,
Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with stars,
Considering by whose hand
Those works, in wisdom planned,
Were fashioned, and still stand
Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.
Never again. Forth he will soon be brought
By neighbors that have loved him, having known,
Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural thought
And feeling, sympathetic to his own.
All in a temperate air, a golden light,
Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,
To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.
But those plain men will speak above his head,
This is a lonesome world, and WEBSTER dead!

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

THE COWBOY

"WHAT care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown — careless and free —
A king in the saddle — he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-grass dry
In the hot white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.
With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him, heedless, off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the goblet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and twine
The lasso that often brings him down;
With his soaked sombrero,
His rent chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He staggers back
On the homeward track,
And shouts to the plains — who cares, who cares!

On his broncho's back he sways and swings,
Yet mad and wild with the city's fume;
His pace is the pace of the song he sings,
And the ribald oath that maudlin clings
Like the wicked stench of the harlot's room.
With his ragged sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
His rowel-less spurs,
He dashes amain
Through the trackless rain;
Reeling and reckless — who cares, who cares!

'T is over late at the ranchman's gate —
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun —
There 's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He dashes past,
With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat — who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers;
But a trail on the wind keeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind
Through the hum of the solemn noon he hears.
With his dark sombrero,
His stained chapparejos,
His clinking spurs,
He sidles down
Where the grasses brown
May hide his face, while he sobs — who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he —
This is the strain, common at least;
He is free and vain of his bridle-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull, gray plain;
He is ever vain of his broncho beast!
With his gray sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares! who cares!

JOHN ANTROBUS

II

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing — a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket 's off duty forever!

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT

SOME tell us 't is a burnin' shame
To make the naygers fight;
An' that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white:
But as for me, upon my sowl!
So liberal are we here,
I 'll let Sambo be murthered instead of myself,
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And in every hour of the day;
The right to be kilt I 'll divide wid him,
An' divil a word I 'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I should n't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern bagnet,
So ginerous are we here,
I 'll resign, and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And wid none o' your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern bagnet prod
Wid Sambo I 'll divide!

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And it 's betther to have a nayger's hue
Than a liver that 's wake an' white.
Though Sambo 's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs sthraight on the barrel-sights
From undher its thatch of wool.
So hear me all, boys darlin',
Don't think I 'm tippin' you chaff,
The right to be kilt we 'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE

THE BAND IN THE PINES

(AFTER PELHAM DIED)

OH, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drums' mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

THE VOLUNTEER

"AT dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread, —
Through it a level river slowly drawn:
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dream,
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die!"

ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER

STONEWALL JACKSON

NOT midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand —
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God! not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the Cross,
He rises with the Crown!

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

ROLL-CALL

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near, —
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!" — then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded — he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!" — At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" — and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" — but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" — then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'T was a victory, — yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

Nathaniel Graham Shepherd

"PICCIOLA"

It was a Sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The Squire and Farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
And kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And, in the fierce heroic glow,
'T was theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The Sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her; —
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,

"When all the village cheers us on,
That you, in tears, apart are seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that 's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It 's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And Father, Mother, Brother too,
All say 'Hurrah' while I am crying;

"But think — O Mr. Soldier, think, —
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight
And may be *killed*, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the Sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'T is left for little ones like thee
To find that War 's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 't is the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when Earth is shaken.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL

REVEILLE

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;
Come, part with them all for a while again, —
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long, I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place,
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR

FARRAGUT

MOBILE BAY, 5 AUGUST, 1864

FARRAGUT, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive:
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads — Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale,
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late.
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass —
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD

III

NEGRO SPIRITUALS[1]

IN DAT GREAT GITTIN'-UP MORNIN'

I 'M a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Saviour, —
Fare you well, Fare you well,
Dere 's a better day a-comin',
When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
Says, Fader, I 'm tired o' bearin',
Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners:
O preachers, fold your Bibles;
Prayer-makers, pray no more,
For de last soul 's converted.
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
Fare you well, Fare you well.

De Lord spoke to Gabriel:
Say, go look behind de altar,
Take down de silver trumpet,
Go down to de sea-side,
Place one foot on de dry land,
Place de oder on de sea,
Raise your hand to heaven,
Declare by your Maker,
Dat time shall be no longer,
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Blow it right calm and easy,
Do not alarm my people,
Tell dem to come to judgment,
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

. . . . . .

Gabriel, blow your trumpet.
Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
Loud as seven peals of thunder,
Wake de sleepin' nations.
Den you see poor sinner risin',
See de dry bones a creepin',
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin', etc.

Den you see de world on fire,
You see de moon a bleedin',
See de stars a fallin',
See de elements meltin',
See de forked lightnin',
Hear de rumblin' thunder.
Earth shall reel and totter,
Hell shall be uncapped,
De dragon shall be loosened.
Fare you well, poor sinner.
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin',
Fare you well, Fare you well.

STARS BEGIN TO FALL

I TINK I hear my brudder say,
Call de nation great and small;
I lookee on de God's right hand
When de stars begin to fall.
Oh, what a mournin', sister, —
Oh, what a mournin', brudder, —
Oh, what a mournin',
When de stars begin to fall!

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

MY brudder sittin' on de tree of life
An' he yearde when Jordan roll.
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll!
O march de angel march;
O my soul arise in Heaven, Lord,
For to yearde when Jordan roll.

Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,
And let your days be long.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

O let no false nor spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.
Roll, Jordan, etc.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

OH, de good ole chariot swing so low, —
I don't want to leave me behind.
O swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh, de good ole chariot will take us all home, —
I don't want to leave me behind.
Swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

[1] See NOTE, p. 812.

BRIGHT SPARKLES IN DE CHURCHYARD

May de Lord — He will be glad of me —
In de heaven He 'll rejoice.
In de heaven, once,
In de heaven, twice,
In de heaven He 'll rejoice.

Bright sparkles in de churchyard
Give light unto de tomb;
Bright summer, spring 's over,
Sweet flowers in der bloom.
My mother, once,
My mother, twice,
My mother she 'll rejoice.
In de heaven once, etc.

Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day; —
All de day, etc.
Oh, mother, don't yer love yer darlin' child ?
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.
Rock me, etc.
You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,
Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.

IV

THE PYXIDANTHERA

Sweet child of April, I have found thy place
Of deep retirement. Where the low swamp ferns
Curl upward from their sheaths, and lichens creep
Upon the fallen branch, and mosses dark
Deepen and brighten, where the ardent sun
Doth enter with restrained and chastened beam,
And the light cadence of the blue-bird's song
Doth falter in the cedar, — there the Spring
In gratitude hath wrought the sweet surprise
And marvel of thy unobtrusive bloom.

Most perfect symbol of my purest thought, —
A thought so close and warm within my heart
No words can shape its secret, and no prayer
Can breathe its sacredness — be thou my type,
And breathe to one, who wanders here at dawn,
The deep devotion, which, transcending speech,
Lights all the folded silence of my heart
As thy sweet beauty doth the shadow here.

So let thy clusters brighten, star on star
Of pink and white about his lingering feet,
Till, dreaming and enchanted, there shall pass
Into his life the story that my soul
Hath given thee. So shall his will be stirred
To purest purpose and divinest deed,
And every hour be touched with grace and light.

Augusta Cooper Bristol

YELLOW JESSAMINE

In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,
In floating, curling sprays,
The golden flower comes shining through the woods
These February days;
Forth go all hearts, all hands, from out the town,
To bring her gayly in,
This wild, sweet Princess of far Florida —
The yellow jessamine.

The live-oaks smile to see her lovely face
Peep from the thickets; shy,
She hides behind the leaves her golden buds
Till, bolder grown, on high
She curls a tendril, throws a spray, then flings
Herself aloft in glee,
And, bursting into thousand blossoms, swings
In wreaths from tree to tree.

The dwarf-palmetto on his knees adores
This Princess of the air;
The lone pine-barren broods afar and sighs,
"Ah! come, lest I despair;"
The myrtle-thickets and ill-tempered thorns
Quiver and thrill within,
As through their leaves they feel the dainty touch
Of yellow jessamine.

The garden-roses wonder as they see
The wreaths of golden bloom,
Brought in from the far woods with eager haste
To deck the poorest room,
The rich man's house, alike; the loaded hands
Give sprays to all they meet,
Till, gay with flowers, the people come and go,
And all the air is sweet.

The Southern land, well weary of its green
Which may not fall nor fade,
Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
With leaves of fresher shade;
The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
Their fragrant work begin:
The spring has come — has come to Florida,
With yellow jessamine.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

THE PETRIFIED FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way, —
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh the agony, oh life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR

All ye who love the springtime — and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell! —
Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
Till ye look upon old Ireland, in the dawning o' the year!

For where in all the earth is there any joy like this,
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into bliss,
While the thrushes in the bush strain their small brown mottled throats,
Making all the air rejoice with their clear and mellow notes;

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden sunset glow
Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest below;
And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves of the boreen,
And all the world rejoices in the wearing o' the green!

For 't is green, green, green, where the ruined towers are gray,
And it 's green, green, green, all the happy night and day;
Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy on the wall,
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow gorse is set
A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and wet;
Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to glow,
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

And it 's there the earth is merry, like a young thing newly made
Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the glade,
Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds piled,
Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a child.

But the green, green, green, O 't is that is blithe and fair!
In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the air,
Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag and glen,
Thrusting forty banners high where another land has ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy grief,
And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from the cold,
And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds and gold.
So ye who love the springtime, — and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell! —
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE

THE WILLIS

THE Willis are out to-night,
In the ghostly pale moonlight,
With robes and faces white.

Swiftly they circle round,
And make not any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

The forest is asleep;
All things that fly or creep
A death-like silence keep.

A fear is over all;
From spectral trees and tall
The gathering night-dews fall.

Moveless are leaf and limb,
While through the forest dim
Slow glides a figure slim.

A figure slim and fair,
With loosened, streaming hair,
Watching the Willis there!

"These are the ghosts," she said,
"Of hapless ones unwed,
Who loved and now are dead."

Her hair was drenched with dew;
The moonlight shimmered through,
And showed its raven hue.

"Each one of these," she cried,
"Or ever she was a bride,
For love's sake sinned and died."

"I come," she said, "I too;
Ye are by one too few,"
And joined the phantom crew.

Swiftly they circled round,
Nor was there any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT

TWO OF A TRADE

THE dragon-fly and I together
Sail up the stream in the summer weather;
He at the stern all green and gold,
And I at the oars, our course to hold.

Above the floor of the level river
The bent blades dip and spring and quiver;
And the dragon-fly is here and there,
Along the water and in the air.

And thus we go as the sunshine mellows;
A pair of Nature's merriest fellows;
For the Spanish cedar is light and true,
And instead of one, it has carried two.

And thus we sail without care or sorrow,
With trust for to-day and hope for to-morrow;
He at the stern, all green and gold,
And I at the oars, our course to hold.

SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD

V

SONNETS

AN OPEN SECRET

WOULD the lark sing the sweeter if he knew
A thousand hearts hung breathless on his lay?
And if "How fair!" the rose could hear us say,
Would she, her primal fairness to outdo,
Take on a richer scent, a lovelier hue?
Who knows or cares to answer yea or nay?
O tuneful lark! sail, singing, on your way,
Brimmed with excess of ecstasy; and you,
Sweet rose! renew with every perfect June
Your perfect blossoming! Still Nature-wise,
Sing, bloom, because ye must, and not for praise.
If only we, who covet the fair boon
Of well-earned fame, and wonder where it lies,
Would read the secret in your simple ways!

RECONCILIATION

IF thou wert lying cold and still and white
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that 's mortal. So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet, —
The dead face and the living, — fain would cry,
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;
Let there be peace between us ere we die!"

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON

NOW

UPON my bier no garlands lay,
To shrivel at death's icy touch;
Pansies for thought bequeathed to-day,
Were worth a thousand such!
Rare flowers too often serve the pride
Which grants them — naught beside.

No lavish tears that laggard be,
Pour vainly on my pulseless clay;
A single drop of sympathy
Were richer boon to-day;
To-day I need it — but, thank God,
No need is in the sod.

Yield now the sign, or let me go
Unlaurelled into waiting space;
Not taunted by a hollow show
Of friendship's tardy grace;
Not mocked by fruits that would not fall
Save as an idle pall.

Fair blossoms with love's dewdrops wet,
And fondly laid in folded hands,
Must hold the grateful spirit yet
While wandering in strange lands;
But wounded souls the meed must spurn
That only Death can earn!

MARY BARKER DODGE

A LIVING MEMORY

My absent daughter — gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade!
O, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,
I feel the pressure of your small, warm hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine!

The birds all sing of you, my darling one;
Your day was just begun,
But you had learned to love all things that grew;
And when I linger by the streamlet's side
Where weed and bush to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew,
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it glows
In purple trance above the waterfall;
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
And sets your dear face in its feathery frond;
The winds blow chill, but, sounding over all,
I hear your sweet voice call!

My gentle daughter! With us you have stayed.
Your life doth never fade!
O, evermore I see your blue eyes shine.
In subtle moods I cannot understand,
I feel the flutter of your tender hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine!

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS CROFFUT

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS

DEAD LOVE

Two loves had I. Now both are dead,
And both are marked by tombstones white.
The one stands in the churchyard near,
The other hid from mortal sight.

The name on one all men may read,
And learn who lies beneath the stone;
The other name is written where
No eyes can read it but my own.

On one I plant a living flower,
And cherish it with loving hands;
I shun the single withered leaf
That tells me where the other stands.

To that white tombstone on the hill
In summer days I often go;
From this white stone that nearer lies
I turn me with unuttered woe.

O God, I pray, if love must die,
And make no more of life a part,

Let witness be where all can see,
And not within a living heart.

MARY MATHEWS ADAMS

DISARMED

O LOVE, so sweet at first,
So bitter in the end!
Thou canst be fiercest foe,
As well as fairest friend.
Are these poor withered leaves
The fruitage of thy May?
Thou that wert strong to save,
How art thou swift to slay!

Ay, thou art swift to slay,
Despite thy kiss and clasp,
Thy long, caressing look,
Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!
Ay, swifter far to slay
Than thou art strong to save,
And selfish in thy need,
And cruel as the grave.

Yes, cruel as the grave, —
Go, go, and come no more!
But canst thou set my heart
Just where it was before?
Go, go, — and come no more!
Go, leave me with my tears,
The only gift of thine
That shall outlive the years.

Yet shall outlive the years
One other, cherished thing,
Slight as a vagrant plume
Shed from some passing wing: —
The memory of thy first
Divine, half-timid kiss.
Go! I forgive thee all
In weeping over this!

LAURA REDDEN SEARING
("Howard Glyndon")

POST-MERIDIAN[1]

AFTERNOON

WHEN in thy glass thou studiest thy face,
Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled
And half attracted; when thou hast beheld
Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace,
(Deciphered now with many an interspace
The characters erewhile that Beauty spelled),
And in thy throat a choking fear hath swelled
Of Love, grown cold, eluding thy embrace:
Couldst thou but read my gaze of tenderness —
Affection fused with pity — precious tears
Would bring relief to thy unjust distress;
Thy visage, even as it to me appears,
Would seem to thee transfigured; thou wouldst bless
Me, who am also, Dearest! scarred with years.

EVENING

AGE cannot wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown! — a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint —
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

VI

THOREAU'S FLUTE

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him; —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

[1] See, also, the Sonnet on p. 794.

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee."

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

OPPORTUNITY

"MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

"If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!"

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

THE CONDEMNED

READ me no moral, priest, upon my life, —
Reserve that for your flock.
A few short hours will end my mortal strife,
Upon the gallows block.
Before the gaping crowd, who come to see
A fellow mortal die,
Preach if you choose, and take your text from me, —
To them I cannot lie.

And still the less can I, a finite man,
Pretend to cheat my God:
By him the workings of his mighty plan
Are clearly understood.

Conceived in lust, brought up in sordid sin,
How could I hope to be
Aught but the outcast I have ever been,
Fruit for the gallows tree?

Go teach the children swarming through the town,
To-day exposed to all
The poverty and vice that drew me down, —
Save them before they fall.

But as for me, I die as I have lived,
As all men must,
Believing as I always have believed
That God is just.

EDWARD HOWLAND

MY BIRTH

I HAD my birth where stars were born,
In the dim æons of the past:
My cradle cosmic forces rocked,
And to my first was linked my last.

Through boundless space the shuttle flew,
To weave the warp and woof of fate:
In my begetting were conjoined
The infinitely small and great.

The outmost star on being's rim,
The tiniest sand-grain of the earth,
The farthest thrill and nearest stir
Were not indifferent to my birth.

And when at last the earth swung free,
A little planet by the moon,
For me the continent arose,
For me the ocean roared its tune;

For me the forests grew; for me
The electric force ran to and fro;
For me tribes wandered o'er the earth,
Kingdoms arose, and cities grew;

For me religions waxed and waned;
For me the ages garnered store;
For me ships traversed every sea;
For me the wise ones learned their lore;

For me, through fire and blood and tears,
Man struggled onward up the height,
On which, at last, from heaven falls
An ever clearer, broader light.

The child of all the ages, I,
Nursed on the exhaustless breasts of time;
By heroes thrilled, by sages taught,
Sung to by bards of every clime.

Quintessence of the universe,
Distilled at last from God's own heart,
In me concentred now abides
Of all that is the subtlest part.

The product of the ages past,
Heir of the future, then, am I:
So much am I divine that God
Cannot afford to let me die.

If I should ever cease to be,
The farthest star its mate would miss,
And, looking after me, would fall
Down headlong darkening to the abyss.

For, if aught real that is could cease,
If the All-Father ever nods,
That day across the heavens would fall
Ragnarok, twilight of the gods.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

THE INEVITABLE

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God, — that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp — better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

QUATRAINS

TIME

TIME has no flight — 't is we who speed along;
The days and nights are but the same as when
The earth awoke with the first rush of song,
And felt the swiftly passing feet of men.

INFALLIBILITY

"BELIEVE in me," the Prophet cried, —
"I hold the key of life and light:"
And, lo, one touched him, and he died
Within the passing of a night.

POWER

HAROUN, the Caliph, through the sunlit street
Walked slowly with bent head and weary breath,
And cried, "Alas, I cannot stay my feet,
That move unceasing toward the gate of Death."

DISAPPOINTMENT

FROM the drear wastes of unfulfilled desire,
We harvest dreams that never come to pass,
Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

COMPENSATION

NO ceaseless vigil with hard toil we keep,
And to grim want give but a passing breath;
For after labor comes the rest of sleep,
And hunger cannot make its home with death.

THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER

VII

ANCIENT OF DAYS

Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

William Croswell Doane

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks

IN GALILEE

Roman and Jew upon one level lie;
Great Herod's palaces are ground to dust;
Upon the synagogues are mould and rust;
Night winds among the tottering columns sigh;
Yet sparrows through the massive ruins fly,
And o'er the sacred earth's embroidered crust
Still goes the sower forth to sow, still must
The shepherd with his sheep sit listlessly.
There towers the mountain where the Teacher spake
In those old times the sweet Beatitudes,
Surviving kings and codes, fair words and feuds.
There creeps the Jordan to its destined lake,
The fisher casts his net into the sea,
And still the lilies bloom in Galilee.

Mary Frances Butts [1]

[1] See also p. 588.

REINCARNATION

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire,
And struggle onward to achieve,
And every unattained desire
Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that, after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away,—
All that enthralled this mortal frame,—
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

DAVID BANKS SICKELS

ROLL OUT, O SONG

Roll out, O song to God!
Move on, ye throngs of men!
Chances and changes come and go:
God changeth not! Amen.
And on the throngs of men,
On worrying care and strife,
Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,
The word of hope and life.

Down in the darksome ways
And worrying whirl of life
Sinks, like a strain of vesper-song,
The thought of his great strife
Who, of the Virgin born,
Made all our chains His own,
And broke them with His own right arm,
Nor left us more alone.

Amid the weak, one strong,
Amid the false, one true,
Amid all change, one changing not,—
One hope we ne'er shall rue.
In whose sight all is now,
In whose love all is best:
The things of this world pass away,—
Come, let us in Him rest.
Amen.

FRANK SEWALL

NOT KNOWING[1]

Not knowing the things that shall befall me there. ACTS XX. 22.

I know not what will befall me: God
hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus, each step of my onward path, He
makes new scenes arise,
And every joy He sends to me comes like a
sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread on
another year;
But I've left the past in God's keeping,—
the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may
brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future is less bitter
than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I
stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand
beside its brink.

It may be He keeps waiting, for the coming
of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some
joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble with the
thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 't is blessëd
not to know;
It keeps me still in those mighty arms
which will not let me go,
And lulls my weariness to rest on the
bosom that loves me so.

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 781.

So I go on not knowing, — I would not if
I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than
walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which
the future may disclose,
Yet I never had sorrow but what the dear
Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the
whispered word, "He knows."

MARY GARDINER BRAINARD

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN

MID the white spouses of the Sacred Heart,
After its queen, the nearest, dearest thou:
Yet the aureola around thy brow
Is not the virgins' — thine a throne apart.
Nor yet, my Saint, does faith-illumined
art
Thy hand with palm of martyrdom endow:
And when thy hair is all it will allow
Of glory to thy head, we do not start.
O more than virgin in thy penitent love!
And more than martyr in thy passionate
woe!
Who knelt not with thee on the gory sod,
How should they now sit throned with
thee above?
Or where the crown our worship could be-
stow
Like that long gold which wiped the feet
of God?

BENJAMIN DIONYSIUS HILL
(Father Edmund, of the Heart of Mary, C. P.)

VIII

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP[1]

"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer
Taught by my mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I 'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore, —
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

EUGENE HENRY PULLEN

ONE SATURDAY

I NEVER had a happier time,
And I am forty-three,
Than one midsummer afternoon,
When it was May with me:
Life's fragrant May,
And Saturday,
And you came out with me to play;
And up and down the garden walks,
Among the flowering beans,
We proudly walked and tossed our heads
And played that we were queens.

Thrice prudent sovereigns, we made
The diadems we wore,
And fashioned for our royal hands
The sceptres which they bore;
But good Queen Bess
Had surely less
Than we, of proud self-consciousness,
While wreaths of honeysuckle hung
Around your rosy neck,
And tufts of marigold looped up
My gown, a "gingham check."

Our chosen land was parted out,
Like Israel's, by lot;
My kingdom, from the garden wall
Reached to the strawberry plot;

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 817.

The onion-bed,
The beet-tops red,
The corn which waved above my head,
The gooseberry bushes, hung with fruit,
The wandering melon-vine,
The carrots and the cabbages,
All, all of them, were mine!

Beneath the cherry-tree was placed
Your throne, a broken chair;
Your realm was narrower than mine,
But it was twice as fair:
Tall hollyhocks,
And purple phlox,
And time-observing four-o'clocks,
Blue lavender, and candytuft,
And pink and white sweet peas,
Your loyal subjects, waved their heads
In every passing breeze.

Oh! gay and prosperous was our reign
Till we were called to tea; —
But years, since then, have come and gone,
And I am forty-three!
Yet, journeying
On rapid wing,
Time has not brought, and cannot bring,
For you or me, a happier day
Than when, among the beans,
We proudly walked and tossed our heads,
And fancied we were queens.

ANNIE DOUGLAS ROBINSON
("Marian Douglas")

MY LADDIE'S HOUNDS

(VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS)

THEY are my laddie's hounds
That rin the wood at brak o' day.
Wha is it taks them hence? Can ony say
Wha is it taks my laddie's hounds
At brak o' day?

They cleek aff thegither,
An' then fa' back, wi' room atween
For ane to walk; sae aften, I hae seen
The baith cleek aff thegither
Wi' ane atween!

And when toward the pines
Up yonder lane they loup alang,
I see ae bonnie laddie brent and strang,
I see ae laddie loup alang
Toward the pines.

I follow them, in mind,
Ilk time; 'right weel I ken the way; —
They thrid the wood, an' speel the staney brae,
An' skir the field; I follow them,
I ken the way.

They daddle at the creek,
Whaur down fra aff the reaching-logs
I stoup, wi' my dear laddie, an' the dogs,
An' drink o' springs that spait the creek
Maist to the logs.

He 's but a bairn, atho'
He hunts the mountain's lonely bree,
His doggies' ears abune their brows wi' glee
He ties; he 's but a bairn, atho'
He hunts the bree.

Fu' length they a' stretch out
Upon ae bink that green trees hap
In shade. He whusslits saft; the beagles nap
Wi' een half shut, a' stretchin' out
Whaur green trees hap.

And noo he fades awa'
Frae 'tween the twa — into the blue.
My sight gats blind; gude Lord, it isna true
That he has gane for aye, awa' —
Into the blue!

They are my laddie's hounds
That mak the hill at fa' o' day
Wi' dowie heads hung laigh; can ony say
Wha is it hunts my laddie's hounds
Till fa' o' day?

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH EASTER

THE CHILDREN

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last, —
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go, —
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild:
Oh, there 's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise:
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven, —
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself:
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God:
My heart is the dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more:
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door !
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says "The school is dismissed !"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed !

CHARLES MONROE DICKINSON

IX

"THE DOVES OF VENICE"

As the Transatlantic tourists
Have been rowed on the Lagoon,
They have mourned its ancient glories,
They have watched the Germans spoon.

As they 've sailed these famous highways,
As they 've floated on these tides,
The arts that most impressed them
Were the artless German brides.

As they 've listened to the music
Of the poor Italian bands,
Heard the same old tunes repeated,
Seen the Germans holding hands, —
They have wondered why all Venice,
From San Marco to Lagoon,
Is now illumined only
By a German honeymoon;

Why the steeds on the Duomo
Have not laughed horse-laughs, and shied
At the too transparent fondness
Of the modern German bride !

Why the very stones of Venice,
Which the great John Ruskin loves,
Are nothing but a roosting-place
For German turtle-doves !

LAURENCE HUTTON

MOTHER GOOSE SONNETS

JACK AND JILL

Ah, Jack it was, and with him little Jill,
Of the same age and size, a neighbor's daughter,
Who on a breezy morning climbed the hill
To fetch down to the house a pail of water.
Jack put his best foot foremost on that day, —
Vaulting ambition we have seen before, —
He stepped too far, of course, and soon he lay
In the vile path, his little crown so sore!
The next act in the tragedy was played
By Jill, whose eager foothold, too, was brief.
Epitome of life, that boy and maid
Together hoped, together came to grief.
And in their simple story lies concealed
The germ of half that 's plucked in fiction's field.

SIMPLE SIMON

A boy named Simon sojourned in a dale;
Some said that he was simple, but I 'm sure
That he was nothing less than simon pure;
They thought him so because, forsooth, a whale
He tried to catch in Mother's water-pail.
Ah! little boy, timid, composed, demure, —
He had imagination. Yet endure
Defeat he could, for he of course did fail.
But there are Simons of a larger growth,
Who, too, in shallow waters fish for whales,
And when they fail they are "unfortunate."
If the small boy is simple, then are both,
And the big Simon more, who often rails
At what he calls ill luck or unkind fate.

Harriet S. Morgridge

A THRENODY

The Ahkoond of Swat is dead. — *London Papers.*

What, what, what,
What 's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean — he 's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who would n't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He 's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies, —
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries —
He knows what 's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and
of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning
of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

George Thomas Lanigan

DIVISION II

(GILDER, O'REILLY, MAURICE THOMPSON, FATHER TABB, EMMA LAZARUS, MRS. CORTISSOZ, EDITH THOMAS, EUGENE FIELD, BATES, MARKHAM, WHITCOMB RILEY, INA COOLBRITH, R. U. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS)

Richard Watson Gilder

ODE

I

I AM the spirit of the morning sea;
I am the awakening and the glad surprise;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.
Not tears, but jollity
At birth of day brim the strong man-child's eyes.
Behold the white
Wide three-fold beams that from the hidden sun
Rise swift and far, —
One where Orion keeps
His armëd watch, and one
That to the midmost starry heaven upleaps;
The third blots out the firm-fixed Northern Star.
I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
Hurries the snowy spume along the shore
And dies at last in some far-murmuring cave.
My voice thou hearest in the breaker's roar —
That sound which never failed since time began,
And first around the world the shining tumult ran.

II

I light the sea and wake the sleeping land.
My footsteps on the hills make music, and my hand
Plays like a harper's on the wind-swept pines.

With the wind and the day
I follow round the world — away ! away !
Wide over lake and plain my sunlight shines
And every wave and every blade of grass
Doth know me as I pass;
And me the western sloping mountains know, and me
The far-off, golden sea.

O sea, whereon the passing sun doth lie !
O man, who watchest by that golden sea !
Grieve not, — O grieve not thou, but lift thine eye
And see me glorious in the sunset sky !

III

I love not the night
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine; —
Yea, mine deep midnight, though the black sky lowers,
When the sea burns white and breaks on the shore in starry showers.

IV

I am the laughter of the new-born child
On whose soft-breathing sleep an angel smiled.
And I all sweet first things that are:
First songs of birds, not perfect as at last, —
Broken and incomplete, —
But sweet, oh, sweet !
And I the first faint glimmer of a star
To the wrecked ship that tells the storm is past;
The first keen smells and stirrings of the Spring;
First snow-flakes, and first May-flowers after snow;
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade.

V

My sword is quick, my arm is strong to smite
In the dread joy and fury of the fight.
I am with those who win, not those who fly;
With those who live I am, not those who die.
Who die? Nay, nay, that word
Where I am is unheard;
For I am the spirit of youth that cannot change,
Nor cease, nor suffer woe;
And I am the spirit of beauty that doth range
Through natural forms and motions, and each show
Of outward loveliness. With me have birth
All gentleness and joy in all the earth.
Raphael knew me, and showed the world my face;
Me Homer knew, and all the singing race, —
For I am the spirit of light, and life, and mirth.

THE CELESTIAL PASSION

O, WHITE and midnight sky! O starry bath!
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath;
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps;
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour!
O glittering host! O high angelic choir!
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night —
So shall my days be full of heavenly light!

I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES THAT I MEET THEE

I COUNT my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the bird tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes, —
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream;
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.

SONGS

I

NOT from the whole wide world I chose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

II

Years have flown since I knew thee first,
And I know thee as water is known of thirst;
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day —
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armëd strength — his pure and mighty heart.

THE SONNET

What is a sonnet? 'T is the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song, — ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is, — beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

EVENING IN TYRINGHAM VALLEY

What domes and pinnacles of mist and fire
Are builded in yon spacious realms of light
All silently, as did the walls aspire
Templing the ark of God by day and night!
Noiseless and swift, from darkening ridge to ridge,
Through purple air that deepens down the day,
Over the valley springs a shadowy bridge.
The evening star's keen, solitary ray
Makes more intense the silence, and the glad,
Unmelancholy, restful, twilight gloom —
So full of tenderness, that even the sad
Remembrances that haunt the soul take bloom
Like that on yonder mountain.
Now the bars
Of sunset all burn black; the day doth fail,
And the skies whiten with the eternal stars.
Oh, let thy spirit stay with me, sweet vale!

SHERMAN

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes;
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul,
For a full and splendid life, and laurelled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

HAST THOU HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE?

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
As in dark woods I wandered,
And dreamed and pondered,
A voice passed by all fire
And passion and desire;

I rather felt than heard
The song of that lone bird:
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
I heard it, and I followed;
The warm night swallowed
This soul and body of mine,
As burning thirst takes wine,
While on and on I pressed
Close to that singing breast:
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
Well doth each throbbing ember
The flame remember;
And I, how quick that sound
Turned drops from a deep wound!
How this heart was the thorn
Which pierced that breast forlorn!
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

THE CELLO

When late I heard the trembling cello play,
In every face I read sad memories
That from dark, secret chambers where they lay
Rose, and looked forth from melancholy eyes.
So every mournful thought found there a tone
To match despondence: sorrow knew its mate;
Ill fortune sighed, and mute despair made moan;
And one deep chord gave answer, "Late, — too late."
Then ceased the quivering strain, and swift returned
Into its depths the secret of each heart;
Each face took on its mask, where lately burned
A spirit charmed to sight by music's art;
But unto one who caught that inner flame
No face of all can ever seem the same.

A CHILD

Her voice was like the song of birds;
Her eyes were like the stars;
Her little waving hands were like
Birds' wings that beat the bars.

And when those waving hands were still, —
Her soul had fled away, —
The music faded from the air,
The color from the day.

AH, BE NOT FALSE

Ah, be not false, sweet Splendor!
Be true, be good;
Be wise as thou art tender;
Be all that Beauty should.

Not lightly be thy citadel subdued;
Not ignobly, not untimely.
Take praise in solemn mood;
Take love sublimely.

OF ONE WHO NEITHER SEES NOR HEARS[1]

She lives in light, not shadow;
Not silence, but the sound
Which thrills the stars of heaven
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,
Beholds a keener sun;
In her supernal being
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtle senses
That lead her through the day;
Love, light, and song and color
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,
New song to those that hear;
Her braver spirit sounding
Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being
Serene and glad doth dwell;
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;
A soul made visible.

Or is it only a lovely girl,
With flowers at her maiden breast?
— Helen, here is a book of song
From the poet who loves you best.

[1] Helen Keller.

THE BIRDS OF BETHLEHEM

I HEARD the bells of Bethlehem ring —
Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

They clung and sung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me;
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought Child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

BETHLEHEM, *Holy Week*, 1896.

NOËL

STAR-DUST and vaporous light, —
The mist of worlds unborn, —
A shuddering in the awful night
Of winds that bring the morn.

Now comes the dawn: the circling earth;
Creatures that fly and crawl;
And Man, that last, imperial birth;
And Christ, the flower of all.

THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(SOJOURNING IN GALILEE, A. D. 32)

IF Jesus Christ is a man, —
And only a man, — I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God, —
And the only God, — I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

THE HEROIC AGE

HE speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming hour,
Say: "Then the time when men were truly men;
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering civic wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons';
Defying leaguëd fraud with single truth;
Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure.
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind
By wisdom drawn from eld, and counsel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient world
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life:
Those the great days, and that the heroic age."

ATHENS, 1896.

AFTER-SONG

THROUGH love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

Edward Willard Watson

ABSOLUTION

I

Priest of God, unto thee I come;
Day doth dawn, though the mist lies deep.
Trembling with dread from my home I fled;
I have slain a man in the land of sleep.

Him I met in a region dim,
Where ever the sun shines faint and low,
Where the moon is far as a tiny star,
And rivers speed with a noiseless flow.

In the tangled wood he was lying hid;
But I saw him lurking, and then I knew
'T was the soul of the one since time begun
That had made me false when I would be true.

My heart was hot and my anger fierce;
I knew in my dreaming his life I sought.
But with all my power, as I saw him cower,
I willed the deed that my hands have wrought.

Ask me not if his name I know,
For all the rest of my dream is hid;
I only remember the river's flow,
And the dim gray light and the deed I did.

But demons of death and hate that wait
For the soul that sins, my soul pursue,
And my hands are red with the blood of the dead,
And ever they cry the long hours through:

"Murderer, though in dreams and sleep,
Done is the deed with thy soul's consent,
And there is no hope for Heaven's gate to ope,
Nor will men have pity nor God relent."

II

Son, no sin on thy soul doth rest;
Blood shows not on thy trembling hands.
Unto thee can cling no awful thing;
Thy soul was roaming in unreal lands.

'T was but a dream when all things seem
Mingled with fantasy strange and wild,
And the soul of man, do the worst it can,
Is sinless in slumber and undefiled.

For life is the life of the waking day;
Time enough in it for crime and sin.
But we sleep in the hours, like the sinless flowers
That heed not the world and its maddening din.

III

Out from the living, O God, I creep,
Naked and chill, to thy silent land;
Friend have I none, I stand alone,
To wait my doom at thy mighty hand.

Naked and chill, though wrapped in sin,
In the dark and cold with only thee,
Nor glint of a star that 's faint and far,
To light the night of thy world for me.

Whither, O God, wilt thou send the soul
Thou hast planted on earth and plucked away?
For it grew, with the weeds of its evil deeds,
In the wood and fen, in the mire and clay.

IV

Child of the earth, thou fragile flower
Bending down to the wind that blew,
Life shall seem but an evil dream;
Wake to the life that is real and true.

Cease thy dreaming, the world forget;
Lulled be the pain I made thee bear.
Sin and shame are only the name
Of the lesson I taught thee in sorrow there.

Thou hast learned how the soul of man
Lifts, through error, its heart on high,
Up from the sin I placed it in,
To the bright, clear light in the starry sky.

Ages hence, when thy world and stars
Fade away in the mist they are,
Thou shalt weep, and in pity creep
Back to the life of some lonely star.

Love shall well in thy heart, and tears
Fall for the sorrows thou couldst not know
But for the years of sins and fears
Spent in the dream of thy life below.

John Boyle O'Reilly

FROM "WENDELL PHILLIPS"

WHAT shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of affliction attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than human Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to Right!

AT BEST

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

AN ART MASTER

HE gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly
Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill, he even imaged faintly
The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
And ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions,
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file!

A SAVAGE

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"*Return on Friday, to be shot to death!*"
So ran the sentence, — it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
Then all night long the gambling-dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool."
"The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern, a woman at his heels,
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute flame the guns, — the woman reels
And drops without a moan: Dixon is dead.

A WHITE ROSE

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

MAYFLOWER

THUNDER our thanks to her — guns, hearts, and lips!
Cheer from the ranks to her,
Shout from the banks to her —
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.

Mayflower! Twice in the national story
Thy dear name in letters of gold —
Woven in texture that never grows old —
Winning a home and winning glory!
Sailing the years to us, welcomed for aye;
Cherished for centuries, dearest to-day.
Every heart throbs for her, every flag dips —
Mayflower! First and last, best of our ships.

White as a seagull, she swept the long passage.
True as the homing-bird flies with its message.
Love her? O, richer than silk every sail of her.
Trust her? More precious than gold every nail of her.
Write we down faithfully every man's part in her;
Greet we all gratefully every true heart in her.
More than a name to us, sailing the fleetest,
Symbol of that which is purest and sweetest:
More than a keel to us, steering the straightest,
Emblem of that which is freest and greatest:
More than a dove-bosomed sail to the windward,
Flame passing on while the night-clouds fly hindward.
Kiss every plank of her! None shall take rank of her;
Frontward or weatherward, none can eclipse.
Thunder our thanks to her! Cheer from the banks to her!
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward

THE LOST COLORS

FROWNING, the mountain stronghold stood,
Whose front no mortal could assail;
For more than twice three hundred years
The terror of the Indian vale.

By blood and fire the robber band
Answered the helpless village wail.

Hot was his heart and cool his thought,
When Napier from his Englishmen
Up to the bandits' rampart glanced,

And down upon his ranks again.
Summoned to dare a deed like that,
Which of them all would answer then?

What sullen regiment is this
That lifts its eyes to dread Cutchee?
Abased, its standard bears no flag.
For thus the punishment shall be
That England metes to Englishmen
Who shame her once by mutiny.

From out the disgraced Sixty-Fourth
There stepped a hundred men of might.
Cried Napier: "Now prove to me
I read my soldiers' hearts aright!
Form! Forward! Charge, my volunteers!
Your colors are on yonder height!"

So sad is shame, so wise is trust!
The challenge echoed bugle-clear.
Like fire along the Sixty-Fourth
From rank to file rang cheer on cheer.
In death and glory up the pass
They fought for all to brave men dear.

Old is the tale, but read anew
In every warring human heart.
What rebel hours, what coward shame,
Upon the aching memory start!
To find the ideal forfeited,
— What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on
Through weakest darkness to strong light;
By any anguish, give us back
Our life's young standard, pure and bright.
O fair, lost Colors of the soul!
For your sake storm we any height.

THE ROOM'S WIDTH

I THINK if I should cross the room,
Far as fear;
Should stand beside you like a thought —
Touch you, dear,

Like a fancy, — to your sad heart
It would seem
That my vision passed and prayed you,
Or my dream.

Then you would look with lonely eyes —
Lift your head —
And you would stir, and sigh, and say,
"She is dead."

Baffled by death and love, I lean
Through the gloom.
O Lord of life! am I forbid
To cross the room?

GLOUCESTER HARBOR

ONE shadow glides from the dumb shore,
And one from every silent sail.
One cloud the averted heavens wear,
A soft mask, thin and frail.

Oh, silver is the lessening rain,
And yellow was the weary drouth.
The reef her warning finger puts
Upon the harbor's mouth.

Her thin, wan finger, stiff and stark,
She holds by night, she holds by day.
Ask, if you will: no answer makes
The sombre, guarded bay.

The fleet, with idle canvas hung,
Like a brute life, sleeps patiently.
The headlights nod across the cliff,
The fog blows out to sea.

There is no color on the tide,
No color on the helpless sky;
Across the beach — a safe, small sound —
The grass-hid crickets cry.

And through the dusk I hear the keels
Of home-bound boats grate low and sweet.
O happy lights! O watching eyes!
Leap out the sound to greet.

O tender arms that meet and clasp!
Gather and cherish while ye may.
The morrow knoweth God. Ye know
Your own are yours to-day.

Forever from the Gloucester winds
The cries of hungry children start.
There breaks in every Gloucester wave
A widowed woman's heart.

Francis Howard Williams

ELECTRA

My Love too stately is to be but fair,
Too fair she is for naught but stateliness;
She bids me Nay, and yet a silent Yes
Dwells in the dusk her shadowy eyelids wear.
My Love's step makes a music in the air,
Touching the sense with a divine caress,
And all the rapture of the dawn doth bless
The light that leaps to life across her hair.
Her mouth is just the love-couch for a song,
And mid the fragrance of its riven flowers
Low laughter breaks and trembles close to tears
Mingled of mirth and melody, as a throng
Of bird notes wakes to joy the drowsy hours
And weaves delight through all the grieving years.

WALT WHITMAN

Darkness and death? Nay, Pioneer, for thee
The day of deeper vision has begun;
There is no darkness for the central sun
Nor any death for immortality.
At last the song of all fair songs that be,
At last the guerdon of a race well run,
The upswelling joy to know the victory won,
The river's rapture when it finds the sea.
Ah, thou art wrought in an heroic mould,
The modern man upon whose brow yet stays
A gleam of glory from the age of gold, —
A diadem which all the gods have kissed.
Hail and farewell! flower of the antique days, —
Democracy's divine protagonist.

March 26, 1892.

SONG

A bird in my bower
Sat calling, a-calling;
A bird answered low from the garden afar.
His note came with power,
While falling, a-falling,
Her note quivered faint as the light of a star.
"I am Life! I am Life!"
From the bower a-ringing,
Trilled forth a mad melody, soaring above;
"I am Love! I am Love!"
From the garden a-singing,
Came soft as a dream, and the echoes sang "Love."

They joined, and together
Fast flying, a-flying,
Were lost to my gaze in the arch of the sky.
The wind through the heather
Is sighing, a-sighing;
Ah! how should it ever do other than sigh?
Where art thou, where art thou,
Life, flying, a-flying?
Where art thou, O Love, sweetest child of the dawn?
The song in the meadow
Is dying, a-dying;
My heart groweth heavy, and whispereth — "Gone."

Maurice Thompson

THE LION'S CUB

The whelp that nipped its mother's dug in turning from her breast,
And smacked its lusty lips and built its own lair in the West,
Has stretched its limbs and looked about and roared across the sea:
"Oh, mother, I did bite thee hard, but still thou lovest me!"

She lifts her head and listens, as waking from a dream,
Her great jaw set, her claws outspread, her lion eyes agleam;
The voice is deep as thunder on the far horizon rim,
And up the mother spoke and said: "It can be none but him!"

Cried England to America: "My ancient love abides,
And the old Trafalgar courage still upon the ocean rides."
America to England spake: "The God of Liberty
Goes with us marching up the land and sailing down the sea."

And the twain are joined for hunting, — let all the packs beware,
The tiger's kith, the panther's kin, the race-hordes of the bear.
They two step forth together, God's hand has struck the hour,
All pathways lead to freedom, each footstep broadens power.

The world is still in dull amaze, agape and dazed to hear;
There is a rustling of the thrones, uneasy far and near,
King leaning unto king, and on Oppression's hateful lips
A pallor as the wind brings in the booming of the ships.

And who shall cower, who recoil, or choose the craven's tack,
And strain the law (by heroes made) to hold his country back?
Ah, who? Let children lisp his shame and women cry him down
What time our glorious banner waves o'er stormëd tower and town.

The star is up, the star of splendor, never to set or wane;
The flag leads on, the flag of glory, never to turn again;
And where it goes we cheer and follow, no man of us will fail;
We all are where our armies camp and where our navies sail.

World-conquering mother, hard we bit in parting from thy breast;
Yet still we smack our lusty lips and love thy milk the best;
For the blood our mother gave us is the true imperial strain;
She bore one cub, one only, but it wears the lion's mane!

AN EARLY BLUEBIRD

Leap to the highest height of spring,
And trill thy sweetest note,
Bird of the heavenly plumes and twinkling wing
And silver-tonëd throat!

Sing, while the maple's deepest root
Thrills with a pulse of fire
That lights its buds. Blow, blow thy tender flute,
Thy reed of rich desire!

Breathe in thy syrinx Freedom's breath,
Quaver the fresh and true,
Dispel this lingering wintry mist of death
And charm the world anew!

Thou first sky-dipped spring-bud of song,
Whose heavenly ecstasy
Foretells the May while yet March winds are strong,
Fresh faith appears with thee!

How sweet, how magically rich,
Through filmy splendor blown,
Thy hopeful voice set to the promise-pitch
Of melody yet unknown!

O land of mine (where hope can grow
And send a deeper root
With every spring), hear, heed the free bird blow
Hope's charmëd flute!

Ah! who will hear, and who will care,
And who will heed thy song,
As prophecy, as hope, as promise rare,
Budding to bloom ere long?

From swelling bulbs and sprouting seed,
Sweet sap and fragrant dew,
And human hearts, grown doubly warm at need,
Leaps answer strong and true:

We see, we hear (thou liberty-loving thing,
That down spring winds doth float),
The promise of thine empyrean wing,
The hope that floods thy throat!

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF THEOCRITUS

Those were good times, in olden days,
Of which the poet has his dreams,
When gods beset the woodland ways,
And lay in wait by all the streams.

One could be sure of something then
Severely simple, simply grand,
Or keenly, subtly sweet, as when
Venus and Love went hand in hand.

Now I would give (such is my need)
All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme
To see Pan fluting on a reed
And with his goat-hoof keeping time!

A FLIGHT SHOT

We were twin brothers, tall and hale,
Glad wanderers over hill and dale.

We stood within the twilight shade
Of pines that rimmed a Southern glade.

He said: "Let 's settle, if we can,
Which of us is the stronger man.

"We 'll try a flight shot, high and good,
Across the green glade toward the wood."

And so we bent in sheer delight
Our old yew bows with all our might.

Our long keen shafts, drawn to the head,
Were poised a moment ere they sped.

As we leaned back a breath of air
Mingled the brown locks of our hair.

We loosed. As one our bow-cords rang,
As one away our arrows sprang.

Away they sprang; the wind of June
Thrilled to their softly whistled tune.

We watched their flight, and saw them strike
Deep in the ground slantwise alike,

So far away that they might pass
For two thin straws of broom-sedge grass!

Then arm in arm we doubting went
To find whose shaft was farthest sent,

Each fearing in his loving heart
That brother's shaft had fallen short.

But who could tell by such a plan
Which of us was the stronger man?

There at the margin of the wood,
Side by side our arrows stood,

Their red cock-feathers wing and wing,
Their amber nocks still quivering,

Their points deep-planted where they fell
An inch apart and parallel!

We clasped each other's hands; said he,
"Twin champions of the world are we!"

A CREOLE SLAVE-SONG

(*Ah, lo zo-zo chan' dan' branche*)

What bird is that, with voice so sweet,
Sings to the sun from yonder tree?
What girl is that so slim and fleet,
Comes through the cane her love to meet?
Foli zo-zo, sing merrily.
The pretty girl she comes to me!

What wind is that upon the cane?
What perfume from a far-off rose
Fills me with dreams? What strange, vague pain
Stirs in my heart? What longing vain
Is this that through my bosom goes?
O south wind, perfume and desire,
You kiss, you soothe, you burn like fire!

Ah, no! Ah, no! It is a cheat.
There is no bird; my love comes not;
The wind chills me from head to feet,
And oh, it brings no perfume sweet.
My slender girl the white man bought,
And took her far across the bay —
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

I cannot cut the cane to-day —
O zo-zo, moquer, come and sing!
O warm wind, through the cane-field stray,
Wave the long moss so soft and gray!
I have no heart for anything;
But life was heaven and work was play
When my love loved me every day!

White man, how I worked for you
When I was young and blithe and strong!
The earth was green, the sky was blue,
My love's eyes were as bright as dew;
And life was like the *zo-zo's* song!
But you — you sold my love away —
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

I did not dream a slave could be
A man, and right a grievous wrong.
I writhed and bore your cruelty;
I felt the soul go out of me;
And yet, I was so lion-strong
I could have torn your heart away —
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

Freedom! I feel it when too late,
Like spring wind on a blasted tree,
A waft of mockery and hate!
Bring back my chains, O cruel Fate!
Bring youth and slavery back to me;
Bring back the lash, the hound, the pain,
So that my own love come again!

But hark! A gentle voice afar
Calls me to go, I know not where —
Yes, past the sun and past the star,
Into God's land. A golden car
And milk-white horses — *she* is there!
So sweet — I dream — I float away —
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

A PROPHECY

(FROM "LINCOLN'S GRAVE")

OLD soldiers true, ah, them all men can trust,
Who fought, with conscience clear, on either side;
Who bearded Death and thought their cause was just;
Their stainless honor cannot be denied;
All patriots they beyond the farthest doubt;
Ring it and sing it up and down the land,
And let no voice dare answer it with sneers,
Or shut its meaning out;
Ring it and sing it, we go hand in hand,
Old infantry, old cavalry, old cannoneers.

And if Virginia's vales shall ring again
To battle-yell of Moseby or Mahone,
If Wilder's wild brigade or Morgan's men
Once more wheel into line; or all alone
A Sheridan shall ride, a Cleburne fall, —
There will not be two flags above them flying,
But both in one, welded in that pure flame
Upflaring in us all,
When kindred unto kindred, loudly crying,
Rally and cheer in freedom's holy name!

Mary Thacher Higginson

CHANGELINGS

THE ghosts of flowers went sailing
Through the dreamy autumn air, —
The gossamer wings of the milkweed brown,
And the sheeny silk of the thistle-down;
But there was no bewailing,
And never a hint of despair.

From the mountain-ash was swinging
A gray, deserted nest;
Scarlet berries where eggs had been;
Softly the flower-wraiths floated in:
And the brook and breeze were singing
When the sun sank down in the west.

IN THE DARK

THE fields were silent, and the woodland drear,
The moon had set, and clouds hid all the stars;
And blindly, when a footfall met my ear,
I reached across the bars.

And swift as thought this hand was clasped in thine,
Though darkness hung around us and above;
Not guided by uncertain fate to mine,
But by the law of love.

I know not which of us may first go hence
And leave the other to be brave alone,
Unable to dispel the shadows dense
That veil the life unknown;

But if I linger last, and stretch once more
A longing hand when fades this earthly day,
Again it will be grasped by thine, before
My steps can lose the way.

GHOST-FLOWERS

(MONOTROPA UNIFLORA)

In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,
They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.
No Angelus, except the wild bird's lay,
Awakes these forest nuns; yet night and day
Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.
A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude
Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray
From spirit-gardens just beyond our ken.
Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look
Upon new loveliness, and watch again
Their shy devotions near the singing brook;
Then, mingling in the dizzy stir of men,
Forget the vows made in that cloistered nook.

INHERITANCE

We wondered why he always turned aside
When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days:
Who else so fit as he for pleasure's ways?
Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;
But that his voice was music none denied,
Or that his smile was like the sun's warm rays.
One day upon the sands he spoke in praise
Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:
"The swelling waves of life they dare to meet.
I may not plunge where others safely go, —
Unbidden longings in my pulses beat."
O blind and thoughtless world! you little know
That ever round this hero's steadfast feet
Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow.

John Henry Boner

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.

Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

REMEMBRANCE

I THINK that we retain of our dead friends
And absent ones no general portraiture;
That perfect memory does not long endure,
But fades and fades until our own life ends.
Unconsciously, forgetfulness attends
That grief for which there is no other cure,
But leaves of each lost one some record sure, —
A look, an act, a tone, — something that lends
Relief and consolation, not regret.
Even that poor mother mourning her dead child,
Whose agonizing eyes with tears are wet,
Whose bleeding heart cannot be reconciled
Unto the grave's embrace, — even she shall yet
Remember only when her babe first smiled.

WE WALKED AMONG THE WHISPERING PINES

IT was a still autumnal day —
So sadly still and strangely bright —
The hectic glow of quick decay
Tinged everything with lovely light.
It warmly touched the fragrant air
And fields of corn and crumbling vines
Along the golden Yadkin, where
We walked among the whispering pines.

Alas, that tender hectic glow
Shone in her gentle, pallid face,
And none save God in heaven could know
My agony to see its trace —
To watch those fatal roses bloom
Upon her cheeks — red, cruel signs —
But all of love, not of the tomb,
We spoke among the whispering pines.

Ah, fatal roses — never yet
Have they deceived. She drooped and died.
We parted and we never met
Again; but often at my side
An angel walks, — her step I know, —
A viewless arm my neck entwines.
O angel love, so years ago
We walked among the whispering pines.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE

WHEN wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farm-house chimneys, — in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

John Banister Tabb

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

THE WATER-LILY

Whence, O fragrant form of light,
Hast thou drifted through the night,
Swanlike, to a leafy nest,
On the restless waves, at rest?

Art thou from the snowy zone
Of a mountain-summit blown,
Or the blossom of a dream,
Fashioned in the foamy stream?

Nay, — methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

TO SHELLEY

At Shelley's birth,
The Lark, dawn-spirit, with an anthem loud
Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to the Cloud,
That, like a flower night-folded in the gloom,
Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death,
The Sea, that deemed him an immortal, saw
A god's extinguished breath,
And landward, as in awe,
Upbore him to the altar whence he came,
And the rekindling flame.

THE SISTERS

The waves forever move;
The hills forever rest:
Yet each the heavens approve,
And Love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer.

ANONYMOUS

Anonymous — nor needs a name
To tell the secret whence the flame,
With light, and warmth, and incense, came
A new creation to proclaim.

So was it when, His labor done,
God saw His work, and smiled thereon:
His glory in the picture shone,
But name upon the canvas, none.

CLOVER

Little masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye, — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed, —
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

THE DEPARTED

They cannot wholly pass away,
How far soe'er above;

Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
Apart from those we love:
For spirits in eternity,
As shadows in the sun,
Reach backward into Time, as we,
Like lifted clouds, reach on.

INDIAN SUMMER

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The Autumn hails anew:
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.

THE DRUID

GODLIKE beneath his grave divinities,
The last of all their worshippers, he stood.
The shadows of a vanished multitude
Enwound him, and their voices in the breeze
Made murmur, while the meditative trees
Reared of their strong fraternal branches rude
A temple meet for prayer. What blossoms strewed
The path between Life's morning hours and these?
What lay beyond the darkness? He alone
The sunshine and the shadow and the dew
Had shared alike with leaf, and flower, and stem:
Their life had been his lesson; and from them
A dream of immortality he drew,
As in their fate foreshadowing his own.

THE CHILD

AT BETHLEHEM

I

LONG, long before the Babe could speak,
When he would kiss his mother's cheek
And to her bosom press,
The brightest angels standing near
Would turn away to hide a tear —
For they are motherless.

II

WHERE were ye, Birds, that bless His name,
When wingless to the world He came,
And wordless, though Himself the Word
That made the blossom and the bird?

III

TO HIS MOTHER

HE brought a Lily white,
That bowed its fragrant head
And blushed a rosy red
Before her fairer light.

He brought a Rose; and, lo,
The crimson blossom saw
Her beauty, and in awe
Became as white as snow.

QUATRAINS

THE BUBBLE

WHY should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I.
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found, —
A life — complete in death — complete to die.

BECALMED

THE bar is crossed; but Death — the pilot — stands
In seeming doubt before the tranquil deep;
The fathom-line still trembling in his hands,
As when upon the treacherous shoals of sleep.

FAME

THEIR noonday never knows
What names immortal are:
'T is night alone that shows
How star surpasseth star.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey

("SUSAN COOLIDGE")

HELEN

THE autumn seems to cry for thee,
Best lover of the autumn days!
Each scarlet-tipped and wine-red tree,
Each russet branch and branch of gold,
Gleams through its veil of shimmering haze,
And seeks thee as they sought of old:
For all the glory of their dress,
They wear a look of wistfulness.

In every wood I see thee stand,
The ruddy boughs above thy head,
And heaped in either slender hand
The frosted white and amber ferns,
The sumach's deep, resplendent red,
Which like a fiery feather burns,
And, over all, thy happy eyes,
Shining as clear as autumn skies.

I hear thy call upon the breeze,
Gay as the dancing wind, and sweet,
And, underneath the radiant trees,
O'er lichens gray and darkling moss,
Follow the trace of those light feet
Which never were at fault or loss,
But, by some forest instinct led,
Knew where to turn and how to tread.

Where art thou, comrade true and tried?
The woodlands call for thee in vain,
And sadly burns the autumn-tide
Before my eyes, made dim and blind
By blurring, puzzling mists of pain.
I look before, I look behind;
Beauty and loss seem everywhere,
And grief and glory fill the air.

Already, in these few short weeks,
A hundred things I leave unsaid,
Because there is no voice that speaks
In answer, and no listening ear,
No one to care now thou art dead!
And month by month, and year by year,
I shall but miss thee more, and go
With half my thought untold, I know.

I do not think thou hast forgot,
I know that I shall not forget,
And some day, glad, but wondering not,
We two shall meet, and, face to face,
In still, fair fields unseen as yet,
Shall talk of each old time and place,
And smile at pain interpreted
By wisdom learned since we were dead.

GULF STREAM

LONELY and cold and fierce I keep my way,
Scourge of the lands, companioned by the storm,
Tossing to heaven my frontlet, wild and gray,
Mateless, yet conscious ever of a warm
And brooding presence close to mine all day.

What is this alien thing, so near, so far,
Close to my life always, but blending never, —
Hemmed in by walls whose crystal gates unbar
Not at the instance of my strong endeavor
To pierce the stronghold where their secrets are?

Buoyant, impalpable, relentless, thin,
Rise the clear, mocking walls. I strive in vain
To reach the pulsing heart that beats within,
Or, with persistence of a cold disdain,
To quell the gladness which I may not win.

Forever sundered and forever one,
Linked by a bond whose spell I may not guess,
Our hostile yet embracing currents run;
Such wedlock lonelier is than loneliness.
Baffled, withheld, I clasp the bride I shun.

Yet even in my wrath a wild regret
Mingles; a bitterness of jealous strife
Tinges my fury as I foam and fret
Against the borders of that calmer life,
Beside whose course my wrathful course is set.

But all my anger, all my pain and woe,
  Are vain to daunt her gladness; all the while
She goes rejoicing, and I do not know,
  Catching the soft irradiance of her smile,
If I am most her lover or her foe.

Gertrude Bloede

("STUART STERNE")

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

NIGHT after night we dauntlessly embark
On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
Drift for a while beneath the sombre arc
Of that full circle made of light and dark
Called life, yet have no fear, and know refound
Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
Of the first warble of some early lark
Or touch of sunbeam. Oh, and why not then
Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
Believing somewhere on our sense again
Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam, shall break,
And with glad voices cry, "Awake! awake!"

MY FATHER'S CHILD

ABOUT her head or floating feet
  No halo's starry gleam,
Still dark and swift uprising, like
  A bubble in a stream, —

A soul, from whose rejoicing heart
  The bonds of earth were riven,
Sped upward through the silent night
  To the closed Gates of Heaven.

And waiting heard a voice, — "Who comes
  To claim Eternity?
Hero or saint that bled and died
  Mankind to save and free?"

She bent her head. The voice once more, —
  "Didst thou then toil and live
For home and children — to thy Love
  Last breath and heart's blood give?"

Her head sank lower still, she clasped
  Her hands upon her breast:
"Oh, no!" she whispered, "my dim life
  Has never been so blest!

"I trod a lonely, barren path,
  And neither great nor good,
Gained not a hero's palm, nor won
  The crown of motherhood!

"Oh, I was naught!" Yet suddenly
  The white lips faintly smiled —
"Save, oh, methinks I was mayhap
  My Heavenly Father's Child!"

A flash of light, a cry of joy,
  And with uplifted eyes
The soul, through gates rolled open wide,
  Passed into Paradise.

SOUL, WHEREFORE FRET THEE?

SOUL, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be, —
Unborn — undying! Thy own life doth show,
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of Immortality!

Will Carleton

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY[1]

Out of the old house, Nancy — moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I —
And that 's to stand on the doorstep here, and bid the old house good-by.

What a shell we 've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it had n't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it 's stuck together, and answered till to-day;
But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built;
And things that blossomed you would 've made some women wilt;
And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves and bears and wildcats was the nearest ones you had;
But, lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house! — ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house — how little it now appears!
But it 's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun —
There 's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that 's new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom — we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock, that we bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter — our courage began to mount —
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel — the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that was n't for either one;*
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods away.

[1] Copyright, 1873, by Harper & Brothers.

Then our first-born baby — a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it was n't a boy:
Wa' n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle — a homely, home-made thing, —
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay, —
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and small!
How they growed! 't was a wonder how we found room for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fireplace there, and moaned her life away.

An' right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book, stood,
"'Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 't would do us good;"
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en-a'-most let go;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due,
When the doctor said the fever 'd turned, an' he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear:
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's — what have n't we had here?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy, — moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
There 's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before:
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you 're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being — a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.

Ina Coolbrith

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom, —
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was —
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, belovëd, in my sorrow

Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was" —
When the grass grows over me!

THE MARIPOSA LILY

Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jewelled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir, —
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou wingëd bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!

FRUITIONLESS

Ah! little flower, upspringing, azure-eyed,
The meadow-brook beside,
Dropping delicious balms
Into the tender palms
Of lover-winds, that woo with light caress,
In still contentedness,
Living and blooming thy brief summer-day: —
So, wiser far than I,
That only dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my listless life away.

Ah! sweetheart birds, a-building your wee house
In the broad-leavëd boughs,
Pausing with merry trill
To praise each other's skill,
And nod your pretty heads with pretty pride;
Serenely satisfied
To trill and twitter love's sweet roundelay: —
So, happier than I,
That, lonely, dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my lonely life away.

Brown-bodied bees, that scent with nostrils fine
The odorous blossom-wine,
Sipping, with heads half thrust
Into the pollen dust
Of rose and hyacinth and daffodil,
To hive, in amber cell,
A honey feasting for the winter-day: —
So, better far than I,
Self-wrapt, that dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my useless life away.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

What songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips,
Whose spell lives not again!

For her the clamorous to-day
The dreamful yesterday became;
The brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame.

Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, through fruited dells,
The long processions pass;

The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The Cross above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin-song!

There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.

And Alessandro, type of all
His broken tribe, for evermore
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.

The visions vanish and are not,
Still are the sounds of peace and strife, —
Passed with the earnest heart and thought
Which lured them back to life.

O sunset land! O land of vine,
And rose, and bay! in silence here
Let fall one little leaf of thine,
With love, upon her bier.

Lloyd Mifflin

SONNETS

I

THE SOVEREIGNS

THEY who create rob death of half its stings;
They, from the dim inane and vague opaque
Of nothingness, build with their thought, and make
Enduring entities and beauteous things;
They are the Poets — they give airy wings
To shapes marmorean; or they overtake
The Ideal with the brush, or, soaring, wake
Far in the rolling clouds their glorious strings.
The Poet is the only potentate;
His sceptre reaches o'er remotest zones;
His thought remembered and his golden tones
Shall, in the ears of nations uncreate,
Roll on for ages and reverberate
When Kings are dust beside forgotten thrones.

MILTON

HIS feet were shod with music and had wings
Like Hermes: far upon the peaks of song
His sandals sounded silverly along;
The dull world blossomed into beauteous things
Where'er he trod; and Heliconian springs
Gushed from the rocks he touched; round him a throng
Of fair invisibles, seraphic, strong,
Struck Orphean murmurs out of golden strings;
But he, spreading keen pinions for a white
Immensity of radiance and of peace,
Up-looming to the Empyrean infinite,
Far through ethereal fields, and zenith seas,
High, with strong wing-beats and with eagle ease,
Soared in a solitude of glorious light!

II

THE SHIP

I LAY on Delos of the Cyclades
At evening, on a cape of golden land;
The blind Bard's book was open in my hand,
There where the Cyclops makes the Odyssey's
Calm pages tremble as Odysseus flees.
Then, stately, like a mirage o'er the sand,
A phantom ship across the sunset strand
Rose out of dreams and clave the purple seas;
Straight on that city's bastions did she run —
Whose toppling turrets on their donjons hold
Bells that to mortal ears have never tolled —
Then drifted down the gateways of the sun
With fading pennon and with gonfalon,
And cast her anchors in the pools of gold.

TO AN OLD VENETIAN WINE-GLASS

DAUGHTER of Venice, fairer than the moon!
From thy dark casement leaning, half divine,
And to the lutes of love that low repine
Across the midnight of the hushed lagoon
Listening with languor in a dreamful swoon —
On such a night as this thou didst entwine
Thy lily fingers round this glass of wine,
And clasped thy climbing lover — none too soon!
Thy lover left, but ere he left thy room
From this he drank, his warm lips at the brim;
Thou kissed it as he vanished in the gloom;
That kiss, because of thy true love for him —
Long, long ago, when thou wast in thy bloom, —
Hath left it ever rosy round the rim!

III

THESEUS AND ARIADNE

Thes. Nay, I have loved thee!
Ari. Thou hast loved, didst say?
Thes. I loved thee well at Crete.
Ari. Lov'st me no more?
Thes. Ah! who can hold the wave upon the shore?
Ari. Thou, if thou wouldst; and, oh! is that the way

Thou speak'st to me, who gave thee, on that day,
My flower of life?
Thes. My ship is ready — sail and oar! . . .
Ari. Did I not save thee from the Minotaur, —
And wilt thou leave me?
Thes. Who can make love stay? . . .
Wax is my heart and takes full easily
The last print on't. Past love is past recall.
Adieu! . . . Love has the helm — he guides, not we . . .
Ari. Beloved Traitor! May thy black sail pall
Deep in the brine, thee, and thy maidens all! . . .
Ye gods! he leaves me and my babe to be!

IV

TO THE MILKWEED

None call thee flower! . . . I will not so malign
The satin softness of thy plumëd seed,
Nor so profane thee as to call thee weed,
Thou tuft of ermine down, fit to entwine
About a queen; or, fitter still, to line
The nest of birds of strange exotic breed.
The orient cunning, and the somnolent speed
Of looms of dusky Ind weave not so fine
A gossamer . . . Ah me! could he who sings,
On such adventurous and aërial wings
Far over lands and undiscovered seas
Waft the dark seeds of his imaginings,
That, flowering, men might say, Lo! look on these
Wild Weeds of Song — not all ungracious things!

TO A MAPLE SEED

Art thou some wingëd Sprite, that, fluttering round,
Exhausted on the grass at last doth lie,
Or wayward Fay? Ah, weakling, by and by
Thyself shalt grow a giant, strong and sound,
When, like Antaeus, thou dost touch the ground.
O happy Seed! it is not thine to die;
Thy wings bestow thine immortality,
And thou canst bridge the deep and dark profound.
I hear the ecstatic song the wild bird flings,
In future summers, from thy leafy head!
What hopes! what fears! what rapturous sufferings!
What burning words of love will there be said!
What sobs — what tears! what passionate whisperings!
Under thy boughs, when I, alas! am dead.

V

SESOSTRIS

Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,
And ancienter than memory of things.
Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;
Disdain sits on his lips; and in a frown
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.
The affrighted ostrich dare not dust her wings
Anear this Presence. The long caravan's
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouins stare.
This symbol of past power more than man's
Presages doom. Kings look — and Kings despair:
Their sceptres tremble in their jewelled hands,
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!

THE DOORS

As through the Void we went I heard his plumes
Strike on the darkness. It was passing sweet
To hold his hand and feel that thin air beat
Against our pinions as we winged those glooms
Of Ebon, through which Atropos still dooms
Each soul to pass. Then presently our feet
Found footing on a ledge of dark retreat,
And opposite appeared two doors of tombs
Seen by the star upon the angel's head
That made dim twilight; there I caught my breath:
"Why pause we here?" The angel answering said,
"The journey ends. These are the Doors of Death;

Lo, now they open, inward, for the dead."
And then a Voice, — "Who next that enter-
eth?"

THE FLIGHT

Upon a cloud among the stars we stood.
The angel raised his hand and looked and
said,
"Which world, of all yon starry myriad,
Shall we make wing to?" The still solitude
Became a harp whereon his voice and mood
Made spheral music round his haloed head.
I spake — for then I had not long been
dead —
"Let me look round upon the vasts, and
brood
A moment on these orbs ere I decide . . .
What is yon lower star that beauteous shines
And with soft splendor now incarnadines
Our wings? — *There* would I go and there
abide."
He smiled as one who some child's thought
divines:
"That is the world where yesternight you
died."

FIAT LUX

Then that dread angel near the awful
throne,
Leaving the seraphs ranged in flaming
tiers,
Winged his dark way through those unpin-
ioned spheres,
And on the void's black beetling edge, alone,
Stood with raised wings, and listened for
the tone
Of God's command to reach his eager
ears,
While Chaos wavered, for she felt her years
Unsceptred now in that convulsive zone.
Night trembled. And, as one hath oft
beheld
A lamp lit in a vase light up its gloom,
So God's voice lighted him, from heel to
plume:
Let there be Light, It said, and Darkness,
quelled,
Shrunk noiseless backward in her mon-
strous womb
Through vasts unwinnowed by the wings of
eld!

James Jeffrey Roche

THE KEARSARGE

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor
more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's
grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to
Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved
before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Ronca-
dor.

ANDROMEDA

They chained her fair young body to the
cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had
marked her for his own;

The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'T is Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main.
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

MY COMRADE

The love of man and woman is as fire,
To warm, to light, but surely to consume
And self-consuming die. There is no room
For constancy and passionate desire.
We stand at last beside a wasted pyre,
Touch its dead embers, groping in the gloom;
And where an altar stood, erect a tomb,
And sing a requiem to a broken lyre.
But comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
Glowing most fervent, it doth bind more fast;
And melting both, but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt — till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one, and strong and pure.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

We summoned not the Silent Guest,
And no man spake his name;
By lips unseen our Cup was pressed,
And mid the merry song and jest,
The Uninvited came.

Wise were they in the days of old,
Who gave the Stranger place;
And when the joyous catch was trolled,
And toasts were quaffed and tales were told,
They looked him in the face.

God save us from the skeleton
Who sitteth at the feast!
God rest the manly spirit gone,
Who sat beside the Silent One,
And dreaded him the least!

Alice Wellington Rollins

THE DEATH OF AZRON

He caught his chisel, hastened to his bench,
And, kneeling on one knee before one more
Pale page of uncarved marble, murmured fast,
"Here will I ask it! here in marble! here
Will I carve well the restless, patient sphinx,
With eyes that burn, though prisoned all the while
In dull, cold stone: what is Life for? what for?"
And he wrought well; but suddenly there came
A tremor and a chill through his right arm.
Turning his face, he saw beside him there
A woman like an angel, or perchance
An angel like a woman; so supreme
The look she bent upon him where she stood,
Silent, superb, and beautiful, that he,
Still holding fast his chisel, stammered forth,
"What art thou? art thou Love? — at last, for me?"
"Not Love," she answered; "Azron, I am Death!"
"Nay," and he grasped his chisel firmer still,
"I cannot die! See, I am young! not yet
Have I fulfilled all that is in my soul.
I ask not for dull life of plodding clods

That know not the divine; I ask not life
For a wild round of pleasure or mad deeds;
I ask not love, if it be not for me.
I ask but work! I would but finish this!
If all the thoughts burning within my brain —
Not foolish thoughts, but thoughts for which men wait —
Are to die now unuttered, if my strength
Of will and purpose, of proud energy,
Of eagerness to see but the divine,
And then reveal it to blind, waiting men,
Must perish unexpressed, what is it for?"
"Azron," the angel answered him, "thy sphinx
Asks, but it answers also; what hast thou
Answered to those who ask of thine own work,
'What is it for?' Didst thou not say to them,
'It matters not, so it be beautiful'?
Thy sphinx, with restless eyes that ask, would fain,
Question, 'What is Life for?' but the proud mouth,
The patient sweetness of the even brows,
The perfect poise of changeless attitude,
The finely modelled cheek, the unparted lips,
Answer, 'It matters not! it matters not!
If only it be beautiful!' Nay, this,
Thy greater work, this glorious tomb of thine,
Not for a living woman, but for her,
The sphinx that asks and answers, is it not
A living answer to the living cry?
'What is it for?' they ask; and thou hast said,
'It matters not, for it is beautiful.'
It may be I have secrets to reveal
When thou hast crossed the portal of the dead;
It may be, I have none: it matters not.
Lay each straight marble firm in its white place;
Choose well each burnished gem; let all be fair
And orderly; and then it matters not
What it is for, or when the chisel falls.
Despair not, Azron, thou hast builded well;
But now — ask me no more! — it matters not!"
And Azron's head sank slowly on his breast,
The chisel fell.

MANY THINGS THOU HAST GIVEN ME, DEAR HEART

Many things thou hast given me, dear heart;
But one thing thou hast taken: that high dream
Of heaven as of a country that should seem
Beyond all glory that divinest art
Has pictured: — with this I have had to part
Since knowing thee; — how long, love, will the gleam
Of each day's sunlight on my pathway stream,
Richer than what seemed richest at the start?
Make my days happy, love; yet I entreat
Make not each happier than the last for me;
Lest heaven itself should dawn to me, complete
In joy, not the surprise I dreamed 't would be,
But simply as the natural and sweet
Continuance of days spent here with thee.

VITA BENEFICA

On softest pillows my dim eyes unclose;
No pain, — delicious weariness instead;
Sweet silence broods around the quiet bed,
And round me breathes the fragrance of the rose.
The moonlight leans against the pane, and shows
The little leaves outside in watchful dread
Keeping their guard; while with swift, noiseless tread
Love in its lovelier service comes and goes.
A hand I love brings nectar; near me bends
A face I love; ah! it is over! — this
Indeed is heaven. Could I only tell
Dear ones whose hearts the sorrow for me rends
How easily one meets Death's gentle kiss, —
And then I woke — to find that I was well!

Alice Williams Brotherton

THE BLAZING HEART

Who are ye, spirits, that stand
In the outer gloom,
Each with a blazing heart in hand,
Which lighteth the dark beyond the tomb?

"Oh, we be souls that loved
Too well, too well!
Yet, for that love, though sore reproved,
(Oh, sore reproved!) have we 'scaped hell.

"'Scaped hell, but gained not heaven.
Woe, woe and alas!
Only — to us this grace is given,
To light the dark where the dead must pass.

"Behind us the shadows throng,
And the mists are gray;
But our blazing hearts light the soul along
From grave to yon gate that hides the day."

Who may this lady be
At my right hand?
"This is the heart which for Anthony
Changed from soft flesh to a burning brand."

"This for Æneas glowed,
Is glowing still."
"This kindled for Phaon; the flame it showed
No waters of ocean could quench or kill."

This shape, with the flowing hair?
"She loved so much
That even the Sinless heard her prayer,
Pitied her pangs, and suffered her touch."

Bid the sounds of crackling cease!
"They blaze, they burn!"
Let me flee back to my coffined peace!
"Pass on (they beckon); there 's no return."

Spirits, why press ye close?
I am faint with fear!
"Already *thy* heart like an ember glows;
Pluck it forth from thy bosom, thy place is here."

Happy Francesca! thine
Is the fairer lot.
Better with him in hell to pine
Than stand in cool shadows by him forgot!

MY ENEMY

I

My foe was dark, and stern, and grim,
I lived my life in fear of him.
I passed no secret, darkened nook
Without a shuddering, furtive look,
Lest he should take me unawares
In some one of his subtle snares.
Even in broad noon the thought of him
Turned all the blessed sunlight dim,
Stole the rich color from the rose,
The perfume from the elder-blows.

I saw him not, I heard no sound;
But traces everywhere I found
Of his fell plotting. Now, the flower
Most prized lay blasted by his power;
From the locked casket, rent apart,
The jewel dearest to my heart
Was stolen; or, from out the dark,
Some swift blow made my heart its mark.

Sweet eyes I loved grew glazed and dim
That had but caught a glimpse of him;
And ears, were wont to hear each sigh
Of mine, were deafened utterly,
Even to my shrieks; and lips I pressed
Struck a cold horror to my breast.
This hath he done, my enemy.
From him, O God, deliver me!

II

I reached but now this place of gloom
Through yon small gateway, where is room
For only one to pass. This calm
Is healing as a Sabbath psalm.
A sound, as if the hard earth slid
Down-rattling on a coffin-lid,
Was in mine ears. Now all is still,
And I am free to fare at will —
Whither? I seem but tarrying
For one who doth a message bring.

Who meets me in the way, whose face
Is radiant with an angel's grace?
Smiling, he saith in underbreath:
"I am thy foe long dreaded, — Death."
"O Death, sweet Death, and is it *thou*
I called mine enemy but now?"
I place my trusting palms in his,
And lift my chill lips for his kiss.
"Press close, be near me to the end,
When all are fled, my one true friend!"

"Yea, *friend*," he answereth. "All, and more
Than all I took, do I restore —
Blossom and jewel, youth and hope;
And see, this little key doth ope
The shining portal that we see,
Beyond which — *love* awaiteth thee."
"O blinded eyes! Ah, foolish heart!
Adieu, dear Death — one kiss! We part."

Walter Learned

WITH A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

THE promise of these fragrant flowers,
The fruit that 'neath these blossoms lies
Once hung, they say, in Eden's bowers,
And tempted Eve in Paradise.

O fairest daughter of Eve's blood,
Lest her misprision thine should be,
I've nipped temptation in the bud
And send this snowy spray to thee.

THE LAST RESERVATION

SULLEN and dull, in the September day,
On the bank of the river,
They waited the boat that should bear them away
From their poor homes forever.

For progress strides on, and the order had gone
To these wards of the nation:
"Give us land and more room," was the cry, "and move on
To the next reservation."

With her babe, she looked back at her home 'neath the trees
From which they were driven,
Where the last camp-fire's smoke, borne out on the breeze,
Rose slowly toward heaven.

Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade,
The home of her nation;
Around her, the gleam of the bayonet and blade
Of civilization.

Clasping close to her bosom the small dusky form
With tender caressing,
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and warm
A mother's kiss pressing.

A splash in the river — the column moves on
Close-guarded and narrow,
Noting as little the two that are gone
As the fall of a sparrow.

Only an Indian! Wretched, obscure,
To refinement a stranger,
And a babe, that was born in a wigwam as poor
And rude as a manger.

Moved on — to make room for the growth in the West
Of a brave Christian nation,
Moved on — thank God, forever at rest
In the last reservation.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF MANON LESCAUT

To you, whose temperate pulses flow
With measured beat, serene and slow,
The even tenor of whose way
Is undisturbed by passion's sway,
This tale of wayward love may seem
The record of a fevered dream.
And yet, we two have that within

To make us what our kind have been.
A lure more strong, a wish more faint,
Makes one a monster, one a saint;
And even love, by difference nice,
Becomes a virtue or a vice.
The briar, that o'er the garden wall
Trails its sweet blossoms till they fall
Across the dusty road, and then
Are trodden under foot of men,
Is sister to the decorous rose
Within the garden's well-kept close,
Whose pinioned branches may not roam
Out and beyond their latticed home.
There 's many a life of sweet content
Whose virtue is environment.
They erred, they fell; and yet, 'tis true,
They hold the mirror up to you.

IN EXPLANATION

Her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?

You 'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near —
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But — her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?

TO CRITICS

When I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I 'd not do that if I were you;
You see you 're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I 'm quite as often told
Of this or that I should n't do
Because I 'm quite too old.

O carping world! If there 's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

Henry Augustin Beers

POSTHUMOUS

Put them in print?
Make one more dint
In the ages' furrowed rock? No, no!
Let his name and his verses go.
These idle scraps, they would but wrong
His memory, whom we honored long,
And men would ask: "Is this the best —
Is this the whole his life expressed?"
Haply he had no care to tell
To all the thoughts which flung their spell
Around us when the night grew deep,
Making it seem a loss to sleep,
Exalting the low, dingy room
To some high auditorium.
And when we parted homeward, still
They followed us beyond the hill.
The heaven had brought new stars to sight,
Opening the map of later night;
And the wide silence of the snow,
And the dark whispers of the pines,
And those keen fires that glittered slow
Along the zodiac's wintry signs,
Seemed witnesses and near of kin
To the high dreams we held within.

Yet what is left
To us bereft,
Save these remains,
Which now the moth
Will fret, or swifter fire consume?
These inky stains
On his table-cloth;
These prints that decked his room;
His throne, this ragged easy-chair;
This battered pipe, his councillor.
This is the sum and inventory.
No son he left to tell his story,
No gold, no lands, no fame, no book.
Yet one of us, his heirs, who took
The impress of his brain and heart,
May gain from Heaven the lucky art
His untold meanings to impart
In words that will not soon decay.
Then gratefully will such one say:
"This phrase, dear friend, perhaps, is mine;
The breath that gave it life was thine."

ON A MINIATURE

THINE old-world eyes — each one a violet
Big as the baby rose that is thy mouth —
Set me a-dreaming. Have our eyes not met
In childhood — in a garden of the South ?

Thy lips are trembling with a song of France,
My cousin, and thine eyes are dimly sweet;
'Wildered with reading in an old romance
All afternoon upon the garden seat.

The summer wind read with thee, and the bees
That on the sunny pages loved to crawl;
A skipping reader was the impatient breeze,
And turned the leaves, but the slow bees read all.

And now thy foot descends the terrace stair;
I hear the rustle of thy silk attire;
I breathe the musky odors of thy hair,
And airs that from thy painted fan respire.

Idly thou pausest in the shady walk,
Thine ear attentive to the fountain's fall;
Thou mark'st the flower-de-luce sway on her stalk,
The speckled vergalieus ripening on the wall.

Thou hast the feature of my mother's race,
The gilded comb she wore, her smile, her eye;
The blood that flushes softly in thy face
Crawls through my veins beneath this northern sky.

As one disherited, though next of kin,
Who lingers at the barred ancestral gate,
And sadly sees the happy heir within
Stroll careless through his forfeited estate, —

Even so I watch thy southern eyes, Lisette,
Lady of my lost paradise, and heir
Of summer days that were my birthright. Yet
Beauty like thine makes usurpation fair.

BIFTEK AUX CHAMPIGNONS

MIMI, do you remember —
Don't get behind your fan —
That morning in September
On the cliffs of Grand Manan,
Where to the shock of Fundy
The topmost harebells sway
(*Campanula rotundifolia: cf.* Gray) ?

On the pastures high and level,
That overlook the sea,
Where I wondered what the devil
Those little things could be
That Mimi stooped to gather,
As she strolled across the down,
And held her dress skirt rather —
Oh, now, you need n't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,
And your boots, *I* know, were thin;
So a little extra brevity in skirts was, sure, no sin.
Besides, who minds a cousin ?
First, second, even third, —
I've kissed 'em by the dozen,
And they never once demurred.

"If one 's allowed to ask it,"
Quoth I, "*Ma belle cousine,*
What have you in your basket ?"
(Those baskets white and green
The brave Passamaquoddies
Weave out of scented grass,
And sell to tourist bodies
Who through Mt. Desert pass.)

You answered, slightly frowning,
"Put down your stupid book —
That everlasting Browning ! —
And come and help me look.
Mushroom you spik him English,
I call him *champignon:*
I 'll teach you to distinguish
The right kind from the wrong."

There was no fog on Fundy
That blue September day;
The west wind, for that one day,
Had swept it all away.
The lighthouse glasses twinkled,
The white gulls screamed and flew,
The merry sheep-bells tinkled,
The merry breezes blew.

The bayberry aromatic,
The papery immortelles
(That give our grandma's attic
That sentimental smell,
Tied up in little brush-brooms)
Were sweet as new-mown hay,
While we went hunting mushrooms
That blue September day.

ECCE IN DESERTO

The wilderness a secret keeps
Upon whose guess I go:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
And yet I know, I know,

Some day the viewless latch will lift,
The door of air swing wide
To one lost chamber of the wood
Where those shy mysteries hide, —

One yet unfound, receding depth,
From which the wood-thrush sings,
Still luring in to darker shades,
In — in to colder springs.

There is no wind abroad to-day.
But hark! — the pine-tops' roar,
That sleep and in their dreams repeat
The music of the shore.

What wisdom in their needles stirs?
What song is that they sing?
Those airs that search the forest's heart,
What rumor do they bring?

A hushed excitement fills the gloom,
And, in the stillness, clear
The vireo's tell-tale warning rings:
"'T is near — 't is near — 't is near!"

As, in the fairy-tale, more loud
The ghostly music plays
When, toward the enchanted bower, the prince
Draws closer through the maze.

Nay — nay. I track a fleeter game,
A wilder than ye know,
To lairs beyond the inmost haunt
Of thrush or vireo.

This way it passed: the scent lies fresh;
The ferns still lightly shake.
Ever I follow hard upon,
But never overtake.

To other woods the trail leads on,
To other worlds and new,
Where they who keep the secret here
Will keep the promise too.

THE SINGER OF ONE SONG[1]

He sang one song and died — no more but that:
A single song and carelessly complete.
He would not bind and thresh his chance-grown wheat,
Nor bring his wild fruit to the common vat,
To store the acid rinsings, thin and flat,
Squeezed from the press or trodden under feet.
A few slow beads, blood-red and honey-sweet,
Oozed from the grape, which burst and spilled its fat.
But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things
That weight his pack, will carry diamonds long.
So through the poets' orchestra, which weaves
One music from a thousand stops and strings,
Pierces the note of that immortal song:
"High over all the lonely bugle grieves."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy

DUALITY

Within me are two souls that pity each
The other for the ends they seek, yet smile
Forgiveness, as two friends that love the while
The folly against which each feigns to preach.

[1] See page 89.

And while one barters in the market-place,
Or drains the cup before the tavern fire,
The other, winged with a divine desire,
Searches the solitary wastes of space.

And if o'ercome with pleasure this one sleeps,
The other steals away to lay its ear
Upon some lip just cold, perchance to hear
Those wondrous secrets which it knows — and keeps.

IMMORTALITY

My window is the open sky,
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.
And when the robbers Time and Death
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand!

ITER SUPREMUM

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, — soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go.

William Young

FROM "WISHMAKERS' TOWN"

THE BELLS

I

Awake! Awake!
All living things that be,
In nest or fold! —
All lives that solace take,
And dreamful ease, in tent, or wind-blown tree,
Or curtained couch, your wanderings forsake
In the dim realms of unreality!
Awake, for shame
Of languor's soft delight!
Lo, once again earth's heaving disk is rolled
In rosy flame,
And through the camps of night,
The flying Moon, beneath her splintered targe,
Sore-stricken by the feathered shafts of Dawn,
And harried by her hounds, like Actaeon,
Kneels,
Stoops, and wheels
Adown the western marge!

II

Awake to toil!
In wood, and rock-ribbed hill,
And loamy mead,
What golden largess lies!
Awake to strife, and far-resounding deed,
In love's sweet quest, or honor's high emprise,
With trumpets blown, and clash of steed with steed!
Awake to care,
And triumph's frequent foil!
But still pursue! O hand with strength to take —
O dauntless heart, to suffer, and to dare —
O swerveless will,
To bend, or else to break —
To life, to love, to conquest, and to spoil,
Awake! Awake!

THE FLOWER-SELLER

Myrtle, and eglantine,
For the old love and the new!
And the columbine,
With its cap and bells, for folly!

And the daffodil, for the hopes of youth!
And the rue,
For melancholy!
But of all the blossoms that blow,
Fair gallants all, I charge you to win, if ye may,
This gentle guest,
Who dreams apart, in her wimple of purple and gray,
Like the blessed Virgin, with meek head bending low
Upon her breast.

For the orange flower
Ye may buy as ye will; but the violet of the wood
Is the love of maidenhood;
And he that hath worn it but once, though but for an hour, —
He shall never again, though he wander by many a stream,
No, never again shall he meet with a flower that shall seem
So sweet and pure; and forever, in after years,
At the thought of its bloom, or the fragrance of its breath,
The past shall arise,
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,
Though he stand in the shambles of death.

THE CONSCIENCE-KEEPER

Repent, O ye, predestinate to woe!
'T is mine to cry — albeit, well I wis,
Ye may not heed. And ye, elect to bliss,
Must e'en be saved, whether I cry or no.

And yet, repent! Repent ye, and atone,
In either case. Forswear your wisdom's pride,
And pray for faith — though some must be denied!
Nor yet by prayer, nor yet by faith alone,

But by your works, attest your penitence.
Give to the poor! — of whom ye see in me
God's almoner — and in your charity
Deign to forget not Peter and his pence.

THE PAWNS

Prince, and Bishop, and Knight, and Dame,
Plot, and plunder, and disagree!
O but the game is a royal game!
O but your tourneys are fair to see!

None too hopeful we found our lives;
Sore was labor from day to day;
Still we strove for our babes and wives —
Now, to the trumpet, we march away!

"Why?" — For some one hath willed it so!
Nothing we know of the why or the where —
To swamp, or jungle, or wastes of snow —
Nothing we know, and little we care.

Give us to kill! — since this is the end
Of love and labor in Nature's plan;
Give us to kill and ravish and rend,
Yea, since this is the end of man.

States shall perish, and states be born:
Leaders, out of the throng, shall press, —
Some to honor, and some to scorn:
We, that are little, shall yet be less.

Over our lines shall the vulture soar;
Hard on our flanks shall the jackals cry;
And the dead shall be as the sands of the shore;
And daily the living shall pray to die.

Nay, what matter! — When all is said,
Prince and Bishop will plunder still:
Lord and Lady must dance and wed.
Pity us, pray for us, ye that will!

THE BRIDAL PAIR

He

Though the roving bee, as lightly,
Sip the sweets of thyme and clover,
Though the moon of May, as whitely,
Silver all the greensward over,
Yet, beneath the trysting tree,
That hath been which shall not be!

She

Drip the viols, ne'er so sweetly,
With the honey-dew of pleasure —
Trip the dancers, ne'er so featly,
Through the old remembered measure,
Yet, the lighted lanthorn round,
What is lost shall not be found!

JUDITH

Flower of youth, in the ancient frame —
Maid of the mettlesome lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fateful name,
And the rakish beaver of days gone by!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is she
That once, through midnight forest and fen,
Guided the horsemen of "Old Santee,"
And rode to the death with Marion's men.

Rare the picture that decks the wall;
Rare and dainty, in life, below,
My century-later belle of the ball,
Mocking the beauty of long ago.
If now the summons should come to ride,
Through such a darkness as brooded then,
How would it please you to serve as guide?
And where, ah, where were Marion's men?

False the logic that breeds the fear.
Buds will blossom, and pipes will play.
So it was in that early year;
So shall it be till the world is gray.
But the petted darling, if need shall be,
As swift to the saddle will vault again;
And those that follow will ride as free
As ever of old rode Marion's men.

PHILOMEL TO CORYDON

Shepherd, wilt thou take counsel of the bird
That oft hath hearkened, from this leafy lair,
To love's entreaty, and the parting word? —
Sue not so humbly to the haughty fair.
Pipe in her praise upon thine oaten straw,
And pipe the louder when she says thee nay;
Swear that her lightest wish to thee is law,
But break the law twice twenty times a day.
Trust not to argument, or thou 'rt undone;
But calmly, gently, when she doth protest
Her course is East, impel her to the West;
Approve her way, but lead her in thine own.
For learn, fond youth, wouldst thou escape disaster,
That woman likes a slave — but loves a master.

Will Henry Thompson

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke

The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

COME LOVE OR DEATH

O LIFTED face of mute appeal!
  Poor tongueless pantomime of prayer!
O sullen sea, whose deeps conceal
  The children of despair!
O heart that will not look above!
  Poor staggering feet that seek the wave!
I would come quick, if I were Love,
  And I had power to save.

O sinking sunset loneliness
  Aflame in hot, unmoving eyes!
Poor wan lips, creeping in distress
  To cover up your cries!
O broken speech, and sobbing breath!
  Poor restless and uncertain will!
I would come quick, if I were Death,
  And I had power to kill!

Charles de Kay

ARCANA SYLVARUM

HARK! . . .
What booming
Faints on the high-strung ear?
Through the damp woods (so dark
No flowers are blooming)
I hear, I hear
The twang of harps, the leap
Of hairy feet, and know the revel 's ripe,
While, like a coral stripe,
The lizard cool doth creep,
Monster, but monarch there, up the pale
  Indian Pipe.

Hush! . . .
Your panting
Will scare them from their game.

Let not a footfall crush
Their rites enchanting!
The deadwood's flame,
Bellies of murdered fire-flies,
And glimmering moonstones thick with treasured rays
Shall help our round-eyed gaze
Antics unholy to surprise,
Which the ungodly crew round the red lizard plays.

Now! . . .
No breathing
To spoil the heathenish dance!
Lest from each pendent bough
Poison be seething, —
A hair-fine lance
Pierce to our brain, and slowly slay.
But look your breathless fill, and mark them swing,
Man and maid a-capering,
Ugly, fair, morosely gay,
Round the red lizard smooth, crowned for their wicked king.

Back! . . .
Inhuman
Are gestures, laughs, and jeers.
Off, ere we lose the track!
Nor man nor woman
May stand your leers,
Shameless and loose, uncovered creatures!
Quick, lest we join their orgies in the dark!
Back! For the madness stark
Is crawling through our natures
To touch the red lizard vile, spread on the damp white bark.

ULF IN IRELAND

(A. D. 790)

WHAT then, what if my lips do burn,
Husband, husband;
What though thou see'st my red lips burn,
Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
Husband?

It was the keen wind through the reed,
Husband, husband:
'T was wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
That made my tender lips to bleed,
Husband.

And hath the wind a human tooth,
Woman, woman?
Can light wind mark like human tooth
A shameful scar of love uncouth,
Woman?

What horror lurks within your eyes,
Husband, husband?
What lurking horror strains your eyes,
What black thoughts from your heart arise,
Husband?

Who stood beside you at the gate,
Woman, woman?
Who stood so near you by the gate
No moon your shapes could separate,
Woman?

So God me save, 't was I alone,
Husband, husband!
So Christ me save, 't was I alone
Stood listening to the ocean moan,
Husband!

Then hast thou four feet at the least,
Woman, woman!
Thy Christ hath lent thee four at least,
Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
Woman!

A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
Husband, husband!
A foul witchcraft, alas, unmanned:
Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
Husband!

Yet were they tracks that went not far,
Woman, woman;
Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
Or else you search the harbor bar,
Woman.

It is not yours alone that bleed,
Woman, woman;
Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
Your wound has been avenged with speed,
Woman!

What talk you so of bar and wound,
Husband, husband?
What ghastly sign of sudden wound
And kinsman smitten to the ground,
Husband?

I saw your blood upon his cheek,
Woman, woman;
The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
I marked his heart beside the creek,
Woman!

What, have you crushed the only flower,
Husband, husband!
Among our weeds the only flower?
Henceforward get you from my bower,
Husband!

I love you not; I loved but him,
Husband, husband!
In all the world I loved but him;
Not hell my love for Brenn shall dim,
Husband!

He 's caught her by her jet-black hair;
Sorrow, sorrow!
He 's bent her head back by the hair
Till all her throbbing throat lies bare —
Sorrow!

You knew me fiercer than the wolf,
Woman, woman;
You knew I well am named the wolf;
I shall both you and him engulf,
Woman.

Yet I to you was always kind,
Woman, woman;
To serpents only fools are kind;
Yet still with love of you I 'm blind,
Woman.

I 'll look no more upon your face,
Woman, woman;
These eyes shall never read your face,
For you shall die in this small space,
Woman!

He 's laid his mouth below her chin,
Horror!
That throat he kissed below the chin
No breath thereafter entered in:
Horror, horror!

Edward King

THE TSIGANE'S CANZONET

I

No! No!
Bird in the darkness singing,
I will not forget!
Trill me thy tender lay again, —
Thy song of passion and of pain;
Set all the sweet vale ringing
With thy canzonet.
Cling to thy branch, O bird, and cry,
"Love me, my love, or let me die!"
With ecstasy I hear thee,
And trembling linger near thee;
So let thine exquisite pure melody o'erflow this narrow space, and inundate the sky!
The winds that wander by
Will bear it to my love;
But I need not to prove
My loyalty with song,
For I have loved her long!
No! No!
Bird in the darkness singing,
I will not forget!

II

No! No!
Great river nobly flowing,
I will not forget!
Tell every flower that bends to kiss
Thy wave, how truest lover's bliss
Within my heart is glowing,
In my soul stays yet!
With murmur sweet, fair stream, proclaim
The magic of my lady's name
To every graceful willow
That sways above each billow;
To every reed beside thy banks so broad and low tell of her beauty and her spotless fame.
But seek not me to blame,
For I am loyal still;
My heart knows but her will;
The thought of her caress
Is ever here to bless:
No! No!
Great river nobly flowing,
I will not forget.

A WOMAN'S EXECUTION

(PARIS, 1871)

SWEET-BREATHED and young,
The people's daughter,
No nerves unstrung,
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends,
You 'll love us better, —
Make us amends:
We 've burst your fetter!

"How the sun gleams!
(Women are snarling):
Give me your beams,
Liberty's darling!

"Marie 's my name;
Christ's mother bore it.
That badge? No shame:
Glad that I wore it!"

(Hair to her waist,
Limbs like a Venus):
Robes are displaced:
"Soldiers, please screen us!

"He at the front?
That is my lover:
Stood all the brunt; —
Now — the fight 's over.

"Powder and bread
Gave out together:
Droll! to be dead
In this bright weather!

"Jean, boy, we might
Have married in June!
This the wall? Right!
Vive la Commune!"

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

THORALF AND SYNNÖV

O, HAVE you been in Gudbrand's dale,
where Laagen's mighty flood
Chants evermore its wild refrain unto the listening wood?
And have you seen the evening sun on those bright glaciers glow,
When valleyward it shoots and darts like shafts from elfin bow?

Have you beheld the maidens when the saeter path they tread
With ribbons in their sunny hair and milk-pails on the head?
And have you heard the fiddles when they strike the lusty dance?
Then you have heard of Synnöv Houg, and of myself perchance.

For Synnöv Houg is lissome as the limber willow spray;
And when you think you hold her fast, and she is yours for aye,
Then, like the airy blowball that dances o'er the lea,
She gently through your fingers slips and lightly floateth free.

Then it was last St. John's Eve, — I remember it so well, —
We lads had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell;
And all the pretty maidens were seated in a ring,
And some were telling stories, while the rest were listening;

Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;
And I — I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,
For every note of Synnöv's stave went straight unto my heart.

And like the rushing currents that from the glaciers flow,
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,
And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"My little Synnöv," sang I, "thou art good and very fair."
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say, beware!"
"My fairest Synnöv," quoth I, "my heart was ever thine,
My homestead and my goodly farm, my herds of lowing kine."

"O Thoralf, dearest Thoralf, if that your meaning be, —
If your big heart can hold such a little thing as me, —
Then I shall truly tell you if e'er I want a man,
And you are free to catch me, handsome Thoralf — if you can!"

And down the hillside ran she, where the tangled thicket weaves
A closely latticed bower with its intertwining leaves,
And through the copse she bounded, light-footed as a hare,
And with her merry laughter rang the forest far and near.

Whenever I beheld little Synnöv, all that year,
She fled from my sight as from hunter's shaft the deer;
I lay awake full half the nights and knew not what to do,
For I loved the little Synnöv so tenderly and true.

Then 'twas a summer even up in the birchen glen,
I sat listening to the cuckoo and the twitter of the wren,
When suddenly above me rang out a silver voice;
It rose above the twittering birds and o'er the river's noise.

There sat my little maid, where the rocks had made a seat;
And tiny crimson flowers grew all around her feet,
And on her yellow locks clung a tiny roguish hood;
Its edge was made of swan's-down, but the cloth was red as blood.

And noiselessly behind her I had stolen through the copse.
I cursed the restless birch-trees for rustling in their tops;
How merrily my heart beat! And forth I leapt in haste,
And flung a slender birch-bough around the maiden's waist.

She blushed and she fluttered, — then turned away to run,
But straight into my sturdy arms I caught the little one.
I put her gently down on the heather at my side,
Where tiny crimson flowers the rocky ledges hide.

And as the prisoned birdling, when he knows his cage full well,
Pours forth his notes full blithely, and naught his mirth can quell,
So little Synnöv, striving in vain my hold to flee,
Turned quick on me her roguish eyes and laughed full heartily.

"My little Synnöv," said I, "if I remember right,
'Twas something that you promised me a year ago to-night."
Then straight she stayed her laughter and serious she grew,
And whispered, "Dearest Thoralf, you promised something too."

Joel Chandler Harris

THE PLOUGH-HANDS' SONG

NIGGER mighty happy w'en he layin' by co'n —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Nigger mighty happy w'en he year de dinner ho'n —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
En he mo' happy still w'en de night draws on —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Dat sun 's a-slantin' des ez sho 's you bo'n!
En it 's rise up, Primus! fetch anudder yell:

Dat ole dun cow des a-shakin' up 'er bell,
En de frogs chunin' up 'fo de jew done fell:
Good-night, Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well! —
Mr. Kildee! I wish you mighty well! —
I wish you mighty well!

De c'on 'll be ready 'g'inst dumplin' day,
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
But nigger gotter watch, en stick, en stay,
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Same ez de bee-martin watchin' un de jay,
Dat sun 's a slantin';
Dat sun 's a-slantin' en a-slippin' away!
Den it 's rise up, Primus! en gin it t' um strong:
De cow 's gwine home wid der ding-dang-dong;
Sling in anudder tech er de ole time song:
Good-night, Mr. Whipperwill! don't stay long! —
Mr. Whipperwill! don't stay long! —
Don't stay long!

De shadders, dey er creepin' todes de top er de hill,
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
But night don't 'stroy w'at de day done buil',
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
'Less de noddin' er de nigger give de ash-cake a chill —
Dat sun 's a-slantin';
Dat sun's a-slantin' en slippin' down still!
Den sing it out, Primus! des holler en bawl,
En w'ilst we er strippin' deze mules fer de stall,
Let de gals ketch de soun' er de plantashun call:
Oh, it 's good-night, ladies! my love unter you all! —
Ladies! my love unter you all! —
My love unter you all!

MY HONEY, MY LOVE

Hit 's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mister Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey 'll make you a bow, en dey 'll tell you de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit 's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creeps twel he wake up de snipe,
My honey, my love!
Mister Bull-Frog holler, Come alight my pipe!
My honey, my love!
En de Pa'tridge ax, Ain't yo' peas ripe?
My honey, my love!
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
My honey, my love!

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',
My honey, my love!
Mister Fox, he coax 'er, Do come down!
My honey, my love!
Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun 'en 'roun',
My honey, my love!
In de darkes' night, oh, de nigger, he 's a sight!
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,
My honey, my love!
'Lev'n big, fat coons liv' in one tree,
My honey, my love.
Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?
My honey, my love!
Tu'n lef,' tu'n right, we 'll dance all night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
My honey, my love!

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,
My honey, my love!
Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late!
My honey, my love.
Hit ain't so mighty fur ter de Good-by Gate,
My honey, my love!
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight —
My honey, my love!

John Vance Cheney[1]

THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

THE STRONG

Dost deem him weak that owns his strength is tried?
Nay, we may safely lean on him that grieves:
The pine has immemorially sighed,
The enduring poplar's are the trembling leaves.

To feel, and bow the head, is not to fear;
To cheat with jest — that is the coward's art:
Beware the laugh that battles back the tear;
He 's false to all that 's traitor to his heart.

He of great deeds does grope amid the throng
Like him whose steps toward Dagon's temple bore;
There 's ever something sad about the strong —
A look, a moan, like that on ocean's shore.

EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY

Oak leaves are big as the mouse's ear,
So, farmer, go plant. But the frost —
Beware! the witch o' the year,
See that her palm be crossed.
The bee is abroad, and the ant;
Spider is busy; ho, farmer, go plant.

The winds blow soft from the glazy sea,
So, merchant, rig ship. But the wave —
Beware! salt water can be
A highway, can be a grave.
Bring silks for milady; a trip
For wines and spices; ho, merchant, rig ship.

I heard round oath at the churchyard door,
So, preacher, go preach. But the Book —
Say yea and nay, and no more;
Look to the wording, look.
A heaven and a hell within reach,
'T is one or the other; good preacher, go preach.

Farmer, go till; ride, merchant, the sea;
Good preacher, have at the mewed folk:
From frost and storm be you free,
And spared That Old Serpent's joke.
I 'll sit in my doorway, God please,
Quietly looking between the green trees.

EVENING SONGS

I

The birds have hid, the winds are low,
The brake is awake, the grass aglow:
The bat is the rover,
No bee on the clover,
The day is over,
And evening come.

The heavy beetle spreads her wings,
The toad has the road, the cricket sings:
The bat is the rover,
No bee on the clover,
The day is over,
And evening come.

II

It is that pale, delaying hour
When nature closes like a flower,
And on the spirit lies
The silence of the earth and skies.

The world has thoughts she will not own
When shade and dream with night have flown;
Bright overhead, a star
Makes golden guesses what they are.

[1] See also p. 586.

III

Now is Light, sweet mother, down the west,
With little Song against her breast;
She took him up, all tired with play,
And fondly bore him far away.

While he sleeps, one wanders in his stead,
A fainter glory round her head;
She follows happy waters after,
Leaving behind low, rippling laughter.

IV

Behind the hilltop drops the sun,
The curled heat falters on the sand,
While evening's ushers, one by one,
Lead in the guests of Twilight Land.

The bird is silent overhead,
Below the beast has laid him down;
Afar, the marbles watch the dead,
The lonely steeple guards the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course
To cloistered sweet in thickets found;
The leaves obey its tender force,
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

THE SKILFUL LISTENER

The skilful listener, he, methinks, may hear
The grass blades clash in sunny field together,
The roses kissing, and the lily, whether
It joy or sorrow in the summer's ear,
The jewel dew-bells of the mead ring clear
When morning lightly moves them in June weather,
The flocked hours flitting by on stealthy feather,
The last leaves' wail at waning of the year.
Haply, from these we catch a passing sound,
(The best of verities, perchance, but seem)
We overhear close Nature, on her round,
When least she thinks it; bird and bough and stream
Not only, but her silences profound,
Surprised by softer footfall of our dream.

WHITHER

Whither leads this pathway, little one? —
It runs just on and on, is never done.

Whither leads this pathway, mistress fair? —
That path to town, sir; to the village square.

Whither leads this pathway, father old? —
To the white quiet of the churchyard fold.

O. C. Auringer

THE FLIGHT OF THE WAR-EAGLE

The eagle of the armies of the West,
Dying upon his alp, near to the sky,
Through the slow days that paled the imperial eye,
But could not tame the proud fire of his breast, —
Gone with the mighty pathos! Only rest
Remains where passed that struggle stern and high;
Rest, silence, broken sometimes by the cry
Of mother and eaglets round the ravaged nest.
'T was when the death-cloud touched the mountain crest,
A singer among the awed flocks cowering nigh,
Looked up and saw against the sunrise sky
An eagle, in ethereal plumage dressed,
Break from the veil, and flame his buoyant flight
Far toward the hills of heaven unveiled and bright.

July 23, 1885.

THE BALLAD OF ORISKANY

She leaned her cheek upon her hand,
And looked across the glooming land;
She saw the wood from farm to farm
Touched by the twilight's ghostly charm;
And heard the owl's cry sound forlorn
Across the fields of waving corn,
And sighed with sad voice dreamily:
Oriskany! Oriskany!

The moonlight through the open door
Laid its broad square upon the floor;
A beetle plunging through the gloom
Hummed fitfully within the room;
Across the casement's opening
Night creatures sped on purring wing,
And still she murmured musically
The fatal name, Oriskany.

She raised her face to the dim night skies,
A dream of peace was in her eyes;
Like memory speaking from the dead
Her voice seemed, as she spoke and said:
"'T is two years past this very morn
That he came riding through the corn,
With his gay comrades gallantly,
To wed me in Oriskany.

"At eve the rooms were all alight,
The bride and bridesmaids clad in white,
As we stood side by side apart,
I trembling, but how blest at heart!
The lights, the flowers, the sparkling eyes,
Were sweet to me as paradise;
The vows like music were to me,
That bound us in Oriskany.

"The feast that flowed mid converse fleet,
The music and the dancing feet,
The games that flew from room to room,
The cries, the laughter, and the bloom,
And in the midst, so fair and tall,
My bridegroom, prince among them all,—
'T was all one glad, sweet dream to me,
That night in gay Oriskany.

"And then the parting groups, the flight,
The voices fading through the night;
The homestead lying dim and lone,
The rooms deserted, lights outblown;
The holy hush wherein befell
The things too wondrous dear to tell—
O sacred fire of love! Ah me—
Oriskany! Oriskany!

"The year went round, there came a guest—
A lovely babe lay on my breast,—
Ah, we were blest! Then came the sound
Of drum and trump the valley round:
'T was just one year ago this morn
That he went armed across the corn,
In strength of heart and patriot glee,
To meet the foe on Oriskany.

"Below the hill the battle broke;
I heard the din, I saw the smoke;
Road-weary bands paused at the door,
And drank, and onward rode once more;
Poor wounded souls came crawling by
To find some quiet place to die;
My heart beat proud but fearfully
That day in wild Oriskany.

"At eve, amid the drip of rain,
They brought me home my soldier slain!
With calm great looks and quiet tread
They came and laid him on my bed—
As fair as life. A bloodless blow
They said had slain him; but his foe
He stabbed ere dying, through and through—
My brave! His country's enemy
He smote on red Oriskany!

"My babe died with the dying year;
Two mounds have I in the churchyard near,
But not a loving voice or form
To keep the earth-flame in me warm;
My dead life to the live world clings,
I feel no joy in natural things,—
Strangely has death mistaken me,
Who died on dark Oriskany.

"All day within the homestead dim
I think of him, I dream of him;
My tasks of hands and feet and soul
Lead true to him as to their goal;
In woman's heart God wrote it thus:
That men should be as gods to us.
I feel the pangs, the weakness see,
Yet worship — in Oriskany.

"I cannot think of him as dead
Upon our one-year's bridal bed,
Oriskany, Oriskany!
Nor dream of him within the tomb,
Amid the willowed churchyard's gloom,
Oriskany, Oriskany!

I see him as he passed that morn,
Warm with all life, across the corn:
'T is thus he shall return to me
At last, far from Oriskany."

APRIL

Weary at heart with winter yesterday,
I sought the fields for something green to see,
Some budded turf or mossbank quietly
Uncovered in the sweet familiar way.

Crossing a pasture slope that sunward lay,
I suddenly surprised beneath a tree
A girlish creature who at sight of me
Sprang up all wild with daintiest dismay.
"Stay, pretty one!" I cried, — "who art thou, pray?"
Mid tears and freaks of pettish misery,
And sighing, "I am April," answered she;
"I rear the field flowers for my sister May."
Then with an arch laugh sidewise, clear and strong,
Turned blithely up the valley with a song.

Emma Lazarus

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A MONUMENT IN ENGLAND TO LORD BYRON

The grass of fifty Aprils hath waved green
Above the spent heart, the Olympian head,
The hands crost idly, the shut eyes unseen,
Unseeing, the locked lips whose song hath fled;
Yet mystic-lived, like some rich, tropic flower,
His fame puts forth fresh blossoms hour by hour;
Wide spread the laden branches dropping dew
On the low, laurelled brow misunderstood,
That bent not, neither bowed, until subdued
By the last foe who crowned while he o'erthrew.

Fair was the Easter Sabbath morn when first
Men heard he had not wakened to its light:
The end had come, and time had done its worst,
For the black cloud had fallen of endless night.
Then in the town, as Greek accosted Greek,
'Twas not the wonted festal words to speak,
"Christ is arisen," but "Our chief is gone,"
With such wan aspect and grief-smitten head
As when the awful cry of "Pan is dead!"
Filled echoing hill and valley with its moan.

"I am more fit for death than the world deems,"
So spake he as life's light was growing dim,
And turned to sleep as unto soothing dreams.
What terrors could its darkness hold for him,
Familiar with all anguish, but with fear
Still unacquainted? On his martial bier
They laid a sword, a helmet, and a crown —
Meed of the warrior, but not these among
His voiceless lyre, whose silent chords unstrung
Shall wait — how long? — for touches like his own.

An alien country mourned him as her son,
And hailed him hero: his sole, fitting tomb
Were Theseus' temple or the Parthenon,
Fondly she deemed. His brethren bare him home,
Their exiled glory, past the guarded gate
Where England's Abbey shelters England's great.
Afar he rests whose very name hath shed
New lustre on her with the song he sings.
So Shakespeare rests who scorned to lie with kings,
Sleeping at peace midst the unhonored dead.

And fifty years suffice to overgrow
With gentle memories the foul weeds of hate
That shamed his grave. The world begins to know
Her loss, and view with other eyes his fate.
Even as the cunning workman brings to pass
The sculptor's thought from out the unwieldy mass
Of shapeless marble, so Time lops away
The stony crust of falsehood that concealed
His just proportions, and, at last revealed,
The statue issues to the light of day,

Most beautiful, most human. Let them fling
The first stone who are tempted even as he,
And have not swerved. When did that rare soul sing
The victim's shame, the tyrant's eulogy,
The great belittle, or exalt the small,
Or grudge his gift, his blood, to disenthrall
The slaves of tyranny or ignorance?
Stung by fierce tongues himself, whose rightful fame
Hath he reviled? Upon what noble name
Did the winged arrows of that barbed wit glance?

The years' thick, clinging curtains backward pull,
And show him as he is, crowned with bright beams,
"*Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful*
As he hath been or might be; Sorrow seems
Half of his immortality." He needs
No monument whose name and song and deeds
Are graven in all foreign hearts; but she,
His mother, England, slow and last to wake,
Needs raise the votive shaft for her fame's sake:
Hers is the shame if such forgotten be!

VENUS OF THE LOUVRE

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.
Time's brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car, —
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS

There was a man who watched the river flow
Past the huge town, one gray November day.
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play
The boys made merry as they saw him go,
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,
The immortal screed he held within his hand.
For he was walking in an April land
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream
Was the prose-world, the river and the town.
Wild joy possessed him; through enchanted skies
He saw the cranes of Ibycus swoop down.
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes,
Lo — a black line of birds in wavering thread
Bore him the greetings of the deathless dead!

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage:

The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.[1]

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
  Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
  With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
  A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
  Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and, following, see
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
  To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
  And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
  Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
  Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first — erelong,
  When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
  Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK

Across the Eastern sky has glowed
  The flicker of a blood-red dawn;
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
  Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
A million burning roof-trees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
  The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,
  Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,
  Is visited upon his kind.
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,
  The tyranny of kings, combined
To root his seed from earth again,
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
  Against his sires and kin is known,
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
  The agony of ages shown,
What oceans can the stain remove
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
  The hideous tale of sin narrate;
Reëchoing in the martyr's ear,
  Even he might nurse revengeful hate,
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,
  Who singly against worlds has fought,
For what? A name he may not breathe,
  For liberty of prayer and thought.
The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is — to forget.

THE NEW EZEKIEL

What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried
  By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?
Is this the House of Israel, whose pride
Is as a tale that 's told, an ancient song?
Are these ignoble relics all that live
  Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the breath
Of very heaven bid these bones revive,
  Open the graves and clothe the ribs of death?

Yea, Prophesy, the Lord hath said. Again
  Say to the wind, Come forth and breathe afresh,
Even that they may live upon these slain,
  And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to flesh.
The Spirit is not dead, proclaim the word,
  Where lay dead bones, a host of armed men stand!
I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,
  And I shall place you living in your land.

[1] The sons of Matthias — Jonathan, John, Eleazar, Simon (also called the Jewel), and Judas, the Prince.

Grace Denio Litchfield

MY LETTER

From far away, from far away,
It journeyed swiftly night and day,
It rested not. With cruel haste
It crossed the ocean's trackless waste.
It swerved no moment in its flight
Through mist and storm and deepest night.
No mercy prompted it to stay,
No pity moved it to delay.
O'er seas that rose up to detain,
Silent as Death it sped amain.
Through cities crowding close and strong,
Undazed, untired, it fled along.
No voice cried out through all the land,
Great Heaven saw, yet stirred no hand.
No angel, kinder than the rest,
Held his white shield before my breast.
Across the land, across the sea,
Straight, swift, and sure, it came to me!
Unlet, unhindered, undeterred,
Straight, swift, and sure, it brought me word!

TO A HURT CHILD

What, are you hurt, Sweet? So am I;
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here! So wide
Upon your cheek!
Oh happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak.

Lay here your pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst,
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet. Run back now to your play,
Forget your woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day, —
But no one knows.

MY OTHER ME

Children, do you ever,
In walks by land or sea,
Meet a little maiden
Long time lost to me!

She is gay and gladsome,
Has a laughing face,
And a heart as sunny;
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,
Naught of doubt or blight;
Heaven is just above her —
All her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,
That other Me of mine;
She crossed into Time's shadow
Out of Youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;
And, call her as I will,
The years that lie between us
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,
And lonely as can be —
Oh, children, if you meet her,
Send back my other Me!

Francis Saltus Saltus

THE ANDALUSIAN SERENO

With oaken staff and swinging lantern bright,
He strolls at midnight when the world is still
Through dismal lanes and plazas plumed with light,
Guarding the drowsy thousands in Seville.

Gazing upon his ever star-thronged sky,
With careless step he wanders to and fro;

The gloomy streets reëcho with his cry,
His slow, low, sad, and dreary "*Se-re-no!*"

He sees the blond moon fleck the rosy towers
Of old giralda with its opal sheen,
And in broad alamedas, warm with flowers,
He sees the Moorish cypress bend and lean.

Then, vaguely dreaming, he recalls the nights
His father passed beneath those very stars,
The tales of escaladed walls, the fights,
The mirth, the songs, the Babel of guitars!

And all his sire had told him years ago,
How, often, in the gardens dim and dark,
He met full many a mantled Romeo,
And stumbled over corpses cold and stark.

But he, alas! had heard no serenade;
No ladder hangs from Donna Linda's bars,
And the wan glint of an assassin's blade
He ne'er has seen beneath these quiet stars.

So, weary, in the dead calm of the town,
His soul regrets the Past's romantic glow,
While mute, despondent, pacing up and down,
He sadly moans his dreary "*Se-re-no!*"

But sometimes in the grayish light of dawn
He stops and trembles in his clinging cape,
For he can see a lady's curtain drawn,
And, in the street below, a phantom shape,

Draped in quaint, antique garb, with sword and glove,
Sombrero vast, and mandolin on arm,
Which seems to play a weird, wild lay of love,
And at his coming shows no quick alarm;

But turns, and there a skeleton, all lean
And haggard, leers within the lightless lane!
And the Sereno knows that he has seen
The spectre of the Past, the ghost of Spain.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS

Carved by a mighty race whose vanished hands
Formed empires more destructible than I,
In sultry silence I forever lie,
Wrapped in the shifting garment of the sands.
Below me, Pharaoh's scintillating bands
With clashings of loud cymbals have passed by,
And the eternal reverence of the sky
Falls royally on me and all my lands.
The record of the future broods in me;
I have with worlds of blazing stars been crowned,
But none my subtle mystery hath known
Save one, who made his way through blood and sea,
The Corsican, prophetic and renowned,
To whom I spake, one awful night alone!

THE BAYADERE

Near strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Lahore, I watched, by spice-trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband,
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride.
Nude to the loins, superb and leopard-eyed,
With fragrant roses in her jewelled hand,
Before some Kaât-drunk Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexile body bends, her white feet glide.
The dull Kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And wail with zeal as in a hasheesh trance;
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim, drowsy cobra on her arm.

PASTEL

Among the priceless gems and treasures rare
Old Versailles shelters in its halls sublime,
I can recall one faded image fair,
A girl's sad face, praised once in every clime.
Poets have sung, in rich and happy rhyme,
Her violet eyes, the wonder of her hair.
An art-bijou it was, but dimmed by time,
A dreamy pastel of La Valliere!
I, too, remember in my heart a face
Whose charm I deemed would ever with me dwell;
But as the days went by, its peerless grace
Fled like those dreams that blooming dawn dispel,
Till of its beauty there was left no trace,
Time having blurred it like that pale pastel!

THE IDEAL

Toil on, poor muser, to attain that goal
Where Art conceals its grandest, noblest prize;
Count every tear that dims your aching eyes,
Count all the years that seem as days, and roll
The death-tides slowly on; count all your sighs;
Search the wide, wondrous earth from pole to pole,
Tear unbelief from out your martyred soul;
Succumb not, chase despondency, be wise;
Work, toil, and struggle with the brush or pen,
Revel in rhyme, strain intellect and ken;
Live on and hope despite man's sceptic leers;
Praise the Ideal with your every breath,
Give it life, youth and glory, blood and tears,
And to possess it pay its tribute — Death.

Lucy White Jennison

("OWEN INNSLEY")

A DREAM OF DEATH

HELENA

"Du hast mich beschworen aus dem Grab"

I died; they wrapped me in a shroud,
With hollow mourning, far too loud,
And sighs that were but empty sound,
And laid me low within the ground.
I felt *her* tears through all the rest;
Past sheet and shroud they reached my breast;
They warmed to life the frozen clay,
And I began to smile and say:
At last thou lov'st me, Helena!

I rose up in the dead of night;
I sought her window; — 't was alight.
A pebble clattered 'gainst the pane, —
"Who 's there? the wind and falling rain?"
"Ah! no; but one thy tears have led
To leave his chill and narrow bed
To warm himself before thy breath;
Who for thy sake has conquered death.
Arise, and love me, Helena!"

She oped the door, she drew me in.
Her mouth was pale, her cheek was thin;
Her eyes were dim; its length unrolled,
Fell loosely down her hair of gold.
My presence wrought her grief's eclipse;
She pressed her lips upon my lips,
She held me fast in her embrace,
Her hands went wandering o'er my face:
At last thou lov'st me, Helena!

The days are dark, the days are cold,
And heavy lies the churchyard mould.
But ever, at the deep of night,
Their faith the dead and living plight.
Who would not die if certain bliss
Could be foreknown? and such as this
No life — away! the hour is nigh,
With heart on fire she waits my cry:
Arise, and love me, Helena!

BONDAGE

"And this is freedom!" cried the serf;
"At last
I tread free soil, the free air blows on me;"
And, wild to learn the sweets of liberty,
With eager hope his bosom bounded fast.
But not for naught had the long years amassed
Habit of slavery; among the free
He still was servile, and, disheartened, he
Crept back to the old bondage of the past.
Long did I bear a hard and heavy chain
Wreathëd with amaranth and asphodel,
But through the flower-breaths stole the weary pain.
I cast it off and fled, but 't was in vain;
For when once more I passed by where it fell,
I took it up and bound it on again.

THE BURDEN OF LOVE

I bear an unseen burden constantly;
Waking or sleeping I can never thrust
The load aside; through summer's heat and dust
And winter's snows it still abides with me.
I cannot let it fall, though I should be
Never so weary; carry it I must.
Nor can the bands that bind it on me rust
Or break, nor ever shall I be set free.
Sometimes 't is heavy as the weight that bore
Atlas on giant shoulders; sometimes light
As the frail message of the carrier dove;
But, light or heavy, shifting nevermore.
What is it thus oppressing, day and night?
The burden, dearest, of a mighty love.

Laura Elizabeth Richards

A SONG OF TWO ANGELS

Two angels came through the gate of Heaven.
(White and soft is a mother's breast!)
Stayed them both by the gate of Heaven;
Rested a little on folded wings,
Spake a little of holy things.
(In Heaven alone is perfect rest!)

Over them rose the golden steeps,
Heaven's castled and golden steeps;
Under them, depth on depth of space
Fell away from the holy place.

"Brother, and now I must take my way,
Glad and joyful must take my way,
Down to the realm of day and night;
Down to yon earth that rolls so bright."

"Brother, I too am thither sent;
Sad and silent, am thither sent.
Let us together softly wing
Our flight to yon world of sorrowing."

Down they swept through the shining air,
Swiftly sped through the shining air, —
This one bright as the sunset's glow,
That one white as the falling snow.

"Brother, and tell me your errand now!
Tell me your joyful errand now!"
"A little new soul must wake on earth,
And I carry the blessing for its birth."

"And tell me, brother, what task is yours?
Dear white angel, what task is yours?"
"To bear a soul back to Heaven's height, —
A mother, whose child is born to-night."

"Ah! will the mother be sad to go?
Loath to leave her baby and go?"
"Hush, dear angel! she will not know.
God in His mercy wills it so."

"Ah! will the baby wake forlorn?
Seek its mother, and weep forlorn?"
"Hush, dear angel! we may not know.
God, knowing all things, wills it so."

Down they swept through the dusky air,
Swiftly sped through the dusky air;
Trod the dim earth with noiseless feet;
Softly stole through a village street.

Now they came to a cottage door,
Stayed them both at a cottage door, —
This one bright as the sunset's glow,
That one white as the falling snow.

"Brother, I trow we here must part!
Dear white angel, we here must part!
For this low door I must enter by."
"Alas! and alas! so too must I!"

Sad they gazed in each other's face;
(White and soft is a mother's breast;)
Lingered and looked in each other's face;
Then folded their hands in silent prayer,
And so together they entered there.
(In Heaven alone is perfect rest.)

WHERE HELEN SITS[1]

WHERE Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,
No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom;
No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes,
Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul
Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments shed.
The lovely light of holy innocence
Shines like a halo round her bended head,
Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep,
No children's laughter comes, no song of bird.
The great world storms along its noisy way,
But in this place no sound is ever heard.

Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody
Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung;
And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each,
Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,
Where Helen sits.

A VALENTINE

OH! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day;
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine:
What shall I do for a valentine?

I've searched the gardens all through and through
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head:
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

George Houghton

SANDY HOOK

WHITE sand and cedars; cedars, sand;
Light-houses here and there; a strand
Strewn o'er with driftwood; tangled weeds;
A squad of fish-hawks poised above
The nets, too anxious-eyed to move;
Flame-flowering cactus; winged seeds,
That on a sea of sunshine lie
Unfanned, save by some butterfly;
A sun now reddening toward the west;—
And under and through all one hears
That mellow voice, old as the years,
The waves' low monotone of unrest.
So wanes the summer afternoon
In drowsy stillness, and the moon
Appears; when, sudden, round about
The wind-cocks wheel,— hoarse fog-horns shout
A warning, and in gathering gloom
Against the sea's white anger loom
Tall shapes of wreckers, torch in hand,
Rattling their life-boats down the sand!

THE HANDSEL RING

"HERE, O lily-white lady mine,
Here by thy warrior sire's own shrine,
Handsel I thee by this golden sign,
This sunshiny thing."
Weeping she reached her hand so slim,
Smiled, though her eyes were wet and dim,

[1] Helen Keller.

Saying: "I swear, by Heaven, by him,
And by this handsel ring!"

But as she bended her eyes abashed,
Out of his fingers the jewel flashed,
On the gray flags of the kirk it clashed,
That treacherous thing;
Clashed, and bounded, and circled, and sped,
Till through a crevice it flamed and fled, —
Down in the tomb of the knightly dead
Darted the handsel ring.

"Matters not, darling! Ere day be o'er,
Goldsmiths shall forge for thy hands a score;
Let not thy heart be harried and sore
For a little thing!"
"Nay! but behold what broodeth there!
See the cold sheen of his silvery hair!
Look how his eyeballs roll and stare,
Seeking thy handsel ring!"

"I see nothing, my precious, my own!
'Tis a black vision that sorrow hath sown;
Haste, let us hence, for dark it hath grown,
And moths are on wing."
"Nay, but his shrunken fist, behold,
Looses his lance-hilt and scatters the mould!
What is that his long fingers hold?
Christ! 't is our handsel ring!"

And when the bridegroom bends over her,
Neither the lips nor the eyelids stir;
Naught to her, now, but music and myrrh, —
Needless his handsel ring.

THE MANOR LORD

Beside the landsman knelt a dame,
And slowly pushed the pages o'er;
Still by the hearth-fire's spending flame
She waited, while a hollow roar
Came from the chimney, and the breath
Of twice seven hounds upon the floor;
And, save the old man's labored moan,
The night had no sound more.

The fire flickered; with a start
The master hound upflung his head;
Sudden he whined, when with one spring
Each hunter bounded from his bed, —
And through rent blind and bolted door
All voiceless every creature fled;
The blinking watcher closed her book:
"Amen, our lord is dead!"

Eugene Field

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

GARDEN AND CRADLE

When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play;
The posies they are good to him,
And bow them as they should to him,
As fareth he upon his kingly way;
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music, all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him,
And layeth on his head a golden crown;
And singeth then the wind to him
A song, the gentle song of Bethle'm town,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
And, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me, —
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh for an hour in that dear place,
Oh for the peace of that dear time,
Oh for that childish trust sublime,
Oh for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone —
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

The mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer.
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep, —
But we — we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart:
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine, —
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

THE DINKEY-BIRD

In an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know,)
Is the land of Wonder-wander,
Whither children love to go:
It 's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree !

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
And taffy 's thick as peas, —
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there 's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I 'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet, —
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation —
Be they near or far away —
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

I 'm sure you like to go there
To see your feathered friend, —
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend !
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree !

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise !"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh ! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true !

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

THE LYTTEL BOY

Some time there ben a lyttel boy
That wolde not renne and play,
And helpless like that little tyke
Ben allwais in the way.
"Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
His weary moder cried;
But with a frown he catcht her gown
And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,
Which spake him faire, I ween;
He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with his een;
His cosset bleated in the croft,
His toys unheeded lay, —
He wolde not goe, but, tarrying soe,
Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And he doth smile in plaisaunce while
They cluster at his knees;
And some time, when he looked on earth
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy
Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart
How that it ben to-torne,
She kissed eche day till she ben gray
The shoon he use to worn;
No bairn let hold untill her gown
Nor played upon the floore, —
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more!

OUR TWO OPINIONS

Us two wuz boys when we fell out, —
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I 'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim, —
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd would n't speak,
Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered, — me 'nd Jim, —
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther' 'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim, —
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!

He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we, —
I havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,
'Nd *he* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*.

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.
'Nd, after it all, it 's soothin' to know
That here *I* be 'nd yonder 's Jim, —
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day, —
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day;
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look,
They 'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds,
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

DIBDIN'S GHOST

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read
The tomes you so despise,
A spectre rose beside the bed,
And spake in this true wise:
"From Canaan's beatific coast
I 've come to visit thee,
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.
"Since you are fresh from t'other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"They 've entered into perfect rest;
For in the life they 've won
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds
Beside that jasper sea;
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak
Of biblio-bliss above,
For I am one of those who seek
What bibliomaniacs love.
"But tell me, for I long to hear
What doth concern me most,
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women folk are few up there;
For 't were not fair, you know,
That they our heavenly joy should share
Who vex us here below.
The few are those who have been kind
To husbands such as we;
They knew our fads, and did n't mind,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us
When we would read in bed?
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss
If we buy books instead?
And what of those who 've dusted not
Our motley pride and boast, —
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh, no! they tread that other path,
Which leads where torments roll,
And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their wrath
Upon the guilty soul.
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite
What things I 've heard you say;
She 'll let me read the books by night
She 's let me buy by day.
For we together by and by
Would join that heavenly host;
She 's earned a rest as well as I,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

ECHOES FROM THE SABINE FARM

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia!
Whence crystal waters flow,
With garlands gay and wine I 'll pay
The sacrifice I owe;
A sportive kid with budding horns
I have, whose crimson blood
Anon shall dye and sanctify
Thy cool and babbling flood.

O fountain of Bandusia!
The Dog-star's hateful spell
No evil brings into the springs
That from thy bosom well;
Here oxen, wearied by the plow,
The roving cattle here
Hasten in quest of certain rest,
And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O fountain of Bandusia!
Ennobled shalt thou be,
For I shall sing the joys that spring
Beneath yon ilex-tree.
Yes, fountain of Bandusia,
Posterity shall know
The cooling brooks that from thy nooks
Singing and dancing go.

TO LEUCONÖE

I

WHAT end the gods may have ordained for me,
And what for thee,
Seek not to learn, Leuconöe, — we may not know.
Chaldean tables cannot bring us rest.
'T is for the best
To bear in patience what may come, or weal or woe.

If for more winters our poor lot is cast,
Or this the last,
Which on the crumbling rocks has dashed Etruscan seas,

Strain clear the wine; this life is short, at best.
Take hope with zest,
And, trusting not To-morrow, snatch To-day for ease!

TO LEUCONÖE

II

SEEK not, Leuconöe, to know how long you 're going to live yet,
What boons the gods will yet withhold, or what they 're going to give yet;
For Jupiter will have his way, despite how much we worry: —
Some will hang on for many a day, and some die in a hurry.

The wisest thing for you to do is to embark this diem
Upon a merry escapade with some such bard as I am.
And while we sport I 'll reel you off such odes as shall surprise ye;
To-morrow, when the headache comes, — well, then I 'll satirize ye!

Robert Burns Wilson

IT IS IN WINTER THAT WE DREAM OF SPRING

IT is in Winter that we dream of Spring;
For all the barren bleakness and the cold,
The longing fancy sees the frozen mould
Decked with sweet blossoming.

Though all the birds be silent, — though
The fettered stream's soft voice be still,
And on the leafless bough the snow
Be rested, marble-like and chill, —
Yet will the fancy build, from these,
The transient but well-pleasing dream
Of leaf and bloom among the trees,
And sunlight glancing on the stream.

Though, to the eye, the joyless landscape yields
No faintest sign to which the hope might cling, —
Amidst the pallid desert of the fields, —
It is in Winter that we dream of Spring.

THE DEAD PLAYER

SURE and exact, — the master's quiet touch,
Thus perfect, was his art;
Ambitious, generous, sad, and loving much,
Was his pain-haunted heart.

To him, the blissful burthen of her love
Did stern-browed Fortune give;
In hell, in heaven, beneath life and above,
Such souls as his must live.

Who wears Fame's Tyrian garb, as well must wear
The heavy robe of Grief;
Who bears aloft the palm, must also bear
Hid woundings past belief.

Both he did wear and bear, as well as most
Of Earth's soon-counted few
That stand distinguished from the unknown host
By having work to do.

Souls seek their doom. A costly-freighted bark
That sails a perilous sea,
Rounds every bar, and goes down, in the dark
At port, — e'en such was he.

A classic shade, — he walks the unknown lands
Death-silent and death-dim;
But, like a noble Phidian marble, stands
The memory of him.

TO A CROW

BOLD, amiable, ebon outlaw, grave and wise!
For many a good green year hast thou withstood —
By dangerous, planted field and haunted wood —
All the devices of thine enemies,
Gleaning thy grudgëd bread with watchful eyes

And self-relying soul. Come ill or good,
Blithe days thou see'st, thou feathered
Robin Hood!
Thou mak'st a jest of farm-land boundaries.
Take all thou may'st, and never count it
crime
To rob the greatest robber of the earth,
Weak-visioned, dull, self-lauding man, whose worth
Is in his own esteem. Bide thou thy time;
Thou know'st far more of Nature's lore than he,
And her wide lap shall still provide for thee.

THE SUNRISE OF THE POOR

A DARKENED hut outlined against the sky,
A forward-looking slope, — some cedar trees,
Gaunt grasses stirred by the awaking breeze,
And nearer, where the grayer shadows lie,
Within a small paled square, one may descry
The beds wherein the Poor first taste of ease,
Where dewy rose-vines drop their spicy lees
Above the dreamless ashes, silently.
A lonely woman leans there, — bent and gray:
Outlined in part against the shadowed hill,
In part against the sky, in which the day
Begins to blaze. O earth, so sweet, — so still! —
The woman sighs, and draws a long, deep breath:
It is the call to labor, — not to death.

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES

SUCH is the death the soldier dies:
He falls, — the column speeds away;
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke-wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees;
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din:
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground: —
Such is the death the soldier dies.

BALLAD OF THE FADED FIELD

BROAD bars of sunset-slanted gold
Are laid along the field, and here
The silence sings, as if some old
Refrain, that once rang long and clear,
Came softly, stealing to the ear
Without the aid of sound. The rill
Is voiceless, and the grass is sere,
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance-like, the mellow air doth hold
The sorrow of the passing year;
The heart of Nature groweth cold,
The time of falling snow is near;
On phantom feet, which none may hear,
Creeps — with the shadow of the hill —
The semblance of departed cheer,
But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray-clustered weeds enfold
The well-known summer path, and drear
The dusking hills, like billows rolled
Against the distant sky, appear.
From lonely haunts, where Night and Fear
Keep ghostly tryst, when mists are chill,
The dark pine lifts a jaggëd spear,
But beauty's soul abideth still.

ENVOY

Dear love, the days that once were dear
May come no more; life may fulfill
Her fleeting dreams with many a tear,
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Arlo Bates

AMERICA

(FROM "THE TORCH-BEARERS")

For, O America, our country! — land
Hid in the west through centuries, till men
Through countless tyrannies could understand
The priceless worth of freedom, — once again
The world was new-created when thy shore
First knew the Pilgrim keels, that one last test
The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er
The strife with evil till it proved its best.
Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold
A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.
If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,
Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide
And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide
From tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold
Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,
The race is lost! A globe dispeopled, cold,
Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,
Were not so stamped by all which hope debars
As were this earth, plunging along through space
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,
Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won, or here must all be lost,
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all:
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

IN PARADISE

"O pitying angel, pause, and say
To me, new come to Paradise,
How I may drive one pain away
By penitence or sacrifice.
From deeps below of nether Hell
I hear a lost soul's bitter cry:
Alas! It was through me she fell, —
What price forgetfulness may buy?"

The passing angel paused in flight,
Poised like fair stars which first arise,
And looked on that pale suppliant white,
With piercing pity in his eyes.
"Ah, woe!" he said. "Thy joy and peace
Cannot be bought with prayer or price.
For thee that wail will never cease,
Though thou hast won to Paradise!"

THE CYCLAMEN

Over the plains where Persian hosts
Laid down their lives for glory
Flutter the cyclamens, like ghosts
That witness to their story.
Oh, fair! Oh, white! Oh, pure as snow!
On countless graves how sweet they grow!

Or crimson, like the cruel wounds
From which the life-blood, flowing,
Poured out where now on grassy mounds
The low, soft winds are blowing:

Oh, fair! Oh, red! Like blood of slain;
Not even time can cleanse that stain.

But when my dear these blossoms holds,
All loveliness her dower,
All woe and joy the past enfolds
In her find fullest flower.
Oh, fair! Oh, pure! Oh, white and red!
If she but live, what are the dead!

CONCEITS

I

KITTY'S LAUGH

THY laugh 's a song an oriole trilled,
Romping in glee the sky, —
Sunshine in lucent drops distilled,
And showered from on high.

So perfect in his song thou art,
That when thy laughter rings
I long to clasp thee to my heart,
Lest, too, thou have his wings!

II

KITTY'S "NO"

Kit, the recording angel wrote
That cruel "no" you said,
And smiled to think how in your throat
You choked a "yes" instead;

Then sighed in envy of the look
That promised me your grace;
And on the margin of his book
Limned in excuse your face.

LIKE TO A COIN

LIKE to a coin, passing from hand to hand,
Are common memories, and day by day
The sharpness of their impress wears away.
But love's remembrances unspoiled withstand
The touch of time, as in an antique land
Where some proud town old centuries did slay,
Intaglios buried lie, still in decay
Perfect and precious spite of grinding sand.
What fame or joy or sorrow has been ours,
What we have hoped or feared, we may forget.
The clearness of all memory time deflours,
Save that of love alone, persistent yet
Though sure oblivion all things else devours,
Its tracings firm as when they first were set.

THE WATCHERS

WE must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.
Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
They see who watch us from some deathless skies
With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.
Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.
Bitterer woe than death it were by far
To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

ON THE ROAD TO CHORRERA

THREE horsemen galloped the dusty way
While sun and moon were both in the sky;
An old crone crouched in the cactus' shade,
And craved an alms as they rode by.
A friendless hag she seemed to be,
But the queen of a bandit crew was she.

One horseman tossed her a scanty dole,
A scoffing couplet the second trolled;
But the third, from his blue eyes frank and free,
No glance vouchsafed the beldam old;
As toward the sunset and the sea,
No evil fearing, rode the three.

A curse she gave for the pittance small,
A gibe for the couplet's ribald word;
But that which once had been her heart

At sight of the silent horseman stirred:
And safe through the ambushed band they speed
For the sake of the rider who would not heed !

A WINTER TWILIGHT

Pale beryl sky, with clouds
Hued like dove's wing,
O'ershadowing
The dying day,
And whose edge half enshrouds
The first fair evening star,
Most crystalline by far
Of all the stars that night enring,
Half human in its ray, —
What blessed, soothing sense of calm
Comes with this twilight, — sovereign balm
That takes at last the bitter sting
Of day's keen pain away.

Florence Earle Coates

PERDITA

(ON SEEING MISS ANDERSON IN THE RÔLE)

She dances,
And I seem to be
In primrose vales of Sicily,
Beside the streams once looked upon
By Thyrsis and by Corydon:
The sunlight laughs as she advances,
Shyly the zephyrs kiss her hair,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

Dance, Perdita ! and, shepherds, blow !
Your reeds restrain no longer !
Till weald and welkin gleeful ring,
Blow, shepherds, blow ! and, lasses, sing
Yet sweeter strains and stronger !
Let far Helorus softer flow
'Twixt rushy banks, that he may hear;
Let Pan, great Pan himself, draw near !

Stately
She moves, half smiling,
With girlish look beguiling, —
A dawn-like grace in all her face;
Stately she moves, sedately,
Through the crowd circling round her;
But — swift as light —
See ! she takes flight !
Empty, alas ! is her place.

Follow her, follow her, let her not go !
Mirth ended so —
Why, 't is but woe !
Follow her, follow her ! Perdita ! — lo,
Love hath with wreaths enwound her !
She dances,
And I seem to see
The nymph divine, Terpsichore,
As when her beauty dazzling shone
On eerie heights of Helicon.
With bursts of song her voice entrances
The dreamy, blossom-scented air,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

SURVIVAL

The knell that dooms the voiceless and obscure
Stills Memnon's music with its ghostly chime;
Strength is as weakness in the clasp of Time,
And for the things that were there is no cure.
The vineyard with its fair investiture,
The mountain summit with its hoary rime,
The throne of Cæsar, Cheops' tomb sublime,
Alike decay, and only dreams endure.
Dreams for Assyria her worship won,
And India is hallowed by her dreams;
The Sphinx with deathless visage views the race
That like the lotus of a summer seems;
And, rudderless, immortally sails on
The winged Victory of Samothrace.

INDIA

Silent amidst unbroken silence deep
Of dateless years, in loneliness supreme,
She pondered patiently one mighty theme,
And let the hours, uncounted, by her creep.

The motionless Himalayas, the broad sweep
Of glacial cataracts, great Ganges' stream, —
All these to her were but as things that seem,
Doomed all to pass, like phantoms viewed in sleep.
Her history? She has none, — scarce a name.
The life she lived is lost in the profound
Of time, which she despised; but nothing mars
The memory that, single, gives her fame:
She dreamed eternal dreams, and from the ground
Still raised her yearning vision to the stars.

TENNYSON

How beautiful to live as thou didst live!
How beautiful to die as thou didst die, —
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,
At rest in all the best that love could give!

How excellent to bear into old age
The poet's ardor and the heart of youth, —
To keep to the last sleep the vow of truth,
And leave to lands that grieve a glowing page!

How glorious to feel the spirit's power
Unbroken by the near approach of death,
To breathe blest prophecies with failing breath,
Soul-bound to beauty in that latest hour!

How sweet to greet, in final kinship owned,
The master-spirit to thy dreams so dear, —
At last from his immortal lips to hear
The dirge for Imogen, and thee, intoned!

How beautiful to live as thou didst live!
How beautiful to die as thou didst die, —
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,
At rest in all the best that love could give!

SONGS

THE WORLD IS MINE

For me the jasmine buds unfold
And silver daisies star the lea,
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine,
I know the fountain's waywardyearning;
I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,
Still well remembered, grieve not me;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story,
Sings the sea one strain divine,
My clouds arise all flushed with glory;
I love, and the world is mine!

TO-MORROW

The robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow smooths a bed for the clover,
Life flames anew, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.

The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back,
Faith builds on the ruins of sorrow,
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.

And ever a strain, of joys the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover —
In death sings on — that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over!

George Parsons Lathrop

THE FLOWN SOUL

Come not again! I dwell with you
Above the realm of frost and dew,
Of pain and fire, and growth to death.
I dwell with you where never breath
Is drawn, but fragrance vital flows
From life to life, even as a rose
Unseen pours sweetness through each vein,
And from the air distils again.
You are my rose unseen: we live
Where each to other joy may give
In ways untold, by means unknown
And secret as the magnet-stone.

For which of us, indeed, is dead?
No more I lean to kiss your head, —
The gold-red hair so thick upon it:
Joy feels no more the touch that won it,
When o'er my brow your pearl-cool palm
In tenderness so childish, calm,
Crept softly, once. Yet, see, my arm
Is strong, and still my blood runs warm:

I still can work and think and weep.
But all this show of life I keep
Is but the shadow of your shine,
Flicker of your fire, husk of your vine;
Therefore you are not dead, nor I,
Who hear your laughter's minstrelsy.
Among the stars your feet are set;
Your little feet are dancing yet
Their rhythmic beat, as when on earth.
So swift, so slight, are death and birth!

Come not again, dear child. If thou
By any chance couldst break that vow
Of silence, at thy last hour made;
If to this grim life unafraid
Thou couldst return, and melt the frost
Wherein thy bright limbs' power was lost;
Still would I whisper — since so fair
The silent comradeship we share —
Yes, whisper mid the unbidden rain
Of tears: "Come not! Come not again!"

SOUTH-WIND

Soft-throated South, breathing of summer's ease
(Sweet breath, whereof the violet's life is made!)
Through lips moist-warm, as thou hadst lately stayed
'Mong rosebuds, wooing to the cheeks of these
Loth blushes faint and maidenly, — rich breeze,
Still doth thy honeyed blowing bring a shade
Of sad foreboding. In thy hand is laid
The power to build or blight the fruit of trees,
The deep, cool grass, and field of thick-combed grain.
Even so my Love may bring me joy or woe,
Both measureless, but either counted gain
Since given by her. For pain and pleasure flow
Like tides upon us of the selfsame sea:
Tears are the gems of joy and misery.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES

The sunshine of thine eyes,
(O still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
Oh, let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee.

REMEMBRANCE

Under the apple bough
Love, in a dream of leaves,
Dreamed we of love, as now, —
All that gives beauty or grieves.

Over the sad world then
Curved like the sky that bough;
I was in heaven then, —
You are in heaven now.

THE VOICE OF THE VOID

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor, —
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay, nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath —
For I am Death!

THE CHILD'S WISH GRANTED

Do you remember, my sweet, absent son,
How in the soft June days forever done
You loved the heavens so warm and clear and high;
And, when I lifted you, soft came your cry, —
"Put me 'way up, — 'way, 'way up in blue sky"?

I laughed and said I could not, — set you down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath that crown
Of bright hair gladdening me as you raced by.
Another Father now, more strong than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear blue sky.

KEENAN'S CHARGE

I

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet:
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They 've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke:

Broke and fled.
No one stayed — but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There 's one hope still, —
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot!" — and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"
"Are soldiers, General." "Then
Charge, Major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed, — else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant, — clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath, —
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabred and shot — and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,

While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line — ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles — of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? — 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now — year following year —
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre-call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

GIVE ME NOT TEARS

DESPAIR

Dear, when you see my grave,
Oh, shall you weep?
Ah, no! That were to have
Mistaken care;
But when you see my grave,
I pray you keep
Sunshine of heart that time doth lay me there,
Where veiling mists of dream guard endless sleep.
Though the young life we mourn
That, blooming, dies, —
Ere grief hath made forlorn
This other face, —
Still sadder are the eyes,
The cheeks more worn
Than show the dead, of those who seek love's grace:
Death is the gentlest of the world's replies.

JOY

Dear, when the sun is set
From my life's air,
And your eyes, newly wet
With tears for me,
Make my sky darker yet, —
Remember where
Your eyes in light laved all my destiny:
Weep not, weep not, since so much love was there!

Remember that through you
My rapture came:
I gained from faith so true
More than I asked, —
For not the half I knew
My need might name,
Until I saw the soul your love unmasked:
Then crave not of the night my vanished flame.

DOROTHY

Dear little Dorothy, she is no more!
I have wandered world-wide from shore to shore,
I have seen as great beauties as ever were wed;
But none can console me for Dorothy dead.

Dear little Dorothy! How strange it seems
That her face is less real than the faces of dreams;
That the love which kept true, and the lips which so spoke,
Are more lost than my heart, which died not when it broke!

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF

Sorrow, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And if my life with any glory end
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Said, honoring, when I 'm dead, —
Sorrow, to you, the mellow praise, the funeral wreath, are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung mercies wrong!"

Still, you are near:
Who can your care withstand?
When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear, —
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your pale hand.

THE CLOCK'S SONG

Eileen of four,
Eileen of smiles;
Eileen of five,
Eileen of tears;
Eileen of ten, of fifteen years,
Eileen of youth
And woman's wiles;
Eileen of twenty,
In love's land,
Eileen all tender
In her bliss,
Untouched by sorrow's treacherous kiss,
And the sly weapon in life's hand, —
Eileen aroused to share all fate,
Eileen a wife,
Pale, beautiful,
Eileen most grave and dutiful,
Mourning her dreams in queenly state.
Eileen! Eileen! . . .

Charles Francis Richardson

PRAYER

If, when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say:
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire, —
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart, religious fire,
The power to sway my fellow-men at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish ill," —
In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

Or if I only dare
To raise this fainting prayer:
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and weak,
And cannot tell what things I ought to seek;
I therefore do not ask at all, but still
I trust thy bounty all my wants to fill," —
My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come.

But if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray thee give to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to thee
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to thy full joy I come at length," —
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.

AFTER DEATH

When I forth fare beyond this narrow earth,
With all its metes and bounds of now and here,
And brooding clouds of ignorance and fear
That overhung me on my day of birth,
Wherethrough the jocund sun's perennial mirth
Has shone more inly bright each coming year
With some new glory of that outer sphere
Where length and breadth and height are little worth,
Then shall I find that even here below
We guessed the secret of eternity,
And learned in years the yearless mystery;
For in our earliest world we came to know
The master-lesson and the riddle's key:
Unending love unending growth shall be.

A CONJECTURE

I wonder, dear, if you had been
The maiden queen's pet maid of honor,
A flower of that fair time wherein
A court of roses smiled upon her,

And I, erewhile, by Trojan wall
Had fiercely fought for Grecian glory,
Beheld the pride of Priam fall,
And home in Athens told the story,

Whether we, wandering in the glow
Of the Hereafter's radiant spaces,
Would there have mutely met, and so
Seen love make bright our yearning faces.

Edwin Markham

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PAINTING BY MILLET

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him. — Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

MY COMRADE

I NEVER build a song by night or day,
Of breaking ocean or of blowing whin,
But in some wondrous unexpected way,
Like light upon a road, my Love comes in.

And when I go at night upon the hill,
My heart is lifted on mysterious wings:
My Love is there to strengthen and to still,
For she can take away the dread of things.

POETRY

SHE comes like the hush and beauty of the night,
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

A LOOK INTO THE GULF

I LOOKED one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles! they are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.
. . . . . .
Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill!
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind!"
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

THE LAST FURROW

THE Spirit of Earth with still, restoring hands,
Mid ruin moves, in glimmering chasm grapes,
And mosses mantle and the bright flower opes;
But Death the Ploughman wanders in all lands,
And to the last of Earth his furrow stands.
The grave is never hidden: fearful hopes
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes,
And there wild memories meet upon the sands.
When willows fling their banners to the plain,
When rumor of winds and sound of sudden showers
Disturb the dream of winter, all in vain
The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers
Toss their wild torches on their windy towers;
Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.

THE WHIRLWIND ROAD

THE Muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night;
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings,
And borne away into the deep of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart;
A wind of rapture blew across the heart;
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear;
I felt the Mystery the Muses fear;

Yet they went swiftening on the ways untrod,
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God.

I felt faint touches of the Final Truth, —
Moments of trembling love, moments of youth.
A vision swept away the human wall;
Slowly I saw the meaning of it all —
Meaning of life and time and death and birth, —
But cannot tell it to the men of Earth.
I only point the way, and they must go
The whirlwind road of song if they would know.

JOY OF THE MORNING

I HEAR you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood:
'T is wonderful beyond the wildest word:
I 'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I 've felt it like a glory in my heart,
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

Richard Edwin Day

ENGLAND

THOU art as a lone watcher on a rock,
With Saxon hair back floating in the wind,
Gazing where stranger ships, to doom consigned,
Upon the sullen ledges grind and knock.
Fair were the barks round which the breakers flock,
Rich freights had they of treasure for mankind,
And gallant were the hearts that left behind
The sea's broad buffet for the channel's shock.
Slow, slow the ship that brings thy liberties
Cuts the white tempest or the bright, blue brine,
And wanders oft before the whelming storm,
And ever the swift straits and shallows flees.
But near, more near, the haven's sheltering line,
Up the long sea-curve rides its stately form.

TO SHAKESPEARE

THOU, who didst lay all other bosoms bare,
Impenetrable shade didst round thee throw;
And of the ready tears thou makest flow,
Monarch of tears, thou hast not any share.
Sad Petrarch, sadder Byron their despair
Unlocked, their dismal theatres of woe
Unclosed: thou showest Hamlet, Romeo,
And maddened Lear, with tempest on his hair.
Hadst thou no suffering men's tears could suage?
No comedy of thine own life, shut in?
No lurid tragedy — perhaps of sin —
That walked with muffled steps its curtained stage?
Confession troubles ne'er thy godlike look;
Thou art, thyself, thy one unopened book.

Maurice Francis Egan

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs, and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise,
Brought charmëd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
He, like sad Jaques, found a music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

HE MADE US FREE

As flame streams upward, so my longing thought
Flies up with Thee,
Thou God and Saviour, who hast truly wrought
Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought
A fresh, new world; and in Thy sweet chains caught,
And made us free!

As hyacinths make way from out the dark,
My soul awakes,
At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark;
As little violets in field and park
Rise to the trilling thrush and meadow-lark,
New hope it takes.

As thou goest upward through the nameless space
We call the sky,
Like jonquil perfume softly falls Thy grace;
It seems to touch and brighten every place;
Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary race,
O Thou on high!

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy
Upon earth's sod;
Life would be still with us a wound or toy,
A cloud without the sun, — O Babe, O Boy,
O Man of Mother pure, with no alloy,
O risen God!

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game,"
(Cease, all fears; cease!)
For love of us, — not to give Virgil's fame
Or Croesus' wealth, not to make well the lame,
Or save the sinner from deservëd shame,
But for sweet Peace!

For peace, for joy, — not that the slave might lie
In luxury,
Not that all woe from us should always fly,
Or golden crops with Syrian roses vie
In every field; but in Thy peace to die
And rise, — be free!

THE OLD VIOLIN

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust, —
The voice within it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things —
A master-touch! — its sweet soul wakes and sings.

THE SHAMROCK

When April rains make flowers bloom
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
An emerald spray with raindrops set,
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil
Where saint and hero lived of yore,
And where their sons in sorrow toil;
And here, transplanted, it to me
Seems weeping for the soil it left:
The diamonds that all others see
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,
And sparkles on their tiny buds
That in June nights will over-blow
And fill the world with scented floods,
The lonely shamrock in our land —
So fine among the clover leaves —
For the old springtimes often grieves, —
I feel its tears upon my hand.

Nathan Haskell Dole

RUSSIA

SATURNIAN mother! why dost thou devour
Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst?
Why must they fear thee who would fain be first
To add new glories to thy matchless dower?
Why must they flee before thy cruel power,
That punishes their best as treason's worst, —
The treason that despotic chains would burst, —
That makes men heroes who in slavery cower?
Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn;
Thy bearing has a majesty sublime.
Thy exiled children ever toward thee yearn;
Nor should their ardent love be deemed a crime.
O, mighty mother of men, to mildness turn,
And haste the advent of a happier time!

TO AN IMPERILLED TRAVELLER

UNFLINCHING Dante of a later day,
Thou who hast wandered through the realms of pain
And seen with aching breast and whirling brain
Woes which thou wert unable to allay,
What frightful visions hast thou brought away:
Of torments, passions, agonies, struggles vain
To break the prison walls, to rend the chain, —
Of hopeless hearts too desperate to pray!
Men are the devils of that pitiless hell!
Men guard the labyrinth of that ninefold curse!
Marvel of marvels! Thou hast lived to tell,
In prose more sorrowful than Dante's verse,
Of pangs more grievous, sufferings more fell,
Than Dante or his master dared rehearse!

A RUSSIAN FANTASY

O'ER the yellow crocus on the lawn
Floats a light white butterfly.
Breezes waft it! See, 'tis gone!
Dushka, little soul, when didst thou die?

Henry Van Dyke

AN ANGLER'S WISH

I

WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes towards sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow, —

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I 'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The dandelion show 's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
  While on the wing the blue-birds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
  Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
  How much I 'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

'T is not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
  No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record — or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
  Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
  No more I 'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

THE VEERY

The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:
The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN

Fair Roslin Chapel, how divine
The art that reared thy costly shrine!
Thy carven columns must have grown
By magic, like a dream in stone.

Yet not within thy storied wall
Would I in adoration fall,
So gladly as within the glen
That leads to lovely Hawthornden:

A long-drawn aisle, with roof of green
And vine-clad pillars, while between
The Esk runs murmuring on its way,
In living music, night and day.

Within the temple of this wood
The martyrs of the covenant stood,
And rolled the psalm, and poured the prayer,
From Nature's solemn altar-stair.

THE LILY OF YORROW

Deep in the heart of the forest the lily of Yorrow is growing;
Blue is its cup as the sky, and with mystical odor o'erflowing;
Faintly it falls through the shadowy glades when the south wind is blowing;

Sweet are the primroses pale, and the violets after a shower;
Sweet are the borders of pinks, and the blossoming grapes on the bower:

Sweeter by far is the breath of that far-away woodland flower.

Searching and strange in its sweetness, it steals like a perfume enchanted
Under the arch of the forest, and all who perceive it are haunted,
Seeking and seeking forever, till sight of the lily is granted.

Who can describe how it grows, with its chalice of lazuli leaning
Over a crystalline spring, where the ferns and the mosses are greening?
Who can imagine its beauty, or utter the depth of its meaning?

Calm of the journeying stars, and repose of the mountains olden,
Joy of the swift-running rivers, and glory of sunsets golden,
Secrets that cannot be told in the heart of the flower are holden.

Surely to see it is peace and the crown of a life-long endeavor;
Surely to pluck it is gladness, — but they who have found it can never
Tell of the gladness and peace: they are hid from our vision forever.

'T was but a moment ago that a comrade was wandering near me:
Turning aside from the pathway, he murmured a greeting to cheer me, —
Then he was lost in the shade, and I called, but he did not hear me.

Why should I dream he is dead, and bewail him with passionate sorrow?
Surely I know there is gladness in finding the lily of Yorrow:
He has discovered it first, and perhaps I shall find it to-morrow.

TENNYSON

IN LUCEM TRANSITUS, OCTOBER, 1892

From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart, —
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing, if thou depart?

Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty minstrels fail;
Silence here — but, far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Joseph I. C. Clarke

THE FIGHTING RACE

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head.
While Shea — they call him Scholar Jack —
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers — all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We 're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here 's to the Maine, and I 'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there 's Kellys there 's trouble,"
said Burke.
"Wherever fighting 's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you 'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it 's touch and go for life ?"
Said Shea, "It 's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green —
Kelly and Burke and Shea —
And the dead did n't brag." "Well, here 's to the flag !"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 't was in Ireland, for there 's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we 'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike 's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way !'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight —
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here 's to the pike and the sword and the like !"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We 're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We 've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there 's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood !"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates —
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here 's thank God for the race and the sod !"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
1898

Charles Henry Phelps

HENRY WARD BEECHER

His tongue was touched with sacred fire,
He could not rest, he must speak out,
When Liberty lay stabbed, and doubt
Stalked through the night in vestments dire, —

When slaves uplifted manacled hands,
Praying in agony and despair,
And answer came not anywhere,
But gloom through all the stricken lands, —

His voice for freedom instant rang.
"For shame !" he cried; "spare thou the rod;
All men are free before their God !"
The dragon answered with its fang.

'T is brave to face embrasured death
Hot belching from the cannon's mouth,
Yet brave it is, for North or South,
And Truth, to face the mob's mad breath.

So spake he then, — he and the few
Who prized their manhood more than praise;

Their faith failed not of better days
After the nights of bloody dew.

England's great heart misunderstood:
She looked upon her child askance;
But heard his words and lowered her lance,
Remembering her motherhood.

Majestic Liberty, serene
Thou frontest on the chaste white sea!
Quench thou awhile thy torch, for he
Lies dead on whom thou once did lean.

Thy cause was ever his, — the slave
In any fetters was his friend;
His warfare never knew an end;
Wherever men lay bound he clave.

RARE MOMENTS

Each of us is like Balboa: once in all our lives do we,
Gazing from some tropic summit, look upon an unknown sea;

But upon the dreary morrow, every way our footsteps seek,
Rank and tangled vine and jungle block our pathway to the peak.

YUMA

Weary, weary, desolate,
Sand-swept, parched, and cursed of fate;
Burning, but how passionless!
Barren, bald, and pitiless!

Through all ages baleful moons
Glared upon thy whited dunes;

And malignant, wrathful suns
Fiercely drank thy streamless runs;

So that Nature's only tune
Is the blare of the simoon,
Piercing burnt unweeping skies
With its awful monodies.

Not a flower lifts its head
Where the emigrant lies dead;

Not a living creature calls
Where the Gila Monster crawls,
Hot and hideous as the sun,
To the dead man's skeleton;

But the desert and the dead,
And the hot hell overhead,
And the blazing, seething air,
And the dread mirage are there.

Robert Underwood Johnson

FROM "THE VOICE OF WEBSTER"

Silence was envious of the only voice
That mightier seemed than she. So, cloaked as Death,
With potion borrowed from Oblivion,
Yet with slow step and tear-averted look,
She sealed his lips, closed his extinguished eyes,
And, veiling him with darkness, deemed him dead.
But no! — There 's something vital in the great
That blunts the edge of Death, and sages say
You should stab deep if you would kill a king.
In vain! The conqueror's conqueror he remains,
Surviving his survivors. And as when,
The prophet gone, his least disciple stands
Newly invested with a twilight awe,
So linger men beside his listeners
While they recount that miracle of speech
And the hushed wonder over which it fell.

What do they tell us of that storied voice,
Breathing an upper air, wherein he dwelt
Mid shifting clouds a mountain of resolve,
And falling like Sierra's April flood
That pours in ponderous cadence from the cliff,
Waking Yosemite from its sleep of snow,
And less by warmth than by its massive power

Thawing a thousand torrents into one?
Such was his speech, and, were his fame to die,
Such for its requiem alone were fit:
Some kindred voice of Nature, as the Sea
When autumn tides redouble their lament
On Marshfield shore; some elemental force
Kindred to Nature in the mind of man —
A far-felt, rhythmic, and resounding wave
Of Homer, or a freedom-breathing wind
Sweeping the height of Milton's loftiest mood.
Most fit of all, could his own words pronounce
His eulogy, eclipsing old with new,
As though a dying star should burst in light.

And yet he spoke not only with his voice.
His full brow, buttressing a dome of thought,
Moved the imagination like the rise
Of some vast temple covering nothing mean.
His eyes were sibyls' caves, wherein the wise
Read sibyls' secrets; and the iron clasp
Of those broad lips, serene or saturnine,
Made proclamation of majestic will.
His glance could silence like a frowning Fate.
His mighty frame was refuge, while his mien
Did make dispute of stature with the gods.

AS A BELL IN A CHIME

As a bell in a chime
Sets its twin-note a-ringing,
As one poet's rhyme
Wakes another to singing,
So, once she has smiled,
All your thoughts are beguiled,
And flowers and song from your childhood are bringing.

Though moving through sorrow
As the star through the night,
She needs not to borrow,
She lavishes, light.
The path of yon star
Seemeth dark but afar:
Like hers it is sure, and like hers it is bright.

Each grace is a jewel
Would ransom the town;
Her speech has no cruel,
Her praise is renown;
'T is in her as though Beauty,
Resigning to Duty
The sceptre, had still kept the purple and crown.

THE WISTFUL DAYS

What is there wanting in the Spring?
The air is soft as yesteryear;
The happy-nested green is here,
And half the world is on the wing.
The morning beckons, and like balm
Are westward waters blue and calm.
Yet something 's wanting in the Spring.

What is it wanting in the Spring?
O April, lover to us all,
What is so poignant in thy thrall
When children's merry voices ring?
What haunts us in the cooing dove
More subtle than the speech of Love,
What nameless lack or loss of Spring?

Let Youth go dally with the Spring,
Call her the dear, the fair, the young;
And all her graces ever sung
Let him, once more rehearsing, sing.
They know, who keep a broken tryst,
Till something from the Spring be missed
We have not truly known the Spring.

IN TESLA'S LABORATORY

Here in the dark what ghostly figures press! —
No phantom of the Past, or grim or sad;
No wailing spirit of woe; no spectre, clad
In white and wandering cloud, whose dumb distress
Is that its crime it never may confess;
No shape from the strewn sea; nor they that add
The link of Life and Death, — the tearless mad,
That live nor die in dreary nothingness:
But blessed spirits waiting to be born —
Thoughts to unlock the fettering chains of Things;

The Better Time; the Universal Good.
Their smile is like the joyous break of morn;
How fair, how near, how wistfully they brood!
Listen! that murmur is of angels' wings.

BROWNING AT ASOLO

THIS is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves! O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder's his Venice — the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others: the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire —
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.

Yesterday he was part of it all —
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy
As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love we are that alone.
His body lies under the Minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here.

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL

THOU half-unfolded flower
With fragrance-laden heart,
What is the secret power
That doth thy petals part?
What gave thee most thy hue —
The sunshine or the dew?

Thou wonder-wakened soul!
As Dawn doth steal on Night,
On thee soft Love hath stole.
Thine eye, that blooms with light,
What makes its charm so new —
Its sunshine, or its dew?

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

AT THE SHRINE

A PALE Italian peasant,
Beside the dusty way,
Upon this morning pleasant
Kneels in the sun to pray.

Silent in her devotion,
With fervent glance she pleads;
Her fingers' only motion,
Telling her amber beads.

Dreaming of ilex bowers
Beyond the purple brine,
Once more she sees the flowers
Bloom at the wayside shrine.

And, while the mad crowd jostles,
She, with a visage sweet,
Prays where the bisque apostles
Are sold on Barclay Street.

GHOSTS

OUT in the misty moonlight
The first snowflakes I see,

As they frolic among the leafless
Limbs of the apple-tree.

Faintly they seem to whisper,
As round the boughs they wing:
"We are the ghosts of the blossoms
That died in the early spring."

A BULB

MISSHAPEN, black, unlovely to the sight,
O mute companion of the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white,
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVADRA

A BLUEBIRD lives in yonder tree,
Likewise a little chickadee,
In two woodpeckers' nests — rent free!

There, where the weeping willow weeps,
A dainty housewren sweetly cheeps —
From an old oriole's nest she peeps.
I see the English sparrow tilt
Upon the limb with sun begilt, —
His nest an ancient swallow built.

So it was one of your old jests,
Eh, Mig. Cervantes, that attests
"There are no birds in last year's nests"?

Craven Langstroth Betts

THE HOLLYHOCKS

SOME space beyond the garden close
I sauntered down the shadowed lawn;
It was the hour when sluggards doze,
The cheerful, zephyr-breathing dawn.
The sun had not yet bathed his face,
Dark reddened from the night's carouse,
When, lo! in festive gypsy grace
The hollyhocks stood nodding brows.

They shone full bold and debonair —
That fine, trim band of frolic blades;
Their ruffles, pinked and purfled fair,
Flamed with their riotous rainbow shades.
They whispered light each comrade's ears,
They flirted with the wooing breeze;
The grassy army's stanchest spears
Rose merely to their stalwart knees!

My heart flushed warm with welcome cheer,
They were so royal tall to see;
No high-placed rivals need they fear,
All flowers paid them fealty.
The haughtiest wild rose standing near
Their girdles hardly might attain;
They glowed, the courtiers of a year,
Blithe pages in the Summer's train!

Their radiance mocked the ruddy morn,
So jocund and so saucy free;
Gay vagrants, Flora's bravest born,
They brightened all the emerald lea.

I said: "Glad hearts, the crabbed frost
Will soon your sun-dyed glories blight;
No evil eye your pride has crossed,
You know not the designs of night.

"You have not thought that beauty fades;
It is in vain you bloom so free;
While you are flaunting in the glades
The gale may wreck your wanton glee."
They shook their silken frills in scorn,
And to my warning seemed to say,
"Dull rhymester, look! 'tis summer morn,
And round us is the court of Day!"

DON QUIXOTE

GAUNT, rueful knight, on raw-boned, shambling hack,
Thy battered morion, shield and rusty spear,
Jog ever down the road in strange career,
Both tears and laughter following on thy track,
Stout Sancho hard behind, whose leathern back
Is curved in clownish sufferance, mutual cheer
The quest beguiling as devoid of fear,
Thou spurrest to rid the world of rogues, alack!
Despite fantastic creed and addled pate,
Of awkward arms and weight of creaking steel,

Nobility is thine — the high estate
That arms knights errant for all human weal;
How rare, La Mancha, grow such souls of late, —
Dear, foiled enthusiast, teach our hearts to feel!

TO THE MOONFLOWER

Pale, climbing disk, who dost lone vigil keep
When all the flower-heads droop in drowsy swoon;
When lily bells fold to the zephyr's tune,
And wearied bees are lapped in sugared sleep;
What secret hope is thine? What purpose deep?
Art thou enamored of the siren moon
That thus thy white face from the god of noon
Thou coverest, while his chariot rounds the steep?
Poor, frail Endymion! know her lustre's line
Is but the cold, reflected majesty
That clothes the great sun's regent-borrowed shine
Of him who yields restricted ministry,
Thy bright creator; he did ne'er design
The proud, false queen should fealty take of thee!

Ellen Mackay Hutchinson Cortissoz

MOTH-SONG

What dost thou here,
Thou dusky courtier,
Within the pinky palace of the rose?
Here is no bed for thee,
No honeyed spicery, —
But for the golden bee,
And the gay wind, and me,
Its sweetness grows.
Rover, thou dost forget; —
Seek thou the passion-flower
Bloom of one twilight hour.
Haste, thou art late!
Its hidden savors wait.
For thee is spread
Its soft, purple coverlet;
Moth, art thou sped?
— Dim as a ghost he flies
Thorough the night mysteries.

HER PICTURE

Autumn was cold in Plymouth town;
The wind ran round the shore,
Now softly passing up and down,
Now wild and fierce and fleet,
Wavering overhead,
Moaning in the narrow street
As one beside the dead.

The leaves of wrinkled gold and brown
Fluttered here and there,
But not quite heedless where;
For as in hood and sad-hued gown
The Rose of Plymouth took the air,
They whirled, and whirled, and fell to rest
Upon her gentle breast,
Then on the happy earth her foot had pressed.

Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren and bleak and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old.
And still — forever gravely fair —
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air.

ON KINGSTON BRIDGE

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge. — Old Legend.

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists in shrouded glow;
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below.
'T was All Souls' night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;
Once was their hate too deep for fears:
One drew his rapier as he came,
Upleapt his anger like a flame.
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet him so.
He felt a graveyard wind go by
Cold, cold as was his enemy.
A stony horror held him fast.
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed "I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist, and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'T was All Souls' night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years:
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
"Oh Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back
To say thou lov'st thy lover still?"
— Into the starlight, pale and cold,
She gazed afar, — her hand was chill:
"Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils? — how we kissed? —
Take thou these kisses as of old!"
An icy wind about him swept;
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'T was All Souls' night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

SO WAGS THE WORLD

Memory cannot linger long,
Joy must die the death.
Hope 's like a little silver song
Fading in a breath.
So wags the weary world away
Forever and a day.

But love, that sweetest madness,
Leaps and grows in toil and sadness,
Makes unseeing eyes to see,
And heapeth wealth in penury.
So wags the good old world away
Forever and a day.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES

I and my cousin Wildair met
And tossed a pot together; —
Burnt sack it was that Molly brewed,
For it was nipping weather.
'Fore George! To see Dick buss the wench
Set all the inn folk laughing!
They dubbed him pearl of cavaliers
At kissing and at quaffing.

"Oddsfish!" says Dick, "the sack is rare,
And rarely burnt, fair Molly;
'T would cure the sourest Crop-ear yet
Of Pious Melancholy."
"Egad!" says I, "here cometh one
Hath been at 's prayers but lately."
— Sooth, Master Praise-God Barebones stepped
Along the street sedately.

Dick Wildair, with a swashing bow,
And touch of his Toledo,
Gave Merry Xmas to the rogue
And bade him say his Credo;
Next crush a cup to the King's health,
And eke to pretty Molly;
"'T will cure your Saintliness," says Dick,
"Of Pious Melancholy."

Then Master Barebones stopped and frowned;
My heart stood still a minute:
Thinks I, both Dick and I will hang,
Or else the devil 's in it!
For me, I care not for old Noll,
Nor all the Rump together.
Yet, faith! 't is best to be alive
In pleasant Xmas weather.

His worship, Barebones, grimly smiled; —
"I love not blows nor brawling;
Yet will I give thee, fool, a pledge!"
And, zooks! he sent Dick sprawling!
When Moll and I helped Wildair up,
No longer trim and jolly, —
"Feel'st not, Sir Dick," says saucy Moll,
"A Pious Melancholy?"

PAMELA IN TOWN

THE fair Pamela came to town,
To London town, in early summer;
And up and down and round about
The beaux discussed the bright newcomer,
With "Gadzooks, sir," and "Ma'am, my duty,"
And "Odds my life, but 't is a Beauty!"

To Ranelagh went Mistress Pam,
Sweet Mistress Pam so fair and merry,
With cheeks of cream and roses blent,
With voice of lark and lip of cherry.
Then all the beaux vow'd 't was their duty
To win and wear this country Beauty.

And first Frank Lovelace tried his wit,
With whispers bold and eyes still bolder;
The warmer grew his saucy flame,
Cold grew the charming fair and colder.
'T was "icy bosom" — "cruel beauty" —
"To love, sweet Mistress, 't is a duty."

Then Jack Carew his arts essayed,
With honeyed sighs and feignëd weeping.
Good lack! his billets bound the curls
That pretty Pam she wore a-sleeping.
Next day these curls had richer beauty,
So well Jack's fervor did its duty.

Then Cousin Will came up to view
The way Pamela ruled the fashion;
He watched the gallants crowd about,
And flew into a rustic passion, —
Left "Squire, his mark," on divers faces,
And pinked Carew beneath his laces.

Alack! one night at Ranelagh
The pretty Sly-boots fell a-blushing;
And all the mettled bloods look'd round
To see what caused that telltale flushing.
Up stepp'd a grizzled Poet Fellow
To dance with Pam a saltarello.

Then Jack and Frank and Will resolved,
With hand on sword and cutting glances,
That they would lead that Graybeard forth
To livelier tunes and other dances.
But who that saw Pam's eyes a-shining
With love and joy would see her pining!

And — oons! Their wrath cool'd as they looked —
That Poet stared as fierce as any!
He was a mighty proper man,
With blade on hip and inches many;
The beaux all vow'd it was their duty
To toast some newer, softer Beauty.

Sweet Pam she bridled, blush'd, and smiled —
The wild thing loved and could but show it!
Mayhap some day you 'll see in town
Pamela and her grizzled Poet.
Forsooth he taught the rogue her duty,
And won her faith, her love, her beauty.

APRIL FANTASIE

THE fresh, bright bloom of the daffodils
Makes gold in the garden bed,
Gold that is like the sunbeams
Loitering overhead.
Bloom, bloom
In the sun and the wind, —
April hath a fickle mind.

The budding twigs of the sweetbrier
Stir as with hope and bliss
Under the sun's soft glances,
Under the wind's sly kiss.
Swing, swing
In the sun and the wind, —
April hath a fickle mind.

May, she calls to her little ones,
Her flowers hiding away,
"Never put off till to-morrow
What you may do to-day.
Come, come
Through the sun and the wind, —
April hath a fickle mind."

QUAKER LADIES

MORE shy than the shy violet,
Hiding when the wind doth pass,
Nestled in the nodding grass,
With morning mist all wet,
In open woodland ways
The Quaker Lady[1] strays.

[1] Houstonia Cærulea.

Pale as noonday cloudlets are,
Floating in the blue,
This little wildwood star
Blooms in light and dew.

Sun and shadow on her hair,
Flowers about her feet,
Pale and still and sweet;
As a nun all pure and fair,
Through the soft spring air,
In the light of God
Deborah walks abroad.

Her little cap it hath a grace
Most demure and grave,
And her kerchief's modest lace
Veils the lovely wave
Above her maiden heart,
Where only gentle thoughts have part.
Even the tying of her shoe
Hath beauty in it, too,
A delicate, sweet art.

Hiding when the wind goes by,
Not afraid, yet shy,
The tiny flower takes from the sky
Life's own light and dew,
And its exquisite hue.
And the little Quaker maid,
Timidly, yet not afraid,
Unfolds the sweetness of her soul
To Heavenly control,
And wears upon her quiet face
The Spirit's tender grace.

THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE

(THE CONCIERGERIE, 1793)

"DAME, how the moments go —
And the bride is not ready!
Call all her tiring maids,
Paul, Jean, and Thedie.
Is this your robe, my dear?
Faith, but she 's steady!
The bridegroom is blest who gets
Such a brave lady."

"Pardi! That throat is fair —
How he will kiss it!
Here is your kerchief, girl;
Did you not miss it?
Quick, don these little shoes,
White as your foot is.
Ho, Jean, Saint Guillotine
Loves these fine beauties!"

"Now those long locks must go, —
The bridegroom is waiting;
Short is the hour he gives
To wooing and mating.
Thedie, you fool, the shears! —
Time this was ended." —
Down falls the golden hair,
Once lovingly tended.

So from her prison doors
Forth went the lady;
Silent the Bridegroom stood,
Not a sound made he.
Oh, but he clasped her close!
'T was a brave lover. —
"Dance, dance La Carmagnole!
The bridal is over!"

A CRY FROM THE SHORE

COME down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore!
The morning winds are up, — the gods
Bid me to dream no more.
Come, tell me whither I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!

"We may not tell thee where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each hath a separate star:
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone;
We may not tell it thee."

Come back, O ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I dread the dark, impetuous tides;
I dread the farther shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be, —
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me.

"Hail and farewell, O voyager!
Thyself must read the waves;
What we have learned of sun and storm
Lies with us in our graves:

What we have learned of sun and storm
  Is ours alone to know.
The winds are blowing out to sea,
  Take up thy life and go!"

SEA-WAY

The tide slips up the silver sand,
  Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea-treasures to the land,
  Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores from east to west
It wails, and gropes, and cannot rest.

O Tide, that still doth ebb and flow
  Through night to golden day: —
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go,
  Thou giv'st — thou tak'st away.
But some time, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

HARVEST

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
  All day long.
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
  Oh hush and hear!
  Sweet, sweet and clear,
  Above the locust's whirr
  And hum of bee
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow-grass
  The innocent white daisies blow,
The dandelion plume doth pass
  Vaguely to and fro, —
The unquiet spirit of a flower
That hath too brief an hour.

Now doth a little cloud all white,
    Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm, blue sky;
  And now on the horizon line,
Where dusky woodlands lie,
  A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
  Concealing, half-revealing
    Things Divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
  All day long.
That exquisite music calls
  The reaper everywhere —
  Life and death must share,
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end, —
  Honored Philosophy,
  Science and Art,
  The bloom of the heart; —
Master, Consoler, Friend,
  Make Thou the harvest of our days
  To fall within Thy ways.

Thomas Nelson Page

UNCLE GABE'S WHITE FOLKS

Sarvent, Marster! Yes, sah, dat 's me —
  Ole Unc' Gabe 's my name;
I thankee, Marster, I 'm 'bout, yo' see.
  "An' de ole 'ooman?" She 's much de
    same,
Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord!
But de Marster 's gwine ter come back
    from 'broad.

"Fine ole place?" Yes, sah, 't is so;
  An' mighty fine people my white folks
    war —
But you ought ter 'a' seen it years ago,
  When de Marster an' de Mistis lived up
    dyah;
When de niggers 'd stan' all roun' de do',
Like grains o' corn on de cornhouse flo'.

"Live mons'ous high?" Yes, Marster,
    yes;
  Cut 'n' onroyal 'n' gordly dash;
Eat an' drink till you could n' res'.
  My folks war 'n' none o' yo' po'-white-
    trash;
No, sah, dey was ob high degree —
Dis heah nigger am quality!

"Tell you 'bout 'em?" You mus' 'a' hearn
'Bout my ole white folks, sho'!
I tell you, suh, dey was gre't an' stern;
D' did n' have nuttin' at all to learn;
D' knowed all dar was to know;
Gol' ober de' head an' onder dey feet;
An' silber! dey sowed 't like folks sows wheat.

"Use ter be rich?" Dat war n' de wud!
Jes' wallowed an' roll' in wealf.
Why, none o' my white folks ever stir'd
Ter lif' a han' for d'self;
De niggers use ter be stan'in' roun'
Jes' d' same ez leaves when dey fus' fall down;
De stable-stalls up heah at home
Looked like teef in a fine-toof comb;
De cattle was p'digious — mus' tell de fac'!
An' de hogs mecked de hillsides look like black;
An' de flocks ob sheep was so gre't an' white
Dey 'peared like clouds on a moonshine night.
An' when my ole Mistis use' ter walk —
Jes' ter her kerridge (dat was fur
Ez ever she walked) — I tell you, sir,
You could almos' heah her silk dress talk;
Hit use' ter soun' like de mornin' breeze,
When it wakes an' rustles de Gre't House trees.
An' de Marster's face! — de Marster's face,
Whenever de Marster got right pleased —
Well, I 'clar' ter Gord, 't would shine wid grace
De same ez his countenance had been greased.
De cellar, too, had de bes' ob wine,
An' brandy, an' sperrits dat yo' could fine;
An' ev'ything in dyah was stored,
'Skusin' de glory of de Lord!

"Warn' dyah a son?" Yes, sah, you knows
He's de young Marster now;
But we heah dat dey tooken he very clo'es
Ter pay what ole Marster owe;
He's done been gone ten year, I s'pose.
But he 's comin' back some day, of co'se;
An' my ole 'ooman is aluz pyard,
An' meckin' de Blue-Room baid,
An' ev'y day dem sheets is ayard,
An' will be till *she 's* daid;
An' de styars she 'll scour,
An' dat room she 'll ten',
Ev'y blessed day dat de Lord do sen'!

What say, Marster? Yo' say, you knows? —
He 's young an' slender-like an' fyah;
Better-lookin' 'n you, of co'se!
Hi! you 's he? 'Fo Gord, 't is him!
'T is de very voice an' eyes an' hyah,
An' mouf an' smile, on'y yo' ain' so slim —
I wonder whah — whah 's de ole 'ooman?
Now let my soul
Depart in peace,
For I behol'
Dy glory, Lord! — I knowed you, chile —
I knowed you soon 's I see'd your face!
Whar has you been dis blessed while?
Done come back an' buy de place?
Oh, bless de Lord for all his grace!
De ravins shell hunger, an' shell not lack,
De Marster, de young Marster 's done come back!

ASHCAKE

Well, yes, sir, dat am a comical name —
It are so, for a fac' —
But I knowed one, down in Ferginyer,
Could 'a' toted dat on its back.

"What was it?" I 'm gwine to tell you —
'T was mons'us long ago:
'T was "Ashcake," sah; an' all on us
Use' ter call 'im jes' "Ashcake," so.

You see, sir, my ole Marster, he
Was a pow'ful wealfy man,
Wid mo' plantations dan hyahs on you haid —
Gre't acres o' low-groun' lan'.

Jeems River bottoms, dat used ter stall
A fo'-hoss plough, no time;
An' he 'd knock you down ef you jes' had dyared
Ter study 'bout guano 'n' lime.

De corn used ter stan' in de row dat thick
You jes' could follow de balk;
An' rank! well, I 'clar 'ter de king, I 'se seed
Five 'coons up a single stalk!

He owned mo' niggers 'n arr' a man
About dyar, black an' bright;
He owned so many, b'fo' de Lord,
He didn' know all by sight!

Well, sir, one evelin', long to'ds dusk,
I seen de Marster stan'
An' watch a yaller boy pass de gate
Wid a ashcake in his han'.

He never had no mammy at all —
Leastways, she was dead by dat —
An' de cook an' de hands about on de place
Used ter see dat de boy kep' fat.

Well, he trotted along down de parf dat night,
An' de Marster he seen him go,
An' hollered, "Say, boy — say, what 's yer name?"
"A—ashcake, sir," says Joe.

It 'peared ter tickle de Marster much,
An' he called him up to de do'.
"Well, dat is a curisome name," says he;
"But I guess it suits you, sho'."

"Whose son are you?" de Marster axed.
"Young Jane's," says Joe; "she 's daid."

A sperrit cudden 'a' growed mo' pale,
An' "By Gord!" I heerd him said.

He tuk de child 'long in de house,
Jes' 'count o' dat ar whim;
An', dat-time-out, you never see
Sich sto' as he sot by him.

An' Ashcake swung his cradle, too,
As clean as ever you see;
An' stuck as close ter ole Marster's heel
As de shader sticks to de tree.

'Twel one dark night, when de river was out,
De Marster an' Ashcake Joe
Was comin' home an' de skiff upsot,
An' Marster 'd 'a' drownded, sho',

Excusin' dat Ashcake cotch'd him hard
An' gin him holt o' de boat,
An' saved him so; but 't was mo'n a week
B'fo' *his* body comed afloat.

An' de Marster he grieved so 'bouten dat thing,
It warn' long, sah, befo' he died;
An' he 's sleep, way down in Ferginyer,
Not fur from young Ashcake's side.

James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN SHE COMES HOME

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble — yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space;
And tears — yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim

And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim;
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad, —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said, — "Tell Jim
Good-by;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he 'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he 'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade;
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum:
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, — and one arm gone, —
And the old man's words in his mind all day, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We 'll say like Jim,
'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears, —
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

A LIFE-LESSON

THERE! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by. —
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by. —
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh. —
There! little girl, don't cry!

THE WAY THE BABY WOKE

AND this is the way the baby woke:
As when in deepest drops of dew
The shine and shadows sink and soak,

The sweet eyes glimmered through and
through;
And eddyings and dimples broke
About the lips, and no one knew
Or could divine the words they spoke, —
And this is the way the baby woke.

THE WAY THE BABY SLEPT

This is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known:
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown —
And God was with her. And we wept. —
And this is the way the baby slept.

BEREAVED

Let me come in where you sit weeping, —
ay,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose
love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands
you used
To kiss. — Such arms — such hands I never
knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comfort-
ing, —
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything. —
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine: —
Just the wee cot — the cricket's chirr —
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle-halls: —
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze,
With fragrance from the locust-trees,
And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,
With after-hushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The goodwife and the smile of her
Filling the silences again —
The cricket's call
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway, —
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day —
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I 'll not pray
For gold: —
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MAHALA ASHCRAFT

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps
the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover, "Little
Haly!" moans the bee;

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the
kill-deer at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets hollers
"Haly!" all the night.

The sunflowers and the hollyhawks droops
over the garden fence;
The old path down the garden-walks still
holds her footprints' dents;
And the well-sweep's swingin' bucket seems
to wait fer her to come
And start it on its wortery errant down the
old bee-gum.

The bee-hives all is quiet; and the little
Jersey steer,
When any one comes nigh it, acts so lone-
some-like and queer;
And the little Banty chickens kindo' cut-
ters faint and low,
Like the hand that now was feedin' 'em
was one they did n't know.

They 's sorrow in the wavin' leaves of all
the apple-trees;
And sorrow in the harvest-sheaves, and
sorrow in the breeze;
And sorrow in the twitter of the swallers
'round the shed;
And all the song her red-bird sings is
"Little Haly 's dead!"

The medder 'pears to miss her, and the
pathway through the grass,
Whare the dewdrops ust to kiss her little
bare feet as she passed;
And the old pin in the gate-post seems to
kindo'-sorto' doubt
That Haly's little sunburnt hands 'll ever
pull it out.

Did her father er her mother ever love her
more 'n me,
Er her sisters er her brother prize her love
more tendurly?
I question — and what answer? — only
tears, and tears alone,
And ev'ry neghbor's eyes is full o' tear-
drops as my own.

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the
robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover; "Little
Haly!" moans the bee;
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the
kill-deer at twilight,
And the katydids and crickets hollers
"Haly!" all the night.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie 's come to our house
to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an'
brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an'
dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an'
earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper
things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the
mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells
about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy would n't say his
pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed at night, away
up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his
daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he
was n't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an'
cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an'
ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants
an' roundabout!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an'
grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-
an'-kin;
An' onc't when they was "company," an'
ole folks was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said
she did n't care !
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't
to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things
a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin'
'fore she knowed what she 's about !
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the
blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind
goes woo-oo !
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away, —
You better mind yer parents, and yer teach-
ers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clus-
ters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out !

DWAINIE

FROM "THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT"

Ay, Dwainie ! — My Dwainie !
The lurloo ever sings,
A tremor in his flossy crest
And in his glossy wings.
And Dwainie ! — My Dwainie !
The winno-welvers call; —
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland
And answers not at all.

The teeper twitters Dwainie ! —
The tcheucker on his spray
Teeters up and down the wind,
And will not fly away:
And Dwainie ! — My Dwainie !
The drowsy oovers drawl; —
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland
And answers not at all.

O Dwainie ! — My Dwainie !
The breezes hold their breath, —
The stars are pale as blossoms,
And the night as still as death;
And Dwainie ! — My Dwainie !
The fainting echoes fall; —
But Dwainie hides in Spirkland
And answers not at all.

HONEY DRIPPING FROM THE COMB

How slight a thing may set one's fancy
drifting
Upon the dead sea of the Past ! — A
view —
Sometimes an odor — or a rooster lifting
A far-off "*Ooh ! ooh-ooh !*"

And suddenly we find ourselves astray
In some wood's-pasture of the Long
Ago, —
Or idly dream again upon a day
Of rest we used to know.

I bit an apple but a moment since, —
A wilted apple that the worm had
spurned, —
Yet hidden in the taste were happy hints
Of good old days returned.

And so my heart, like some enraptured lute,
Tinkles a tune so tender and complete,
God's blessing must be resting on the
fruit —
So bitter, yet so sweet !

A MAN BY THE NAME OF BOLUS

A man by the name of Bolus — (all 'at
we 'll ever know
Of the stranger's name, I reckon — and I 'm
kindo' glad it 's so !) —
Got off here, Christmas morning, looked
'round the town, and then
Kindo' sized up the folks, I guess, and —
went away again !

The fac's is, this man Bolus got "run in,"
Christmas-day;
The town turned out to see it, and cheered,
and blocked the way;
And they dragged him 'fore the Mayor —
fer he could n't er would n't walk —
And socked him down fer trial — though
he could n't er would n't talk !

Drunk? They was no doubt of it! —
W'y, the marshal of the town
Laughed and testified 'at he fell *up*-stairs
'stid o' *down!*
This man by the name of Bolus? — W'y,
he even drapped his jaw
And snored on through his "hearin'" —
drunk as you ever saw!

One feller spit in his boot-leg, and another
'n' drapped a small
Little chunk o' ice down his collar, — but
he did n't wake at all!
And they all nearly split when his Honor
said, in one of his witty ways,
To "chalk it down fer him, 'Called away
— be back in thirty days!'"

That 's where this man named Bolus slid,
kindo' like in a fit,
Flat on the floor; and — drat my ears! —
I hear 'em a-laughin' yit!
Somebody fetched Doc Sifers from jest
acrost the hall, —
And all Doc said was, "Morphine! We 're
too late!" and that 's all!

That 's how they found his name out —
piece of a letter 'at read:
"Your wife has lost her reason, and little
Nathan 's dead —
Come ef you kin, — fergive *her* — but
Bolus, as fer *me*,
This hour I send a bullet through where
my heart *ort* to be!"

Man by the name of Bolus! — As his re-
vilers broke
Fer the open air, 'peared like, to me, I
heard a voice 'at spoke —
Man by the name of Bolus! git up from
where you lay —
Git up and smile white at 'em with your hands
crossed thataway!

LONGFELLOW

The winds have talked with him confid-
ingly;
The trees have whispered to him; and the
night
Hath held him gently as a mother might,
And taught him all sad tones of melody;
The mountains have bowed to him; and
the sea,
In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite,
Hath told him all her sorrow and delight, —
Her legends fair, — her darkest mystery.
His verse blooms like a flower, night and
day;
Bees cluster round his rhymes; and twit-
terings
Of lark and swallow, in an endless May,
Are mingling with the tender songs he
sings.
Nor shall he cease to sing — in every lay
Of Nature's voice he sings — and will
alway.

LOVE'S PRAYER

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care,
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

Louis James Block

THE GARDEN WHERE THERE IS NO WINTER

"Se Dio ti lasci, lettor, prender frutto
Di tua lezione."

Behold the portal: open wide it stands,
And the long reaches shine and still allure
To seek their nobler depths serene, secure,
And watch the waters kiss the yellow
sands
That gentle winds stir with their sweet
commands;
These stately growths from age to age
endure,

These splendid blooms glow in the sunlight pure,
These wondrous works of human hearts and hands.
Over the charmëd space no storm may rest,
The gloomy hours avoid the magic bound,
Homer dwells here, Vergil, and all the blest
Whose perfumed color lights Time's mighty round;
Pluck the fruit freely, reader, and partake,
God wills it — for the enchanted Soul's fair sake.

TUBEROSE

Flower, that I hold in my hand,
Waxen and white and unwoful,
Perfect with your race's lovely perfection,
Pure as the dream of a child just descended from the heavens,
Chaste as the thought of the maid on whose sight first shines the glow of love's planet,
Trustful as a boy who holds the world in hands of power unrelaxing,
Flower, graceful, lovely,
Lo! I give you to the waves that roll across the ocean's expanses.

I watch you like a star on the waters,
I watch you floating away in the distance;
The ocean gives you reception and dwelling,
The ocean with the sweep of its world-encircling currents,
With its storms and winds, —
Mutable home where all is each and each is other.

You show no signs of terror,
You float to the mid-most whirlpool,
You are made one with the unending streams,
The moon and stars are reflected in your changed bosom,
The measureless winds enfold you with love as a garment,
Night and day and time are contained in your embraces,
Clouds emerge from your heart and return,
Life and death are as slender ripples across your central calmness,
Hope and wishing and longing and tumult are over,
Unto the all, your cradle and grave, your father-mother,
You have returned,
O flower transfigured!
O flower having reached your fruition!

FATE

Three steps and I reach the door,
But a whole month rolls between
Since last I stood before
My shut room's simple scene.

I pause at the door and shrink,
My hand is at point to turn,
But I stand and dimly think
Of all I long for and yearn.

My life leaps up to me there,
The past with its every deed,
And I tremble and hardly dare
The open mystery to read.

A year and a day and awhile,
Ay me! there is none escape;
Each thought, each dream, each smile
Will front me in questioning shape.

I open and see what no eyes
Save mine have the power to see:
Dead scenes and dead griefs arise,
Dead follies make mouths at me.

Yea, so: through the dark I peer,
And shudder away from the door;
Voices once heard I hear,
Know faces seen long before.

WORK

Ah, blessedness of work! the aimless mind,
Left to pursue at will its fancies wild,
Returns at length, like some play-wearied child,
Unto its labor's knee, and leaves behind
Its little games, and learns to soothe its blind
Wide longings in the sweet tranquillity

Of limited tasks, whose mild successions wind
In pauseless waves unto the distant sea;
For blank infinity is cold as ice,
And drear the void of space unsown with stars,
And dolorous the barren line of shore;
Therefore it was with lover-like device
This lower world was built, through whose cleft bars
The limitless sun of Truth shines more and more.

Maybury Fleming

TO DEMETER

Thou ever young! Persephone but gazes
Upon thy face, and shows thee back thine own;
And every flock that on thy hillsides grazes,
And every breeze from thy fair rivers blown,
And all the nestlings from thy branches flown,
Are eloquent in thy praises,
Demeter, mother of truth.

Thy seasons of grief, thy winters white with snowing,
More lovely make thy face, adorn thy head,
Add beauty to thy sweet eyes, ever glowing
With love and strength and godhead; and thy tread
Sweetens the earth; and all the gods are dead
But thee, — thee only, strowing
Ever the land with youth.

And all the dead gods are in thee united,
Woman and girl and lover and friend and queen;
And this tame, time-worn world is full requited
For that the Christ has cost us, and the teen
Bred of swift time. And thy kissed palms between —
Thy dear kissed hands — are righted
The heart-knot and the ruth.

WHAT THOUGH THE GREEN LEAF GROW?

What though the green leaf grow?
'T will last a month and day;
In all sweet flowers that blow
Lurks Death, his slave Decay.

But if my lady smile
There is no Death at all;
The world is fair the while, —
What though the red leaf fall?

TO SLEEP

Sweet wooded way in life, forgetful Sleep!
Dim, drowsy realm where restful shadows fall,
And where the world's glare enters not at all,
Or in soft glimmer making rest more deep;
Where sound comes not, or else like brooks that keep
The world's noise out, as by a slumberous wall
Of gentlest murmur; where still whispers call
To smileless gladness those that waking weep;
Beneath the dense veil of thy stirless leaves,
Where no air is except the calm of space,
Vexed souls of men have grateful widowhood
Of tedious sense; there thoughts are bound in sheaves
By viewless hands as silent as the place;
And man, unsinning, finds all nature good.

William Cranston Lawton

SONG, YOUTH, AND SORROW

Lofty against our Western dawn uprises
Achilles:
He among heroes alone singeth or toucheth the lyre.
Few, and dimmed by grief, are the days
that to him are appointed!
Love he shall know but to lose, life but
to cast it away.
Dreaming of peace and a bride, he sees not
the foes at the portal:
Paris, a traitor to love; Phœbus, accorder
of song!

Freely he chose, do ye deem, and clave to
the anguish and glory?
Rather the Fates at his birth chose, yet
he gladly assents.
Is it a warning that death untimely and
bitterest sorrow,
Sorrow in love, and death, follow the
children of song?
Yet will the young man's heart still cling
to the choice of Achilles —
Grief, an untimely doom, fame that
eternal abides.

MY FATHERLAND

The imperial boy had fallen in his pride
Before the gates of golden Babylon.
The host, who deemed that priceless
treasure won,
For many a day since then had wandered
wide,
By famine thinned, by savage hordes defied.
In a deep vale, beneath the setting
sun,
They saw at last a swift black river run,
While shouting spearmen thronged the
farther side.

Then eagerly, with startled, joyous eyes,
Toward the desponding chief a soldier
flew:
"I was a slave in Athens, never knew
My native country; but I understand
The meaning of yon wild barbarian cries,
And I believe this is my fatherland!"
This glimpse have we, no more. Did
parents fond,
Brothers, or kinsmen, hail his late
return?
Or did he, doubly exiled, only yearn
To greet the Euxine's waves at Trebizond,

The blue Ægean, and Pallas' towers
beyond?
Mute is the record. We shall never
learn.
But as once more the well-worn page I
turn,
Forever by reluctant schoolboys conned,

A parable to me the tale appears,
Of blacker waters in a drearier vale.
Ah me! When on that brink we exiles
stand,
As earthly lights and mortal accents fail,
Shall voices long forgotten reach our ears,
To tell us we have found our fatherland?

Katherine Eleanor Conway

THE HEAVIEST CROSS OF ALL

I 've borne full many a sorrow, I 've suffered many a loss —
But now, with a strange, new anguish, I
carry this last dread cross;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever
thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the
heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of
my fair strong youth,
Veiling mine eyes from the blessed light,
and closing my heart to truth.
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my
wildest thought,
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of
the work my hands had wrought!

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I
wandered o'er dewy meadows,

And I hid from the fervid noontide glow
in the cool green woodland shadows;
And I never recked, as I sang aloud in my
wilful, selfish glee,
Of the mighty woe that was drawing nigh
to darken the world for me.

But it came at last, my dearest, — what
need to tell thee how ?
Mayst never know of the wild, wild woe
that my heart is bearing now !
Over my summer's glory crept a damp and
chilling shade,
And I staggered under the heavy cross that
my sinful hands had made.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the
end seems far off yet —
God keep thee safe from the sharing of
this woeful late regret !
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever
thy life befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas !
are the heaviest ones of all.

SATURNINUS

He might have won the highest guerdon
that heaven to earth can give,
For whoso falleth for justice — dying, he
yet shall live.

He might have left us his memory to flame
as a beacon light,
When clouds of the false world's raising
shut the stars of heaven from sight.

He might have left us his name to ring in
our triumph song
When we stand, as we 'll stand at to-mor-
row's dawn, by the grave of a world-
old wrong.

For he gave thee, O mother of valiant
sons, thou fair, and sore oppressed,
The love of his youth and his manhood's
choice — first-fruits of his life, and
best.

Thine were throb of his heart and thought
of his brain and toil of his strong
right hand;
For thee he braved scorn and reviling, and
loss of gold and land,

Threat and lure and false-hearted friend,
and blight of a broken word —
Terrors of night and delay of light —
prison and rack and sword.

For thee he bade death defiance — till the
heavens opened wide,
And his face grew bright with reflex of
light from the face of the Crucified.

And his crown was in sight and his palm
in reach and his glory all but
won,
And then — he failed — God help us ! with
the worst of dying done.

Only to die on the treacherous down by
the hands of the tempters spread —
Nay, nay — make way for the strangers !
we have no right in the dead.

But oh, for the beacon quenched, that we
dreamed would kindle and flame !
And oh, for the standard smirched and
shamed, and the name we dare not
name !

Over the lonesome grave the shadows
gather fast;
Only the mother, like God, forgives, and
comforts her heart with the past.

Irwin Russell

DE FUST BANJO

Go 'way, fiddle ! folks is tired o' hearin'
you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters ! — don't you
heah de banjo talkin' ?
About de 'possum's tail she 's gwine to
lecter — ladies, listen ! —
About de ha'r whut is n't dar, an' why de
ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah,
lookin' solemn —
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read
de ribber column —

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he 's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah *Natchez*.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah did n't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es —
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle —
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon 's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! — it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out — 'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he 'd hired to work de boat — an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'd n't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'd n't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made — de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck — 't wuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I 's a-singin';
De ha'r 's so long an' thick an' strong, — des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig, — 't wuz "Nebber min' de wedder," —
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time — it 's mighty strange — dere 's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em —
Fur whar you finds de nigger — dar 's de banjo an' de 'possum!

Charles Leonard Moore

TO ENGLAND

Now England lessens on my sight;
The bastioned front of Wales,
Discolored and indefinite,
There like a cloud-wreath sails:
A league, and all those thronging hills
Must sink beneath the sea;
But while one touch of Memory thrills,
They yet shall stay with me.

I claim no birthright in yon sod,
Though thence my blood and name;
My sires another region trod,
Fought for another fame;

Yet a son's tear this moment wrongs
  My eager watching eyes,
Land of the lordliest deeds and songs
  Since Greece was great and wise!

Thou hedgerow thing that queenest the Earth,
  What magic hast? — what art?
A thousand years of work and worth
  Are clustered at thy heart:
The ghosts of those that made thee free
  To throng thy hearth are wont;
And as thy richest reliquary
  Thou wearest thy Abbey's front!

Aye, ere my distance is complete
  I see thy heroes come
And crowd yon shadowy mountain seat,
  Still guardians of their home;
Thy Drake, thy Nelson, and thy Bruce
  Glow out o'er dusky tides;
The rival Roses blend in truce,
  And King with Roundhead rides.

And with these phantoms born to last,
  A storm of music breaks;
And bards, pavilioned in the past, —
  Each from his tomb awakes!
The ring and glitter of thy swords,
  Thy lovers' bloom and breath,
By them transmuted into words,
  Redeem the world from death.

My path is West! My heart before
  Bounds o'er the dancing wave;
Yet something 's left I must deplore —
  A magic wild and grave:
Though Honor live and Romance dwell
  By mine own streams and woods,
Yet not in spire and keep so well
  Are built such lofty moods.

England, perchance our love were more
  If we were matched and met
In battle squadron on the shore,
  Or here on ocean set:
How were all other banners furled
  If that great duel rose!
For we alone in all the world
  Are worthy to be foes.

If we should fail or you should fly,
  'T were but a twinned disgrace,
For both are bound to bear on high
  The laurels of one race: —
No fear! new blooms shall bud above
  Upon the ancient wreath,
For both can gentle be to Love,
  And insolent to Death.

Land of the lion-hearted brood,
  I breathe a last adieu;
To Her who reigns across the flood
  My loyalty is true:
But with my service to her o'er,
  Thou, England, ownest the rest,
For I must worship and adore
  Whate'er is brave and best.

FROM THE "BOOK OF DAY-DREAMS"

SOUL UNTO SOUL GLOOMS DARKLING

Disguise upon disguise, and then disguise,
Equivocations at the rose's heart,
Life's surest pay a poet's forgeries,
The gossamer gold coinage of our art.
Why hope for truth? Thy very being slips,
Lost from thee, in thy crowd of masking moods.
Why hope for love? Between quick-kissing lips
Is room and stage for all hate's interludes.
One with thy love thou art! — her eyes, her hair
Known to thy soul, a pure estate of bliss;
But some least motion, look, or changëd air,
And nadir unto zenith nearer is:
Thou mayst control her limbs, but not begin
To know what planet rules the tides within.

DISENCHANTMENT

The mighty soul that is ambition's mate,
Tied to the shiftings of a certain star,
Forgets the circle of its mortal state
And what its planetary aspects are,
Till, in conjunctive course and wandering,
Out of its trance and treasure-dream of hope
It wakens, poor illusionary thing,
Wingless, without desire, or deed, or scope.
So have I with imaginations played
Till I have lost life's sure and single good,
Forgotten friendships, broken vows, and made
My heart a highway for ingratitude,

And, driven to the desert of the sky,
Fear now no thing but immortality.

OR EVER THE EARTH WAS

THAT which shall last for aye can have no birth.
Thou art immortal! therefore thou hast been
A voyage to which the journey of the earth
Is but the shifting of some tawdry scene.
Thou wert not absent when the camp began
Of the great captains of the middle air, —
Sirius and Vega and Aldebaran, —
Myriads, and but the marshals numbered there;
Ay, earlier yet in the God-purposed void,
The dream and desert of oblivion,
Thou livedst, — a thought of one to be employed
Ere yet Time's garments thou didst take and don:
Guest that no footprint on my threshold leaves, —
Speak, O dim traveller, speak: thy host believes!

THOU LIVEST, O SOUL!

THOU livest, O soul! be sure, though earth be flames,
Though lost be all the paths the planets trod,
Thou hast not aught to do with signs and names,
With Life's false art or Time's brief period.
Thy being wast ere yet the heavens were not,
Gently thy breath the waves of ether stirred,
And often hast thou feared and oft forgot,
Yet knew thyself when rang the parent Word.
Long hast thou played at change through chain on chain
Of beings, drooping now in strange descent,
Now adding bloom to bloom and beauty's gain,
Through subtle growths of glory evident.
O earnest play, thyself apart oft smilest,
One still at heart, that so thyself beguilest.

THEN SHALL WE SEE

THEN shall we see and know the group divine,
The sure immortals of the world's vague throng,
Ceaseless continuers of the purple line,
The equal-sceptred kings of Deed and Song:
From sire to sire to Orpheus and beyond,
Thrilled with the blood of Hector do they come,
Blazoned on eyes believing, eyes too fond
To fail to follow them unto their home.
Hark! their thin tread outechoes the vast hosts
That shake the valleys of the globe beneath;
Their smile is fire; their eyes (O, subtle ghosts!)
Have waked in me the passion of the Wreath
Without whose round not heaven itself is bliss,
Nor immortality immortal is.

Edith Matilda Thomas[1]

THE BETRAYAL OF THE ROSE

A WHITE rose had a sorrow —
And a strange sorrow!
For her sisters they had none,
As they all sat around her
Each on her feudal throne.
A strange sorrow
For one with no to-morrow,
No yesterday, to call her own,
But only to-day.

A white rose had a sorrow —
And a sweet sorrow!
She had locked it in her breast
Save that one outer petal,
Less guarded than the rest
(Oh, fond sorrow!),

[1] See, also, p. 588.

From the red rose did borrow
Blushes, and the truth confessed
In the red rose's way!

THE TEARS OF THE POPLARS

Hath not the dark stream closed above thy head,
With envy of thy light, thou shining one?
Hast thou not, murmuring, made thy dreamless bed
Where blooms the asphodel, far from all sun?
But thou — thou dost obtain oblivious ease,
While here we rock and moan — thy funeral trees.

Have we not flung our tresses on the stream?
Hath not thy friend, the snowy cygnet, grieved,
And ofttimes watched for thy returning beam,
With arched neck — and ofttimes been deceived?
A thousand years, and yet a thousand more,
Hast thou been mourned upon this reedy shore.

How long, how long since, all the summer day,
Earth heard the heavens sound from pole to pole,
While legion clouds stood forth in bright array;
Yet no rain followed on the thunder's roll!
Beneath that glittering legion shrank the seas,
And fire unseen was borne upon the breeze.

The ground was smouldering fire beneath our tread,
The forest dropped the leaf, and failed all grass.
The souls of stricken men their bodies fled,
And, sighing, flocked the wind. — We heard them pass!
The priest, that scanned the portent of the skies,
Fell reeling back, with pierced and shrivelled eyes.

But ah, he saw not what our sight discerned —
The flying chariot-wheel, with fervid tire —
The steeds that unaccustomed guidance spurned
With fateful hoof and breath that scattered fire —
He saw not thee and thine unmeasured fall,
And Jove, unheeding, in his cloudy hall!

Dragged headlong by those swift immortal horse,
Up to our sire went thy vain cry for aid;
Neither he cast a bound, to check their course,
Nor on the golden rein a hand he laid.
Brother beloved, what foe could so deceive,
Bidding thee dare what scarcely gods achieve?

Alas! that we remember — and forget!
For, if we sometimes gain a brief repose,
Soon are we roused, by sudden fear beset;
Then, through our silver boughs a shudder goes,
Our heads we lift, we search the azure gloom,
As though thou still wert falling to thy doom!

Upon the earth no loves were ever ours;
Man greets us from afar, but comes not near,
Nor even round our dark unwindowed towers
Throng the light birds — so much our grief they fear!
We sigh — we tremble — 't is not to the breeze —
Brother beloved, we are thy funeral trees!

THE QUIET PILGRIM

ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15

When on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud.
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed;
Afar from me be moan and tears, —
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandaled feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storëd bitterness I spill;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears, —
For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied:
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers, —
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathëd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years!

MOTHER ENGLAND

I

THERE was a rover from a western shore,
England! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,
Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.
I, for a moment, dreamed that, long before,
I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown
Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown
Thou from the tilting-field of nations bore.
Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first;
But when in fields I saw the tender flame
Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,
Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was nursed;
Then mother — Mother England! — home I came,
Like one who hath been all too long away!

II

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,
A thought awoke and restless stirred in me:
"My land and congeners are beyond the sea,
Theirs is the morning and the evening day.
Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say:
'Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,
As well befits who have descent from thee,
And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.
Children of thine, but grown to strong estate;
Nor scorn from thee would they be slow to pay,
Nor check from thee submissly would they bear;
Yet, Mother England! yet their hearts are great,
And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,
At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare!'"

BREATH OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH

THE wind of Hampstead Heath still burns my cheek
As, home returned, I muse, and see arise
Those rounded hills beneath the low, gray skies,
With gleams of haze-lapped cities far to seek.
These can I picture, but how fitly speak
Of what might not be seen with searching eyes,
And all beyond the listening ear that lies,
Best known to bards and seers in times antique?
The winds that of the spirit rise and blow
Kindle my thought, and shall for many a day,
Recalling what blithe presence filled the place
Of one who oftentimes passed up that way,
By garden close and lane where boughs bend low,
Until the breath of Hampstead touched his face.

THEFTS OF THE MORNING

Bind us the Morning, mother of the stars
And of the winds that usher in the day!
Ere her light fingers slide the eastern bars,
A netted snare before her footsteps lay;
Ere the pale roses of the mist be strown,
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

With her have passed all things we held most dear,
Most subtly guarded from her amorous stealth;
We nothing gathered, toiling year by year,
But she hath claimed it for increase of wealth;
Our gems make bright her crown, incrust her throne:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Where are they gone, who round our myrtles played,
Or bent the vines' rich fruitage to our hands,
Or breathed deep song from out the laurels' shade?
She drew them to her, — who can slack the bands?
What lure she used, what toils, was never known:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Enough that for her sake Orion died,
Slain by the silver Archer of the sky, —
That Ilion's prince amid her splendors wide
Lies chained by age, nor wins his prayer to die;
Enough! but hark! Our captive loves make moan:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

We have beheld them whom we lost of old,
Among her choiring Hours, in sorrow bowed.
A moment gleam their faces, faint and cold,
Through some high oriel window wreathed with cloud,
Or on the wind before her they are blown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

They do her service at the noiseless looms
That weave the misty vesture of the hills;
Their tears are drink to thirsting grass and blooms,
Their breath the darkling wood-bird wakes and thrills;
Us too they seek, but far adrift are thrown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

Yea, cry her *Thief!* from where the light doth break
To where it merges in the western deep!
If aught of ours she, startled, should forsake,
Such waifs the waiting Night for us will keep.
But stay not; still pursue her, falsely flown:
Bind us the Morning, and restore our own!

FROST

How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart!
How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,
Until it blazes like a costly pyre
Built for some Ganges emperor, old and swart,
Soul-sped on clouds of incense! Whose the art
That webs the streams, each morn, with silver wire,
Delicate as the tension of a lyre, —
Whose falchion pries the chestnut-burr apart?
It is the Frost, a rude and Gothic sprite,
Who doth unbuild the Summer's palaced wealth,
And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;
Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night
The spoiler builds again with jealous stealth,
And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.

QUATRAINS

THE SOUL IN THE BODY

What if the Soul her real life elsewhere holds,
Her faint reflex Time's darkling stream enfolds,
And thou and I, though seeming dwellers here,
Live somewhere yonder in the starlit sphere?

INSOMNIA

A HOUSE of sleepers — I, alone unblest,
Am yet awake and empty vigil keep.
When these, who spend life's day with me, find rest,
Oh, let me not be last to fall asleep!

TO IMAGINATION

ONE day thou didst desert me — then I learned
How looks the world to men that lack thy grace,
And toward the shadowy night sick-hearted turned, —
When, lo! the first star brought me back thy face!

A FAR CRY TO HEAVEN

WHAT! dost thou pray that the outgone tide be rolled back on the strand,
The flame be rekindled that mounted away from the smouldering brand,
The past-summer harvest flow golden through stubble-lands naked and sere,
The winter-gray woods upgather and quicken the leaves of last year? —
Thy prayers are as clouds in a drouth; regardless, unfruitful, they roll;
For this, that thou prayest vain things, 't is a far cry to Heaven, my soul, —
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow-like into the air,
The wound in the breast where it lodged be balmed and closed for thy prayer,
The ear of the dead be unsealed, till thou whisper a boon once denied,
The white hour of life be restored, that passed thee unprized, undescribed! —
Thy prayers are as runners that faint, that fail, within sight of the goal,
For this, that thou prayest fond things, 't is a far cry to Heaven, my soul, —
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

And cravest thou fondly the quivering sands shall be firm to thy feet,
The brackish pool of the waste to thy lips be made wholesome and sweet?
And cravest thou subtly the bane thou desirest be wrought to thy good,
As forth from a poisonous flower a bee conveyeth safe food?
For this, that thou prayest ill things, thy prayers are an anger-rent scroll;
The chamber of audit is closed, — 't is a far cry to Heaven, my soul, —
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

THE MOTHER WHO DIED TOO

SHE was so little — little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold —
She was so little! therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form enfold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came —
She was so little — I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name.

WINTER SLEEP

I KNOW it must be winter (though I sleep) —
I know it must be winter, for I dream
I dip my bare feet in the running stream,
And flowers are many, and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!) —
I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green,
When late rains patter on the falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err) —
I know I must be tired, for all my soul
To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint roll,
As storms the riven pine to music stir.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near) —
I know I must be dying, for I crave
Life — life, strong life, and think not of the grave,
And turf-bound silence, in the frosty year.

FROM "THE INVERTED TORCH"

WHEN IN THE FIRST GREAT HOUR

When in the first great hour of sleep supreme
I saw my Dearest fair and tranquil lie,
Swift ran through all my soul this wonder-cry:
"How hast thou met and vanquished hate extreme!"
For by thy faint white smiling thou didst seem,
Sweet Magnanimity! to half defy,
Half pity, those ill things thou hadst put by,
That are the haunters of our life's dim dream.
Pain, error, grief, and fear — poor shadows all —
I, to thy triumph caught, saw fail and fade.
. . . . . .
Yet as some muser, when the embers fall,
The low lamp flickers out, starts up dismayed,
So I awoke, to find me still Time's thrall,
Time's sport, — nor by thy warm, safe presence stayed.

TELL ME

Tell me, is there sovereign cure
For heart-ache, heart-ache, —
Cordial quick and potion sure,
For heart-ache, heart-ache?

Fret thou not. If all else fail
For heart-ache, heart-ache,
One thing surely will avail, —
That 's heart-break, heart-break!

IF STILL THEY LIVE

If still they live, whom touch nor sight
Nor any subtlest sense can prove,
Though dwelling past our day and night,
At farthest star's remove, —

Oh, not because these skies they change
For upper deeps of sky unknown,
Shall that which made them ours grow strange,
For spirit holds its own;

Whether it pace this earth around,
Or cross, with printless, buoyant feet,
The unreverberant Profound
That hath no name nor mete!

WILL IT BE SO?

Oft have I wakened ere the spring of day,
And, from my window looking forth, have found
All dim and strange the long-familiar ground.
But soon I saw the mist glide slow away,
And leave the hills in wonted green array,
While from the stream-sides and the fields around
Rose many a pensive day-entreating sound,
And the deep-breasted woodlands seemed to pray.
Will it be even so when first we wake
Beyond the Night in which are merged all nights, —
The soul sleep-heavy and forlorn will ache,
Deeming herself midst alien sounds and sights?
Then will the gradual Day with comfort break
Along the old deeps of being, the old heights?

Samuel Minturn Peck

SASSAFRAS

Fringing cypress forests dim
Where the owl makes weird abode,
Bending down with spicy limb
O'er the old plantation road,
Through the swamp and up the hill,
Where the dappled byways run,
Round the gin-house, by the mill,
Floats its incense to the sun.

Swift to catch the voice of spring,
Soon its tasselled blooms appear;
Modest is their blossoming,
Breathing balm and waving cheer;
Rare the greeting that they send
To the fragrant wildwood blooms,
Bidding every blossom blend
In a chorus of perfumes.

On it leans the blackberry vine,
With white sprays caressingly;
Round its knees the wild peas twine,
Beckoning to the yellow bee;
Through its boughs the red-bird flits
Like a living flake of fire,
And with love-enlightened wits
Weaves his nest and tunes his lyre.

Oh, where skies are summer-kissed,
And the drowsy days are long,
'Neath the sassafras to list
To the field-hand's mellow song!
Or, more sweet than chimes that hang
In some old cathedral dome,
Catch the distant klingle-klang
Of the cow-bells tinkling home!

A SOUTHERN GIRL

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She 's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat,—
She is vain about her feet,
It is said.
She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night,
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair —
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'T is a matter of regret,
She 's a bit of a coquette,
Whom I sing:
On her cruel path she goes
With a half a dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly,
Dew-empearled;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER

The dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly;
But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom?
It is the cannon's thunder —
It is the voice of doom!

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high;
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying Mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass?

MY LITTLE GIRL

My little girl is nested
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half-hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen.

O, Angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper,
Who has my love and prayers!

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

Pray for the dead — who bids thee not?
Do all our human loves grow pale,
Or are the old needs all forgot
When men have passed within the veil?

Shall prayer's strong pleadings pierce the skies
For those we still keep with us here,
And not a single wish arise
For loved ones in a happier sphere?

Have they no conquests yet to win,
No rugged heights of truth to climb;
Does no strange syllable of sin
Mar the soft cadence of their rhyme;

Or has God snapped the strong, sweet ties
He took such loving pains to weld,
And said, "Henceforth their memories
In prayerless silence must be held"?

Pray for the dead: the links that bound
Thy soul to theirs were forged on high;
Borne upward, they have surely found
The chain still fastened in the sky.

And who of us so wise to say
That they have lost the need of prayer!
Heaven's gates are not so far away
That earth goes unremembered there.

Pray for the dead, nor dare repress
Thy longings at the throne of grace;
Our dead ones are more dear, not less,
In the pure presence of God's face.

And strength and faith are needed, there
As here, inspired life to win —
Nor see alone the gateways fair
Of Heaven's great life, but enter in.

Love well and pray for all thy dead:
God gives thee such sweet liberty,
He means where'er their souls are sped,
That they shall be in touch with thee.

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS

(IN AN ARTIFICIAL POND)

Proud, languid lily of the sacred Nile,
'T is strange to see thee on our Western wave,
Far from those sandy shores, that mile on mile,
Papyrus-plumed, stretch silent as the grave.

O'er dark, mysterious pool and sheltered bay,
And round deep dreaming isles thy leaves expand,
Where Alexandrian barges plough their way,
Full-freighted, to the ancient Theban land.

On Karnak's lofty columns thou wert seen,
And spacious Luxor's temple-palace walls,
Each royal Pharaoh's emeralded queen
Chose thee to deck her glittering banquet halls;

Yet thou art blossoming on this fairy lake
As regally, amidst these common things,
As on the shores where Nile's soft ripples break,
As in the halls of old Egyptian kings.

Thy grace charms, day by day, men's curious eyes,
But he whose outer senses thought has probed,
Looking at thee, sees stately temples rise
About him, and long lines of priests, white-robed,

That chant strange music as they slowly pace
Dim columned aisles; hears, trembling overhead,
Echoes that lose themselves in that vast space,
Of Egypt's solemn ritual for the dead.

Ay, deeper thoughts than these, though undefined,
Wake in the quickened soul at sight of thee,
For this majestic orient faith enshrined
Man's yearning hope of immortality.

And thou wert Egypt's symbol of the power
That under all decaying form lies hid;
The old world worshipped thee, O Lotus flower,
Then carved its sphinx and reared its pyramid.

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

I

LITTLE WILD BABY[1]

THROUGH the fierce fever I nursed him, and then he said
I was the woman — I !— that he would wed;
He sent a boat with men for his own white priest,
And he gave my father horses, and made a feast.
I am his wife: if he has forgotten me,
I will not live for scorning eyes to see.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

Three moons ago — it was but three moons ago —
He took his gun, and started across the snow;
For the river was frozen, the river that still goes down
Every day, as I watch it, to find the town;
The town whose name I caught from his sleeping lips,
A place of many people and many ships.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

I to that town am going, to search the place,
With his little white son in my arms, till I see his face.
Only once shall I need to look in his eyes,
To see if his soul, as I knew it, lives or dies.
If it lives, we live, and if it is dead, we die,
And the soul of my baby will never ask me why.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.)

I have asked about the river: one answered me,
That after the town it goes to find the sea;
That great waves, able to break the stoutest bark,
Are there, and the sea is very deep and dark.
If he is happy without me, so best, so best;
I will take his baby, and go away to my rest.
(*Little wild baby, that knowest not where thou art going,*
Lie still ! lie still ! Thy mother will do the rowing.
The river flows swiftly, the sea is dark and deep ;
Little wild baby, lie still ! Lie still and sleep.)

MARGARET THOMSON JANVIER
(" Margaret Vandegrift ")

VIVÉROLS

BEYOND the sea, I know not where,
There is a town called Vivérols ;
I know not if 'tis near or far,
I know not what its features are,
I only know 'tis Vivérols.

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 803.

I know not if its ancient walls
By vine and moss be overgrown;
I know not if the night-owl calls
From feudal battlements of stone,
Inhabited by him alone.

I know not if mid meadow-lands
Knee-deep in corn stands Vivérols;
I know not if prosperity
Has robbed its life of poesy;
That could not be in Vivérols,
They would not call it Vivérols.

Perchance upon its terraced heights
The grapes grow purple in the sun;
Or down its wild untrodden crags,
Its broken cliffs and frost-bit jags,
The mountain brooks unfettered run.

I cannot fancy Vivérols
A place of gaudy pomp and show,
A "Grand Etablissement des Eaux,"
Where to restore their withered lives
The roués of the city go.

Nor yet a place where Poverty
No ray of happiness lets in;
Where wanders hopeless beggary
Mid scenes of sorrow, want, and sin.
That could not be in Vivérols;
There 's life and cheer in Vivérols !

Perchance among the clouds it lies,
Mid vapors out from Dreamland blown;
Built up from vague remembrances,
That never yet had form in stone, —
Its castles built of cloud alone.

I only know, should thou and I
Through its old walls of crumbling stone
Together wander all alone,
No spot on earth could be more fair
Than ivy-covered Vivérols !
No grass be greener anywhere,
No bluer sky nor softer air
Than we should find in Vivérols.

Love, we may wander far or near,
The sun shines bright o'er Vivérols;
Green is the grass, the skies are clear;
No clouds obscure our pathway, dear;
Where love is, there is Vivérols, —
There is no other Vivérols.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

HE 'D NOTHING BUT HIS VIOLIN

He 'd nothing but his violin,
I 'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win,
When early Spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dew-berries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play;
The rare old songs, the dear old tunes, —
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love-song.

MARY KYLE DALLAS

WHAT MY LOVER SAID

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said —
(*How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head*
To listen to all that my lover said, —
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it !)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said —
(*How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,*
To listen to all that my lover said, —
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me !)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;

And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said —
(*How the pure sweet wind grew still, instead,*
To listen to all that my lover said, —
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said —
(*How the stars crept out where the white moon led,*
To listen to all that my lover said, —
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

HOMER GREENE

UNLESS

O TOUCH me not, unless thy soul
Can claim my soul as thine;
Give me no earthly flowers that fade,
No love, but love divine:
For I gave thee immortal flowers,
That bloomed serene in heavenly bowers.

Look not with favor on my face,
Nor answer my caress,
Unless my soul have first found grace
Within thy sight; express
Only the truth, though it should be
Cold as the ice on northern sea.

O never speak of love to me,
Unless thy heart can feel
That in the face of Deity
Thou wouldst that love reveal:
For God is love, and His bright law
Should find our hearts without one flaw.

ELLA DIETZ GLYNES

WINTER TWILIGHT

SOFT-SANDALLED twilight, handmaid of the night,
Before her noble lady's radiant face
Doth slowly come, with gentle, quiet pace,
And draweth rose and azure curtains light
Around the snowy couch, so pure, so white,
Whereon her mistress soon will rest. With grace
Celestial she doth cover every trace
Of toil, and daily soil doth hide from sight.
So would I that before thy face my love
Might gently move, and ever from above
Such tender beauty draw about thy way
That when thou liest down to nightly rest
Earth-thoughts should fade, and there should only stay
The peace of heaven within thy tranquil breast.

GEORGE TRACY ELLIOT

II

UNDER THE RED CROSS

SHE came and went as comes and goes
A fragrance in the morning air,
Where lay the shadowy shapes of those
Who died in her sweet care.

Some doubted, when her face had flown,
Whether it was or only seemed, —
Whether one saw what he had known
Or something he had dreamed.

And near a trampled field at night
Wan eyes, still following her afar,
Saw round that head a saintlier light
Than came from moon or star.

The wreck, the roar, the murk, the glare
Were nought to her; she simply knew
God's broken images were there
Where healing hands were few.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX

A CHILD'S QUESTION

"WHAT is it to be dead?" O Life,
Close-held within my own,
What foul breath in the air is rife?
What voice malign, unknown,
Hath dared this whisper faint and dread,
"What is — what is it to be dead?"

Who told you that the song-bird died?
They had no right to say
This to my child — I know we cried
When Robin "went away;"
But this strange thing we never said,
That what we loved so could be dead.

Give me your hands, my only boy!
Health throbs in every vein;
Thou hast not dreamed of earth's alloy,
Nor stepped where guilt has lain;
O sweet young life! O baby breath!
What hast thou now to do with death?

I even framed for thy dear sake
Anew the childish prayer,
Lest, "If I die before I wake,"
Should rouse a thought or care.
Mother of Christ, was this a sin —
To watch where death might enter in?

Too late! The Angel of the Flame
Relentless cries: "Go hence!"
I think of Eden's sin and shame;
I gaze — on innocence!
And still the curse? Must I arise
And lead my own from Paradise!

I see the wide, the awful world
Loom up beyond the gate;
I see his pure soul tossed and whirled —
My child! I pray thee wait!
Ask me not what the Angel saith;
My soul this day hath tasted death!

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

THE MYSTERY

YOU gave me roses, love, last night,
When the sea was blue and the skies were bright;
And the earth was aglow with a golden light
When you gave me roses, love, last night.

Lilies I lay by your side to-day,
And your face — it is colder and whiter than they;
And I linger and listen and wonder and pray,
As I bring you lilies to-day.

LILIAN WHITING

THOMAS À KEMPIS

(DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI)

TURN with me from the city's clamorous street,
Where throng and push passions and lusts and hate,
And enter, through this age-browned, ivied gate,
For many summers' birds a sure retreat,
The place of perfect peace. And here, most meet
For meditation, where no idle prate
Of the world's ways may come, rest thee and wait.
'T is very quiet. Thus doth still Heaven entreat.
With reverent feet, his face so worn, so fair,
Walks one who bears the cross, who waits the crown.
Tumult is past. In those calm eyes I see
The image of the Master, Christ, alone,
And from those patient lips I hear one prayer:
"Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be like thee!"

RICHARD ROGERS BOWKER

KELPIUS'S HYMN

O GOD, thy moon is on the hills,
Thy stars are in the sky,
Thy Spirit this mortal vessel fills,
I feel the end is nigh;

Swift meteors flame across the north,
The golden planets wheel and sink,
Soon steps thy trumpet-angel forth
From Heaven's eternal brink;
Then peace illumes these warlike ways,
Christ's joyful chiliad has its birth,
A round of Eden's perfect days,
Thy kingdom comes upon the earth!

My eyes are dim, my hands are weak,
My soul is scarred with sin,
But day and night thy Word I seek,
That I a crown may win.
Cleanse thou and make my spirit pure
As are the spirits of thy saints;
Like them in bliss would I endure
When earthly body faints.
Far up on Heaven's resplendent height
I hear the circling cherubs sing,
As downward to this world of night
The New Jerusalem they bring!

ARTHUR PETERSON

III

TWO ARGOSIES[1]

(ANTONIO'S AND SHAKESPEARE'S)

"THE ducats take! I'll sign the bond to-day:
No storm can wreck Antonio's white-winged fleet;
My stately ships secure ride every bay
From Tripolis to Indies' golden seat.
The ducats take, Bassanio, go thy way;
Thy Portia win, and bid me to the feast;
Ten thousand men Antonio's nod obey,
And of ten thousand Shylock is the least.
I'll sign the bond, thy words cannot avail,
No chance can reach the wealth I share with thee:
I stand secure, let cruel fortune rail
Till Venice sleeps beneath bright Adria's sea."
Fate heard the boast — a thousand vessels lay
'Mid rocks and sands to waves an idle prey.

The dramas take! That bond at least is sure;
Twelve thousand words more dear than ducats are
Outride the storms of ages and endure,
Safe anchored here within the shifting bar
Of changing speech. Eternal now his tongue,
By right divine, sways all the world with grace:
Great bond of all — the words sweet Shakespeare sung;
His commerce brings the nations face to face.
His dramas take! Their wealth shall still survive;
His argosies care not for time or fate;
All else may pass, and crowding centuries strive,
That bond alone is not determinate.
In him proud Albion lives entire and hale,
Her titled language crowned in high entail.

WALLACE BRUCE

[1] Copyright, 1894, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT FREDERICKSBURG[2]

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year has it seen
Since its tenant mouldered away.
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all: —
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
I wandered all alone,
Thinking sadly on empty fame,
How the great dead are but a name, —
To few are they really known.
Then upon this battered stone
My listless eye did fall,
Where lay the bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

[2] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 807.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
It seemed as though the air
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
Flitting along before my eye,
So sad, so sweet, so fair;
Hovering about this stone,
By some strange spirit's call,
Where lay a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
Juliet seemed to love,
Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
Gleamed through the skies above,
As here, beneath this stone,
Lay in his narrow hall
He who before had borne the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg;
Still did the tall grass wave,
With a strange and beautiful grace,
Over the sad and lonely place,
Where hidden lay the grave;
And still did the quaint old stone
Tell its wonderful tale to all: —
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

FREDERICK WADSWORTH LORING

IV

THE AZTEC CITY

THERE is a clouded city, gone to rest
Beyond the crest
Where cordilleras mar the mystic west.

There suns unheeded rise and re-arise;
And in the skies
The harvest moon unnoticed lives and dies.

And yet this clouded city has no night —
Volcanic light
Compels eternal noontide, redly bright.

A thousand wells, whence cooling waters came,
No more the same,
Now send aloft a thousand jets of flame.

This clouded city is enchanting fair,
For rich and rare
From sculptured frieze the gilded griffins stare.

With level look — with loving, hopeful face,
Fixed upon space,
Stand caryatides of unknown race,

And colonnades of dark green serpentine,
Of strange design,
Carved on whose shafts queer alphabets combine.

And there are lofty temples, rich and great,
And at the gate,
Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

And from triumphant arches, looking down
Upon the town,
In porphyry, sad, unknown statesmen frown.

And there are palace homes, and stately walls,
And open halls
Where fountains are, with voiceless waterfalls.

The ruddy fire incessantly illumes
Temples and tombs,
And in its blaze the stone-wrought cactus blooms.

From clouds congealed the mercury distils,
And, forming rills,
Adown the streets in double streamlet trills.

As rains from clouds, that summer skies eclipse,
From turret-tips
And spire and porch the mobile metal drips.

No one that visited this fiery hive
Ever alive
Came out but me — I, I alone, survive.

EUGENE FITCH WARE
("Ironquill")

WERE-WOLF

RUNS the wind along the waste,
Run the clouds across the moon,
Ghastly shadows run in haste
From snowy dune to dune —
Blue shadows o'er the ghastly white
Spectral gleaming in the night.
But ghastlier, more spectral still,
What fearful thing speeds hither,
Running, running, running
Swifter than cloud or wind?
What omen of nameless ill,
Whence coming, speeding whither,
Running, running, running,
Leaves all save fear behind?

Leaning, leaning in the race,
Breath keen-drawn through nostrils tense,
Fell eyes in ruthless face,
What goblin of malevolence
Runs through the frozen night
In superhuman flight?
See it run, run, run,
Outstripping the shadows that fly!
Hear the fiend's heart beat, beat,
Beat, beat, beat in its breast!
Running, running, running on
Under the frozen sky,
Fleet, so fearfully fleet,
Pausing never to rest.

Clutched — what is clutched so tight
In its lean, cold hands as it speeds?
Something soft, something white,
Something human, that bleeds?
Is it an infant's curly head,
And innocent limbs, gnawed and red?
Fleeter and yet more fleet
It leans, leans and runs;
Dabbled with blood are its awful lips,
Grinning in horrible glee.
The wolves that follow with scurrying feet,
Sniffing that goblin scent, at once
Scatter in terror, while it slips
Away, to the shore of the frozen sea.

Away! is it man? is it woman,
On such dread meat to feed?
Away! is it beast? is it human?
Or is it a fiend indeed?
Fiend from human loins begotten,
Hell-inspired, God-forgotten!
Now the midnight hour draws on:
Human form no fiend may keep
Or ever that mystic hour is told.
Lower, lower, lower it bends.
Midnight is come — is come and gone!
Down on all fours see it plunge and leap!
A human yell in a wolf's howl ends! . . .
What gaunt, gray thing gallops on o'er
the world?

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

V

THE GOLDEN AGE

THIS world was not
As it now is seen:
It once was clothed
With a deeper green;
And rarer gems
Than the ice-caves hold
The sea brought up
On the sands of gold.

But rust of ages,
The breath of Time,
The meadows covered
With early rime;
And the wild grass faded,
The gems were gone,
And the wave fell cold
As it thundered on.

In bygone ages
The world was fair,
And the moon-god played
With her golden hair;
And the paling stars
With love-white arms
Bent down to welcome
A sister's charms.

The air lay sweet
With the breath of pines;
The hill-tops glowed
With their wealth of mines;
And sweet, and low,
And rich, and free,
The wild, dark music
Stole over the sea.

And the sea-waves laughed
At the saffron moon;
And the musk-rose smiled
With her soul of June;
And the golden age
Of Nature's years
No warning heard
Of her coming tears.

But the hand of man
Was the sword of death:
A poison lurked
In his savage breath,
And the wealth of years
And the glow of years
Were drowned in a flood
Of swelling tears.

The world was fair
In the days of yore;
But that golden age
Shall come no more.
The sun may shine,
And wild flowers bloom;
But the goal of all
Is the open tomb, —

The end of all
Is the silent grave;
And beauty lies
In the cold still wave.
And the world shall harden
The hearts of men
Till it hear the voice
Of its Christ again.

ERNEST FRANCISCO FENOLLOSA

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

A REPLY

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way: she better understands her own affairs than we. — MONTAIGNE.

NATURE reads not our labels, "great" and "small";
Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;
All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"
On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned
Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low.
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions, — "This one, shall he stay?"
She answers "Yea," or "Nay,"

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings;" and he bides on,
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace,
So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest:
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarlëd arm and limb,
The Mother moulded him, —

Long wrought, and moulded him with mother's care,
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,
She makes the field his skies.

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit
And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY[1]

VI

"GOSSAMER WEFT"

WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN

WHENEVER a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,
Somewhere, somewhere.

One more rosebud shy will unfold,
One more grass-blade push through the mold,
One more bird-song the air will hold,
Somewhere, somewhere.

AGNES CARTER MASON

MORNING

WILL there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I've never heard?
Oh some scholar, oh some sailor,
Oh some wise man from the skies,
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies.

EMILY DICKINSON[2]

SNOWFLAKES

WHENEVER a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-by!
Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says — "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts — "How warm and soft the day!
'T is summer!" — and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE[3]

WHY IT WAS COLD IN MAY

THE Year had all the Days in charge,
And promised them that they
Should each one see the World in turn,
But ten Days ran away!
Ten Days that should have gone abroad
Sometime in early May —
So, when May came, and all was fair,
These Days were sent to bed,
And ten *good* Winter Days were sent,
To see the World instead!

HENRIETTA ROBINS ELIOT

THISTLE-DOWN

NEVER a beak has my white bird,
Nor throat for song;
But wings of silk by soft wind stirred
Bear it along.

With wings of silk and a heart of seed,
Over field and town
It sails,— ah! quaint little bird indeed
Is the thistle-down.

CLARA DOTY BATES

[1] See p. 515; also, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 785.

[2] See, also, p. 320.

[3] See, also, p. 392.

A LITTLE BOY'S VAIN REGRET

He was six years old, just six that day,
And I saw he had something important to say
As he held in his hand a broken toy.
He looked in my face for an instant, and then
He said, with a sigh, and a downcast eye,
"If I could live my life over again,
I think I could be a better boy!"

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS[1]

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I could n't remember six times nine, and I did n't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you 'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 't was a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I had n't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and — sakes alive! — I answered, "*Mary Ann!*"

ANNA M. PRATT

EARLY NEWS

The sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on, with sweet remark,
To thrush, and bobolink, and lark,
The news that dawn had come again.

ANNA M. PRATT

A MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS[2]

ONLY ONE

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

GEORGE COOPER

LULLABY

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland,
Down to the under-land,
Go, now go!
Down into wonderland go.

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover,
(Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!)
Rockaby, lullaby — bending it over!
Down on the mother-world,
Down on the other world,
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep.

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover,
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world,
Into the lily world,
Gone! now gone!
Into the lily world gone.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND[3]

[1] See, also, p. 571. [2] See, also, p. 468. [3] See, also, p. 233.

VII

IMPROMPTUS

WRITTEN IN THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS

Of heavenly stature, but most human smile,
Gyved with our faults he stands,
Truth's white and Love's red roses tendering us,
Whose thorns are in his hands.

THE NEW ARRIVAL

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked — and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room —
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She 's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned in hope and love —
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er the water;
She 's too new for the British Lloyds —
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells — and tame ones too;
Ring out the lover's moon.
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water.
Away with paper, pen, and ink —
My daughter! O, my daughter!

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS

"Love your neighbor as yourself," —
So the parson preaches:
That 's one half the Decalogue, —
So the prayer-book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labor,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that,
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though, might be
Something of a trial.
Why, the rosy light, that peeps
Through the glass above her,
Lingers round her lips, — you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more,
I 'll go beyond the letter: —
Love my neighbor as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For she 's sweeter than the breath
Of the Spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow-grasses.

And I 've preached the word I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS BAKER

AN AMERICAN GIRL

She 's had a Vassar education,
And points with pride to her degrees;
She 's studied household decoration;
She knows a dado from a frieze,
And tells Corots from Boldonis;
A Jacquemart etching, or a Haden,
A Whistler, too, perchance might please
A free and frank young Yankee maiden.

She does not care for meditation;
Within her bonnet are no bees;
She has a gentle animation,
She joins in singing simple glees.
She tries no trills, no rivalries
With Lucca (now Baronin Räden),
With Nilsson or with Gerster; she 's
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

I 'm blessed above the whole creation,
Far, far above all other he's;
I ask you for congratulation
On this the best of jubilees:

I go with her across the seas
Unto what Poe would call an Aiden, —
I hope no serpent 's there to tease
A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

ENVOY

Princes, to you the western breeze
Bears many a ship and heavy laden.
What is the best we send in these ?
A free and frank young Yankee maiden.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

TO JESSIE'S DANCING FEET

How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart !
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding mazes turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, in thy dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow !
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that 's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stockings' silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider, from his web,
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense !
Thy fluttering lace, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose —
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing on ! Sway on ! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat !
The love I dare not — to thy face —
I offer at thy feet.

WILLIAM DE LANCEY ELLWANGER

DIVISION III

(WOODBERRY, BUNNER, MRS. PULLEN, MISS REESE, H. S. MORRIS, MISS CONE, BURTON, SHERMAN, GARLAND, MISS MONROE, MISS GUINEY, AND OTHERS)

George Edward Woodberry

FROM "WILD EDEN" [1]

WHEN FIRST I SAW HER

When first I saw her, at the stroke
The heart of nature in me spoke;
The very landscape smiled more sweet,
Lit by her eyes, pressed by her feet;
She made the stars of heaven more bright
By sleeping under them at night;
And fairer made the flowers of May
By being lovelier than they.

Softly down where the sunshine spread,
Dark in the grass I laid my head;
And let the lights of earth depart
To find her image in my heart;
While through my being came and went
Tones of some heavenly instrument,
As if where its blind motions roll
This world should wake and be a soul.

THE SECRET

Nightingales warble about it
All night under blossom and star;
The wild swan is dying without it,
And the eagle crieth afar;
The sun, he doth mount but to find it,
Searching the green earth o'er;
But more doth a man's heart mind it —
O more, more, more !

[1] Copyright, 1899, by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Over the gray leagues of ocean
The infinite yearneth alone;
The forests with wandering emotion
The thing they know not intone;
Creation arose but to see it,
A million lamps in the blue;
But a lover, he shall be it,
If one sweet maid is true.

O, INEXPRESSIBLE AS SWEET

O, INEXPRESSIBLE as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee when we meet
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine,
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

THE ROSE OF STARS

WHEN Love, our great Immortal,
Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
Brought this sweet life to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laughed with veilëd eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of Paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet life to be.

And the grave archangel seeing
Spread his mighty wings for flight,
But the glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

DIVINE AWE

To tremble, when I touch her hands,
With awe that no man understands;
To feel soft reverence arise
When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;
To see her beauty grow and shine
When most I feel this awe divine, —
Whate'er befall me, this is mine;
And where about the room she moves,
My spirit follows her, and loves.

HOMEWARD BOUND

I

INTO the west of the waters on the living ocean's foam,
Into the west of the sunset where the young adventurers roam,
Into the west of the shining star, I am sailing, sailing home;
Home from the lonely cities, time's wreck, and the naked woe,
Home through the clean great waters where freemen's pennants blow,
Home to the land men dream of, where all the nations go;
'T is home but to be on the waters, 't is home already here,
Through the weird red-billowing sunset into the west to steer,
To fall asleep in the rocking dark with home a day more near.

II

By morning light the ship holds on, alive with happy freight,
A thousand hearts with one still joy, and with one hope elate,
To reach the land that mothered them and sweetly guides their fate;
Whether the purple furrow heaps the bows with dazzling spray,
Or buried in green-based masses they dip the storm-swept day,
Or the white fog ribbons o'er them, the strong ship holds her way;
And when another day is done, by the star of love we steer
To the land of all that we love best and all that we hold dear;
We are sailing westward, homeward; our western home is near.

THE CHILD

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slightness, warmëd mould;
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him;
He neither looked up nor spoke;
I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

O, STRUCK BENEATH THE LAUREL

O, struck beneath the laurel, where the singing fountains are,
I saw from heaven falling the star of love afar;
O, slain in Eden's bower nigh the bourn where lovers rest,
I fell upon the arrow that was buried in my breast;
Farewell the noble labor, farewell the silent pain,
Farewell the perfect honor of the long years lived in vain;
I lie upon the moorland where the wood and pasture meet,
And the cords that no man breaketh are bound about my feet.

SO SLOW TO DIE

The rainbow on the ocean
A moment bright,
The nightingale's devotion
That dies on night,
Eve's rosy star a-tremble
Its hour of light, —
All things that love resemble
Too soon take flight.

The violets we cherish
Died in the spring;
Roses and lilies perish
In what they bring;
And joy and beauty wholly
With life depart;
But love leaves slow, how slowly!
Life's empty heart.

O, strange to me, and wondrous,
The storm passed by,
With sound of voices thund'rous
Swept from the sky;
But stranger, love, thy fashion, —
O, tell me why
Art thou, dark storm of passion,
So slow to die?

As roll the billowy ridges
When the great gale has blown o'er;
As the long winter-dirges
From frozen branches pour;
As the whole sea's harsh December
Pounds on the pine-hung shore;
So will love's deep remember,
So will deep love deplore.

SEAWARD

I will rise, I will go from the places that are dark with passion and pain,
From the sorrow-changëd woodlands and a thousand memories slain.
O light gone out in darkness on the cliff I seek no more
Where she I worshipped met me in her girlhood at the door!
O, bright though years how many! farewell, sweet guiding star —
The wild wind blows me seaward over the harbor-bar!
Better thy waste, gray Ocean, the homeless, heaving plain,
Than to choke the fount of life and the flower of honor stain!
I will seek thy blessed shelter, deep bosom of sun and storm,
From the fever and fret of the earth and the things that debase and deform;
For I am thine; from of old thou didst lay me, a child, at rest

In thy cradle of many waters, and gav'st to my hunger thy breast;
Remember the dreamful boy whom thy beauty preserved from wrong, —
Thou taughtest me music, O Singer of the never-silent song!
Man-grown, I will seek thy healing; though from worse than death I fly,
Not mine the heart of the craven, not here I mean to die!
Let me taste on my lips thy salt, let me live with the sun and the rain,
Let me lean to the rolling wave and feel me man again!
O, make thee a sheaf of arrows as when thy winters rage forth, —
Whiten me as thy deep-sea waves with the blanching breath of the North!
O, take thee a bundle of spears from thine azure of burning drouth,
Smite into my pulses the tremors, the fervors, the blaze of the South!
So might my breath be snow-cold, and my blood be pure like fire,
The heavenly souls that have left me will come back to sustain and inspire.
Take me — I come — O, save me in the paths my fathers trod!
Then fling me back to the battle where men labor the peace of God!

FROM "MY COUNTRY"

O DESTINED Land, unto thy citadel,
What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
O thronëd Freedom, unto thee is brought
Empire; nor falsehood nor blood-payment asked;
Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;
Unlike the fools who build the throne
On fraud, and wrong, and woe;
For man at last will take his own,
Nor count the overthrow;
But far from these is set thy continent,
Nor fears the Revolution in man's rise;
On laws that with the weal of all consent,
And saving truths that make the people wise:
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greaten with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner moulds his fate,
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,
Who masters best himself best serves the State.
This wisdom is thy Corner: next the stone
Of Bounty; thou hast given all; thy store,
Free as the air, and broadcast as the light,
Thou flingest; and the fair and gracious sight,
More rich, doth teach thy sons this happy lore:
That no man lives who takes not priceless gifts
Both of thy substance and thy laws, whereto
He may not plead desert, but holds of thee
A childhood title, shared with all who grew,
His brethren of the hearth; whence no man lifts
Above the common right his claim; nor dares
To fence his pastures of the common good:
For common are thy fields; common the toil;
Common the charter of prosperity,
That gives to each that all may blessed be.
This is the very counsel of thy soil.
Therefore, if any thrive, mean-souled he spares
The alms he took; let him not think subdued
The State's first law, that civic rights are strong
But while the fruits of all to all belong;
Although he heir the fortune of the earth,
Let him not hoard, nor spend it for his mirth,
But match his private means with public worth.
That man in whom the people's riches lie
Is the great citizen, in his country's eye.
Justice, the third great base, that shall secure
To each his earnings, howsoever poor,
From each his duties, howsoever great.
She bids the future for the past atone.
Behold her symbols on the hoary stone —

The awful scales and that war-hammered beam
Which whoso thinks to break doth fondly dream,
Or Czars who tyrannize or mobs that rage;
These are her charge, and heaven's eternal law.
She from old fountains doth new judgment draw.
Till, word by word, the ancient order swerves
To the true course more nigh; in every age
A little she creates, but more preserves.
Hope stands the last, a mighty prop of fate.
These thy foundations are, O firm-set State!

ON A PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS

Was this his face, and these the finding eyes
That plucked a new world from the rolling seas?
Who, serving Christ, whom most he sought to please,
Willed his one thought until he saw arise
Man's other home and earthly paradise —
His early vision, when with stalwart knees
He pushed the boat from his young olive-trees,
And sailed to wrest the secret of the skies?
He on the waters dared to set his feet,
And through believing planted earth's last race.
What faith in man must in our new world beat,
Thinking how once he saw before his face
The west and all the host of stars retreat
Into the silent infinite of space!

1892

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Mother of nations, of them eldest we,
Well is it found, and happy for the state,
When that which makes men proud first makest them great,
And such our fortune is who sprang from thee,
And brought to this new land from over sea
The faith that can with every household mate,
And freedom whereof law is magistrate,
And thoughts that make men brave, and leave them free.
O Mother of our faith, our law, our lore,
What shall we answer thee if thou shouldst ask
How this fair birthright doth in us increase?
There is no home but Christ is at the door;
Freely our toiling millions choose life's task;
Justice we love, and next to justice peace.

AT GIBRALTAR

I

England, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow, —
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!

II

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with his decrees;
Law, justice, liberty, — great gifts are these:
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!

Now westward, look, my country bids good-night, —
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

LOVE'S ROSARY

Sweet names, the rosary of my evening prayer,
Told on my lips like kisses of good-night
To friends who go a little from my sight,
And some through distant years shine clear and fair! —
So this dear burden that I daily bear
Mighty God taketh, and doth loose me quite;
And soft I sink in slumbers pure and light
With thoughts of human love and heavenly care;
But when I mark how into shadow slips
My manhood's prime, and weep fast-passing friends,
And heaven's riches making poor my lips,
And think how in the dust love's labor ends,
Then, where the cluster of my hearth-stone shone,
"Bid me not live," I sigh, "till all be gone."

SONG OF EROS, IN "AGATHON"

When love in the faint heart trembles,
And the eyes with tears are wet,
Oh, tell me what resembles
Thee, young Regret?
Violets with dewdrops drooping;
Lilies o'erfull of gold,
Roses in June rains stooping,
That weep for the cold,
Are like thee, young Regret.

Bloom, violets, lilies, and roses!
But what, young Desire,
Like thee, when love discloses
Thy heart of fire?
The wild swan unreturning,
The eagle alone with the sun,
The long-winged storm-gulls burning
Seaward when day is done,
Are like thee, young Desire.

Francis Barton Gummere

JOHN BRIGHT

I

Few men of hero-mould
The Quaker counts amid his ranks to-day;
But, in the troublous times of old,
Before commodity's loud gold
Drowned with its clank the clash of steel,
The Quaker held no devious way;
For him to see was but to feel,
To feel was but to say.

II

All hail those men of yore!
Amid innumerable disasters true
To that brave standard which they bore;
Whether amid the maddened roar
Of priest-led mobs, or scourged and flung
To die in gaols, or where the few
Sat waiting for the cloven tongue,
But one straight path they knew.

III

Yet peace breeds doubtful virtues. When the flame
Of persecution flickered, fell, expired,
So dimmed the old lustre; no hot shame
The wavering conscience fired.
So, when wild storms are past, and winds grow tame,
And the foiled tempest holds his hand,
The vessels cast safe anchor near the strand;
And sweet it seems a gentle sea to ride,
While lapping waters lave
The weary, battered side: —
"Ah, linger thus," the shipmen cry, "near land,
Nor tempt again the buffets of the wave!"
They will not heed the voice
That calls from far and chides their choice:
He must not dally with the shore
Who thinks on noble gain,
But bend him stoutly to the oar,
And seek the midmost main,
And wrest their treasure from the clasp of wave and hurricane.

IV

Ho! pilot of the roaring seas!
No summer sailor thou;

It was no idle breeze
That set those manly lines upon thy brow;
For thou hast done what all to do are fain,
Yet few, ah, few attain, —
Hast never struck thy sail
And fled before the gale
Till it had spent its force, —
But sawest clear upon the chart of life
Thy straight-drawn track; and though the storm blew loud,
And elemental strife
In one mad whirl joined sea and cloud,
Thou hast but lashed thy helm and held thy course.
And for the manly heart and manly deed
Thy country loves thee, — gives
Honor unstinted as thy meed;
And they that still can hold
The Quaker name rejoice that one man lives
Who fills the measure of their hero-mould.

V

At glimpse of wrong, thy voice that knows not fear,
As sword from scabbard still hath leapt, and fills
With noblest echoes these wide halls of time.
We too, when tempests shook our western clime,
And all the air was rife with bodings grave,
Have felt new hope to hear
That voice of manly cheer,
And mark the signal of a friendly hand
From yon far strand
Where thy bluff England dashes back the wave.

VI

Brief be our word, yet strong.
So we this greeting send,
Stout English heart, across the severing sea,
Whose chainless waters blend
The breezes of two nations that are free;
Free, free for evermore!
And shore shall call to shore
In sister freedom till the end of time;
And still the thunder chime
Of that vast sea shall chorus the same song.
Ay, he who bends his ear
To those great tones, shall hear
Exultant voices, swelling high, proclaim
That thou, undaunted heart,
Hast played a hero's part,
Joining with freedom's deathless song thy deathless name.

Henry Cuyler Bunner

THE WAY TO ARCADY

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree, —
The tree the wind is blowing through, —
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
I 'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me
You tread the way to Arcady.

And where away lies Arcady,
And how long yet may the journey be?

Ah, that (quoth he) *I do not know:*
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frost, across the flowers —
Through summer seconds and winter hours,
I 've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time, —
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

'T is strange you cannot sing (quoth he), —
The folk all sing in Arcady.

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

What, know you not, old man (quoth he), —
Your hair is white, your face is wise, —
That Love must kiss that Mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah Love! I have it not.
There was a time, when life was new —
But far away, and half forgot —
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love — I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah Love! and Arcady.

Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he), —
My way's for Love and Arcady.

But you, you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Spring-time air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands, —
Her face all gladdening at the sound, —
To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he), —
She waits for me in Arcady.

Oh, yon 's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, yon 's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry.

SHE WAS A BEAUTY

She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President,
And quite coquettish in her ways, —
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase, —
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,
I hope you 'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

A pitcher of mignonette
In a tenement's highest casement, —
Queer sort of flower-pot — yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement —
The pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement.

DEAF

As to a bird's song she were listening,
Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent —
She, who will never hear the wild-birds sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
Faint, with the city's murmurous sub-tones blent;

Though with such sounds as suppliants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses, my speech takes wing.
Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies —
For her this world's unhallowed noises base
Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses, reach that high-removëd place
Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.

LES MORTS VONT VITE

Les morts vont vite! Ay, for a little space
We miss and mourn them fallen from their place;
To take our portion in their rest are fain;
But by-and-by, having wept, press on again,
Perchance to win their laurels in the race.

What man would find the old in the new love's face?
Seek on the fresher lips the old kisses' trace?
For withered roses newer blooms disdain?
Les morts vont vite!

But when disease brings thee in piteous case,
Thou shalt thy dead recall, and thy ill grace
To them for whom remembrance plead in vain.
Then, shuddering, think, while thy bed-fellow Pain
Clasps thee with arms that cling like Death's embrace:
Les morts vont vite!

THE APPEAL TO HAROLD

Haro! Haro!
Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
Haro!
She leaves me bond, who found me free.
Of love and hope she hath drained me dry —
Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
She hath not left me tears for weeping,
Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
I have gathered all my life's-blood up —
Haro!
She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.

Shall she not give me back my days?
Haro!
I made them perfect for her praise.
There was no flower in all the brake
I found not fairer for her sake;
There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
For aid and servant to my passion.
Labor and learning worthless were,
Haro!
Save that I made them gifts for her.

Shall she not give me back my nights?
Haro!
Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
Lo, in the night's wan mid I lie,
And ghosts of hours that are dead go by, -
Hours of a love that died unshriven;
Of a love in change for my manhood given.
She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,
Haro!
Shall she not give me back my youth?

Haro! Haro!
Tell thou me not of a greater judge,
Haro!
It is He who hath my sin in grudge.
Yea, from God I appeal to thee;
God hath not part or place for me.
Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning:
I have staked my life for a woman's winning;
She hath stripped me of all save remembering —
Haro!
Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King!

ON READING A POET'S FIRST BOOK

This is a breath of summer wind
That comes — we know not how — that goes
As softly, — leaving us behind,
Pleased with a smell of vine and rose.

Poet, shall this be all thy word?
Blow on us with a bolder breeze,
Until we rise, as having heard
The sob, the song of far-off seas.

Blow in thy shell until thou draw,
From inner whorls where still they sleep,
The notes unguessed of love and awe,
And all thy song grow full and deep.

Feeble may be the scanty phrase, —
Thy dream a dream tongue never spake, —
Yet shall thy note, through doubtful days,
Swell stronger for Endeavor's sake.

As Jacob, wrestling through the night,
Felt all his muscles strengthen fast
With wakening strength, and met the light
Blessed and strong, though overcast.

FEMININE

She might have known it in the earlier Spring, —
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the Summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The Autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she clasped
My neck and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

J. B.

JUNE 7, 1880

The Actor 's dead, and memory alone
Recalls the genial magic of his tone;
Marble nor canvas nor the printed page
Shall tell his genius to another age:
A memory, doomed to dwindle less and less,
His world-wide fame shrinks to this littleness.
Yet if, a half a century from to-day,
A tender smile about our old lips play,
And if our grandchild query whence it came,
We 'll say: "A thought of Brougham." —
And that is Fame!

TO A JUNE BREEZE

BEING A LOVER'S MESSAGE TO HIS MISTRESS A-SUMMERING

Wind of the City Streets,
Impatient to be free,
In this dull time of heats
My love takes wings to flee:
Leave thou this idle Town
And hunt Her down.

Wherever She may stay,
By Sea or Mountain-side,
Make thou thy airy Way,
If there She bide;
If sea-spray kiss Her face;
Or hills find grace.

And, having found Her out,
On Sands or under Trees,
Say that I wait in doubt,
To melt with love, or freeze:
Nor yet hath Summer stirred,
But waits Her word.

Say that, if She so please,
These ways so dusty-dry,
With their poor song-shunned Trees,
Shall ring with Melody;
And turn Love's Wilderness,
If She say Yes.

But if my Fate fall so
That She will naught of me,
Tell Her the Winter's snow
Shall strip the greenest tree:
One only Frost I fear —
She makes my year.

Go, then, sweet Wind, and pray
That She remember
She makes my March or May,
June or December —

If Town grow green with trees,
If the new Blossoms freeze,
Hers it is but to say, —
Pray Her that so She please —
Pray Her remember!

THE CHAPERON

I TAKE my chaperon to the play —
She thinks she 's taking me.
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
A proud young man is he;
But how would his young heart be hurt
If he could only know
That not for his sweet sake I go
Nor yet to see the trifling show;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
They sparkle young as mine;
There 's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere —
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow
(The dancing-masters do not teach
That gracious reverence now);
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folk who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'fifty-two —
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace;
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight —
Ah, me! I wish that I were quite
As young — as young as she!

Wilbur Larremore

MADAM HICKORY

FIT theme for song, the sylvan maid
Who, if she knew not fauns or satyrs,
Had conjured oft in mossy shade
Visions of savage pale-face haters;
I trow she dined on pork and maize
In cabin, single-roomed and sooted,
Quite innocent of frills and stays,
Warm-hearted and bare-footed.

Her beauty surely brought her note, —
Its praises fed her soul like manna;
Gossip o'er furtive tales did gloat,
Sacred to Venus not Diana;
But when the valiant lover came
He crushed the scandal pests like vermin;
A terror hedged the hero's name
And she was white as ermine.

Thenceforth, a matron fair and fat,
She shared the doting warrior's station.
Thais with Alexander sat
And heard the plaudits of a nation;
Though envious souls with poisoned leer
Offset her new life by the other,
The hero held her yet more dear,
Stainless as Mary Mother.

Weary of fortune's smile and frown
She died without the White House portal,
But never wife wore richer crown,
A sacred troth and love immortal:
That love had made a queen of her
Whom haughty dames turned prudish backs on,
And History smiles but has no slur
For Mistress Andrew Jackson.

BLOSSOM TIME

SPRING came with tiny lances thrusting,
And earth was clad in peeping green;
In russet bark, the twigs incrusting,
Tenderest blossom-points were seen;
A robin courier proclaimed good cheer:
Summer will soon arrive, for I am here.

And now from cherry boughs in flower
The languid breeze arousing shakes,
With every honeyed breath, a shower
Of feather snow in drifting flakes;
And apple trees in bloom, like ricks of white,
Are veiled with smoky, amethystine light.

Ah, little soul, on thy first spring
  Unclosing merry, puzzled eyes,
Would that a father's thought could bring
  Prophetic counsel more than wise
To guide thee as a father's love would yearn, —
Thou hast so much to suffer and to learn!

I cannot live thy life for thee,
  My precepts would be dull and trite,
Barren as last year's leaves to me
  Beneath the apple blossoms white;
But in thy new horizon's vaster range
Our hearts close knit shall feel no chilling change.

Elisabeth (Cavazza) Pullen

HER SHADOW

Still as I move thou movest,
Sister of mine, silent and left of the light.
  Why dost thou follow my way
  All through the hours of the day?
Where dost thou wait all the night
For the coming of light?

Is it then that thou lovest
Me, that forever must stand between thee and the sun?
  For whose sake thy life is made
  The dim, cold life of a shade —
A life that, until it be done,
Is unkissed of the sun.

Hearken, I whisper a word —
Thy lips too part, yet breathless are they, without fire;
  My hands stretch forth, and they clasp
  Roses and lilies —
Gray ghosts of bloom, and desire
Ashes for fire!

Look how my veil is stirred
By the beating beneath it — thine too moves, ah, poor shade!
  What of warm life canst thou know?
  When I die where wilt thou go —
Wilt thou be lonely, afraid?
I, too, a shade!

ALICIA'S BONNET

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

I sat beside Alicia at the play;
  Her violet eyes with tender tears were wet
(The diamonds in her ears less bright than they)
  For pity of the woes of Juliet:
  Alicia's sighs a poet might have set
To delicate music in a dainty sonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

And yet to me her graceful ready words
  Sounded like tinkling silver bells that jangled,
For on her golden hair the humming-birds
  Were fixed as if within a sunbeam tangled,
  Their quick life quenched, their tiny bodies mangled,
Poor pretty birds upon Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Caught in a net of delicate creamy crêpe,
  The dainty captives lay there dead together;
No dart of slender bill, no fragile shape
  Fluttering, no stir of any radiant feather:
  Alicia looked so calm, I wondered whether
She cared if birds were killed to trim her bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

If rubies and if sapphires have a spirit,
  Though deep they lie below the weight of earth,

If emeralds can a conscious life inherit
And beryls rise again to wingëd birth —
Being changed to birds but not to lesser worth —
Alicia's golden head had such upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Perhaps I dreamed — the house was very still —
But on a sudden the Academy
Of Music seemed a forest of Brazil,
Each pillar that supports the balcony
Took form and stature of a tropic tree
With scarlet odorous flowers blooming on it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

A fragrance of delicious drowsy death
Was in the air ; the lithe lianas clung
About the mighty tree, and birds beneath
More swift than arrows flashed and flew among
The perfumed poisonous blossoms as they swung,
The heavy-honeyed flowers that hung upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

Like rain-drops when the sun breaks up the shower,
Or weavers' shuttles carrying golden thread,
Or flying petals of a wind-blown flower,
Myriads of humming-birds flew overhead —
Purple and gold and green and blue and red —
Above each scarlet cup, or poised upon it.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

What rapid flight ! Each one a wingëd flame,
Burning with brilliant joy of life and all
Delight of motion; to and fro they came,
An endless dance, a fairy festival;
Then suddenly I saw them pause and fall,
Slain only to adorn Alicia's bonnet.

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

My mind came back from the Brazilian land;
For, as a snowflake falls to earth beneath,
Alicia's hand fell lightly on my hand;
And yet I fancied that a stain of death,
Like that which doomed the lady of Macbeth,
Was on her hand: could I perhaps have won it ?

Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet,
And many humming-birds were fastened on it.

LOVE AND POVERTY

One sat within a hung and lighted room —
A little shape, with face between his wings,
And in the light made of all golden things
He seemed a warm and living rose abloom;
And one without sobbed in the night and gloom,
And all about him was a pilgrim's weed,
His little hands and cold he held for meed
Of his long waiting, sad as by a tomb:
He entered at the door, the other flew
Out at the casement — and with sudden day
The lamps burned faint, and he who came most new
Was fair, and he who went was wan and gray.
"For I am Love who came," and "Be content,"
Sang this one, "It was Poverty who went !"

DERELICT

She wanders up and down the main
Without a master, nowhere bound;
The currents turn her round and round,
Her track is like a tangled skein;

And never helmsman by his chart
So strange a way as hers may steer
To enter port or to depart
For any harbor far or near.

The waters clamor at her sides,
The winds cry through her cordage torn,
The last sail hangs, to tatters worn;
Upon the waves the vessel rides
This way or that, as winds may shift,
In ghastly dance when airs blow balm,
Or held in a lethargic calm,
Or fury-hunted, wild, adrift.

When south winds blow, does she recall
Spices and golden fruits in store?
Or north winds — nets off Labrador
And icebergs' iridescent wall?
Or east — the isles of Indian seas?
Or west — new ports and sails unfurled?
Her voyages all around the world
To mock her with old memories?

For her no light-house sheds a ray
Of crimson warning from its tower;
No watchers wait in hope the hour
To greet her coming up the bay;
No trumpet speaks her, hearty, hoarse —
Or if a captain hail at first,
He sees her for a thing accursed,
And turns his own ship from her course.

Alone, in desperate liberty
She forges on; and how she fares
No man alive inquires, or cares
Though she were sunk beneath the sea.

Her helm obeys no firm control,
She drifts — a prey for storms to take,
For sands to clutch, for rocks to break —
A ship condemned, like a lost soul.

THE SEA-WEED

The flying sea-bird mocked the floating dulse:
"Poor wandering water-weed, where dost thou go,
Astray upon the ocean's restless pulse?"
It said: "I do not know.

"At a cliff's foot I clung and was content,
Swayed to and fro by warm and shallow waves;
Along the coast the storm-wind raging went,
And tore me from my caves.

"I am the bitter herbage of that plain
Where no flocks pasture, and no man shall have
Homestead, nor any tenure there may gain
But only for a grave.

"A worthless weed, a drifting, broken weed,
What can I do in all this boundless sea?
No creature of the universe has need
Or any thought of me."

Hither and yonder, as the winds might blow,
The sea-weed floated. Then a refluent tide
Swept it along to meet a galleon's prow —
"Land ho!" Columbus cried.

Daniel Lewis Dawson

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES

Thanksgiving to the gods!
Shaken and shivering in the autumn rains,
With clay feet clinging to the weary sods,
I wait below the clouds, amid the plains,
As though I stood in some remote, strange clime,
Waiting to kneel upon the tomb of time.

The harvest swaths are gathered in the garth,
The aftermath is floating in the fields,
The house-carl bides beside the roaring hearth,
And clustered cattle batten in the shields.
Thank ye the gods, O dwellers in the land,
For home and hearth and ever-giving hand.
Stretch hands to pray and feed and sleep and die,

And then be gathered to your kindred gods,
  Low in dank barrows ever more to lie,
So long as autumn over wood-ways plods,
Forgetting the green earth as ye forgot
  Its glory in the day when it was born
To you, on some fair tide in grove and grot,
  As though new-made upon a glimmering morn.

And it shall so be meted unto you
As ye did mete when all things were to do.
The wild rains cling around me in the night
  Closer than woman in the sunny days,
And through these shaken veins a weird delight
  Of loneliness and storm and sodden ways
And desolation, made most populous,
Builds up the roof-trees of the gloomy house
Of grief to hide and help my lonely path,
A sateless seeker for the aftermath.

Thanksgiving to the gods!
No hidden grapes are leaning to the sods,
No purple apple glances through green leaves,
  Nor any fruit or flower is in the rains,
Nor any corn to garner in long sheaves,
  And hard the toil is on these scanty plains.
Howbeit I thank the ever-giving ones,
  Who dwell in high Olympus near the stars,
They have not walked in ever-burning suns,
  Nor has the hard earth hurt their feet with scars.

Never the soft rains beat them, nor the snow,
Nor the sharp winds that we marsh-stalkers know.
In the sad halls of heaven they sleep the sleep,
Yea, and no morn breaks through their slumber deep.

These things they cast me forth at even-tide to bear
  With curving sickle over sod and sand;
And no wild tempest drowns me to despair,
  No terrors fear me in a barren land.
Perchance somewhere, across the hollow hill,
  Or in the thickets in these dreary meads,
Great grapes, uncut, are on the limp vine still,
  And waving corn still wears its summer weeds,
Unseen, ungathered in the earlier tide,
  When larger summer o'er the earth did glide.
Who knows? Belike from this same sterile path
My harvest hand, heaped with an after-math,
Shall cast the garner forth before their feet,
Shapely and shaven clean and very sweet.

Thanksgiving to the gods!
  Wet with the falling rain,
My face and sides are beaten as with rods,
  And soft and sodden is the endless plain —
  How long — how long do I endure in vain?

Lewis Frank Tooker

THE LAST FIGHT

THAT night I think that no one slept;
  No bells were struck, no whistle blew,
And when the watch was changed I crept
  From man to man of all the crew
With whispered orders. Though we swept
  Through roaring seas, we hushed the clock,
  And muffled every clanking block.

So when one fool, unheeding, cried
  Some petty order, straight I ran,
And threw him sprawling o'er the side.
  All life is but a narrow span:
It little matters that one bide
  A moment longer here, for all
  Fare the same road, whate'er befall.

But vain my care; for when the day
  Broke gray and wet, we saw the foe
But half a stormy league away.
  By noon we saw his black bows throw
Five fathoms high a wall of spray;
  A little more, we heard the drum,
  And knew that our last hour had come.

All day our crew had lined the side
With grim, set faces, muttering;
And once a boy (the first that died)
One of our wild songs tried to sing:
But when their first shot missed us wide,
A dozen sprang above our rail,
Shook fists, and roared a cursing hail.

Thereon, all hot for war, they bound
Their heads with cool, wet bands, and drew
Their belts close, and their keen blades ground;
Then, at the next gun's puff of blue,
We set the grog-cup on its round,
And pledged for life or pledged for death
Our last sigh of expiring breath.

Laughing, our brown young singer fell
As their next shot crashed through our rail;
Then 'twixt us flashed the fire of hell,
That shattered spar and riddled sail.
What ill we wrought we could not tell;
But blood-red all their scuppers dripped
When their black hull to starboard dipped.

Nine times I saw our helmsman fall,
And nine times sent new men, who took
The whirling wheel as at death's call;
But when I saw the last one look
From sky to deck, then, reeling, crawl
Under the shattered rail to die,
I knew where I should surely lie.

I could not send more men to stand
And turn in idleness the wheel
Until they took death's beckoning hand,
While others, meeting steel with steel,
Flamed out their lives — an eager band,
Cheers on their lips, and in their eyes
The goal-rapt look of high emprise.

So to the wheel I went. Like bees
I heard the shot go darting by;
There came a trembling in my knees,
And black spots whirled about the sky.
I thought of things beyond the seas —
The little town where I was born,
And swallows twittering in the morn.

A wounded creature drew him where
I grasped the wheel, and begged to steer.
It mattered not how he might fare
The little time he had for fear;
So if I left this to his care
He too might serve us yet, he said.
He died there while I shook my head.

I would not fall so like a dog,
My helpless back turned to the foe;
So when his great hulk, like a log,
Came surging past our quarter, lo!
With helm hard down, straight through the fog
Of battle smoke, and luffing wide,
I sent our sharp bow through his side.

The willing waves came rushing in
The ragged entrance that we gave;
Like snakes I heard their green coils spin
Up, up, around our floating grave;
But dauntless still, amid a din
Of clashing steel and battle-shout,
We rushed to drive their boarders out.

Around me in a closing ring
My grim-faced foemen darkly drew;
Then, sweeter than the lark in spring,
Loud rang our blades; the red sparks flew.
Twice, thrice, I felt the sudden sting
Of some keen stroke; then, swinging fair,
My own clave more than empty air.

The fight went raging past me when
My good blade cleared a silent place;
Then in a ring of fallen men
I paused to breathe a little space.
Elsewhere the deck roared like a glen
When mountain torrents meet; the fray
A moment then seemed far away.

The barren sea swept to the sky;
The empty sky dipped to the sea;
Such utter waste could scarcely lie
Beyond death's starved periphery.
Only one living thing went by:
Far overhead an ominous bird
Rode down the gale with wings unstirred.

Windward I saw the billows swing
Dark crests to beckon others on
To see our end; then, hurrying
To reach us ere we should be gone,
They came, like tigers mad to fling
Their jostling bodies on our ships,
And snarl at us with foaming lips.

There was no time to spare: a wave
  E'en then broke growling at my feet;
One last look to the sky I gave,
  Then sprang my eager foes to meet.
Loud rang the fray above our grave —
  I felt the vessel downward reel
  As my last thrust met thrusting steel.

I heard a roaring in my ears;
  A green wall pressed against my eyes;
Down, down I passed; the vanished years
  I saw in mimicry arise.
Yet even then I felt no fears,
  And with my last expiring breath
  My past rose up and mocked at death.

SLEEP

In a tangled, scented hollow,
On a bed of crimson roses,
Stilly now the wind reposes;
Hardly can the breezes borrow
Breath to stir the night-swept river.
Motionless the water-sedges,
And within the dusky hedges
Sounds no leaf's impatient shiver.
Sleep has come, that rare rest-giver.

Light and song have flown away
With the sun and twilight swallow;
Scarcely will the unknown morrow
Bring again so sweet a day.
Song was born of Joy and Thought;
Light, of Love and her caress.
Nothing 's left me but a tress;
Death and Sleep the rest have wrought —
Death and Sleep, who came unsought.

HIS QUEST

What seek'st thou at this madman's pace?
"I seek my love's new dwelling place:
Her house is dark, her doors are wide,
There bat and owl and beetle bide,
And there, breast-high, the rank weeds grow,
And drowsy poppies nod and blow.
So mount I swift to ride me through
The world to find my love anew.
I have no token of the way;
I haste by night, I press by day.
Through busy cities I am borne,
On lonely heights I watch the morn
Climb up the east, and see the light
Of waning moon gleam thwart my flight.
Sometimes a light before me flees;
I follow it, till stormy seas
Break wide before, then all is dark.
Sometimes on plains, wide, still, and stark,
I hear a voice; I seek the sound,
And ride into a hush profound.
To find her dwelling I will ride
Worlds through and through, whate'er betide."

To find her dwelling rode he forth,
In vain rode south, in vain rode north;
In vain in mountain, plain, and mart
He searched, but never searched his heart.

Armistead Churchill Gordon

KREE

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile?
  You an' he
Growed up tergether? Wait! Lemme see!
Closer! so I can look in yer face! —
  Mars' George's smile!
  Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neaf dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

  Sunburnt an' grown!
Mars' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' your'n —
  "An' Kree?" you say.
  Had n't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceasded de year dat you went away?

  Kree an' you!
How de ole times comes back onst mo' —
Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de sno';
Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead,
In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through! —
  Look at me, Marster!
Here is me livin'; an' Kree, he 's dead.

'Pears ter me strange
Now, when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years:
Mars' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
Fills up my eyes,
'Count o' de mizery now, an' de change —
De sun dims, Marster,
Ter an ole man, when his one boy dies.

Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out, one moonshine night,
Fishin' wid your baby brother — he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now —
Kree died for him;
An' yearnin' for Kree,
De Lord tuk him, Marster:
De green grass kivers 'em bofe f'om sight.

Heerd o' de tale?
Did n' know Kree was de one dat drowned
Sav'n' Mars' Charley? Well, 't were he.
De boy waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found.
Two months later he went, you see:
God bless you, Marster!
Nine years has rolled over bofe onder ground.

Worn out an' gray,
Here I sets waitin', Mars' George, alone.
All on 'em's gone —
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you 's gone back ter yer ship on de sea,
I 'll hear him say,
Jes' as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away,
Dat side de river, again I 'll be
Wid my boy Kree.

ROSES OF MEMORY

A ROSE'S crimson stain,
A rose's stainless white,
Fitly become the immortal slain
Who fell in the great fight.
When Armistead died amid his foes,
Girt by the rebel cheer,
God plucked a soul like a white rose
In June time o' the year.

The blood in Pickett's heart
Was of a ruddier hue
Than the reddest bloom whose petals part
To welcome heaven's dew.
I think the fairest flowers that blow
Should greet the life-stream shed
In that historic long ago
By this historic dead.

The immemorial years
Such valor never knew
As poured a flood of crimson blood
At Gettysburg with you.
Living and dead, in faith the same,
I see you on that height,
Crowned with the rosy wreath of fame
Won in the fatal fight.

Not these had made afraid
King Arthur's mystic sword —
Not Bayard's most chivalric blade,
Nor Gideon's, for the Lord.
Yours was the strain of high emprise,
Yours the unfaltering faith, —
The honor lofty as the skies,
The duty strong as death.

When Douglas flung the heart
Of Bruce amid his foes,
And said: "He leads. We do not part:
I follow where he goes,"
No mightier impulse stirred his soul
Than that which up yon height
Moved you with Pickett toward the goal
Of freedom in that fight.

The fair goal was not won,
The famous fight was lost;
But never shone the all-seeing sun
On more heroic host.
Your deeds of mighty prowess shame
All deeds of derring-do
With which Time's bloody pages flame.
— Hail and farewell to you!

Unto the dead farewell!
They are hid in the dark and cold;
And the broken shaft and the roses tell
What is left of the tale untold.
They are deaf to the martial music's call
Till a judgment dawn shall break,
When the trumpet of Truth shall proclaim to all:
"They perished for my sake!"

Let them be quiet here
  Where birds and blossoms be; —
And hail to you, who bring the tear
  And the rose of memory
    To water and deck each lowly grave
      Of those who in God's sight
    With loyal hearts their hearts' blood gave
      For the eternal right!

Alike for low and high
  The roses white and red:
For valor and honor cannot die,
  And they were of these dead.
    The private in his jacket of gray
      And the general with his star
    The Lord God knighted alike that day,
      In the red front of War.

Edward Sanford Martin

A GIRL OF POMPEII

A PUBLIC haunt they found her in:
    She lay asleep, a lovely child;
    The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay
    The universal law suspend,
    And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
    Around her girlish figure pressed,
    Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
    Comes this dear maid of long ago,
    Sheltered from woeful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure
    That form shall fate of flesh escape,
    And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

To put new shingles on old roofs;
  To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
  With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
  And keep the jackal from the door, —
These are the works that occupy
  The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
  Kind words and chickens, jams and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
  And sympathy for downcast souls:
Her currant jelly, her quinine,
  The lips of fever move to bless;
She makes the humble sick-room shine
  With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
  And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow-men,
  Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns, she has
  Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
  A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
  Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
  As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their tallyhos I ride
  And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
  To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
  Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;
I love my Rich, and I admit
  That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, — I,
  While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
  The trials of abounding wealth.

EGOTISM

WITHOUT him still this whirling earth
  Might spin its course around the sun,
And death still dog the heels of birth,
  And life be lived, and duty done.

Without him let the rapt earth dree
What doom its twin rotations earn;
Whither or whence, are naught to me,
Save as his being they concern.

Comets may crash, or inner fire
Burn out and leave an arid crust,
Or earth may lose Cohesion's tire,
And melt to planetary dust.

It 's naught to me if he 's not here,
I 'll not lament, nor even sigh;
I shall not feel the jar, nor fear,
For I am he, and he is I.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

LYDIA

Break forth, break forth, O Sudbury town,
And bid your yards be gay
Up all your gusty streets and down,
For Lydia comes to-day!

I hear it on the wharves below;
And if I buy or sell,
The good folk as they churchward go
Have only this to tell.

My mother, just for love of her,
Unlocks her carvëd drawers;
And sprigs of withered lavender
Drop down upon the floors.

For Lydia's bed must have the sheet
Spun out of linen sheer,
And Lydia's room be passing sweet
With odors of last year.

The violet flags are out once more
In lanes salt with the sea;
The thorn-bush at Saint Martin's door
Grows white for such as she.

So, Sudbury, bid your gardens blow,
For Lydia comes to-day;
Of all the words that I do know,
I have but this to say.

ANNE

SUDBURY MEETING-HOUSE, 1653

Her eyes be like the violets,
Ablow in Sudbury lane;
When she doth smile, her face is sweet
As blossoms after rain;
With grief I think of my gray hairs,
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old door
Upon this Sabbath day;
And she doth bring the tender wind
That sings in bush and tree;
And hints of all the apple boughs
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go
Some grewsome things doth say:
Now, she is highest Heaven to me;
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk sit
To hear the sermon through;
But if our God be such a God,
And if these things be true,
Why did He make her then so fair,
And both her eyes so blue?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
And finds her sitting there;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
And soft her yellow hair;
I look across to that old pew,
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury lane,
Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
Is far more fair, I ween!
I wonder how my forty years
Look by her sweet sixteen!

DAFFODILS

Fathered by March, the daffodils are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,

And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed ones flame behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet! —
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years —
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street —
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

IMMORTALITY

Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build:
From out that cup of water Sidney gave,
Not one drop has been spilled.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

Brother of mine, good monk with cowlëd head,
Walled from that world which thou hast long since fled,
And pacing thy green close beyond the sea,
I send my heart to thee.

Down gust-sweet walks, bordered by lavender,
While eastward, westward, the mad swallows whir,
All afternoon poring thy missal fair,
Serene thou pacest there.

Mixed with the words and fitting like a tune,
Thou hearest distantly the voice of June,—
The little, gossipping noises in the grass,
The bees that come and pass.

Fades the long day; the pool behind the hedge
Burns like a rose within the windy sedge;
The lilies ghostlier grow in the dim air;
The convent windows flare.

Yet still thou lingerest; from pastures steep,
Past the barred gate the shepherd drives his sheep;
A nightingale breaks forth, and for a space
Makes sweeter the sweet place.

Then the gray monks by hooded twos and threes
Move chapelward beneath the flaming trees;
Closing thy book, back by the alleys fair
Thou followest to prayer.

Born to these brawling days, this work-sick age,
Oft long I for thy simpler heritage;
A thought of thee is like a breath of bloom
Blown through a noisy room.

For thou art quick, not dead. I picture thee
Forever in that close beyond the sea;
And find, despite this weather's headlong stir,
Peace and a comforter.

TELLING THE BEES

BATHSHEBA came out to the sun,
Out to our wallëd cherry-trees;
The tears adown her cheek did run,
Bathsheba standing in the sun,
Telling the bees.

My mother had that moment died;
Unknowing, sped I to the trees,
And plucked Bathsheba's hand aside;
Then caught the name that there she cried
Telling the bees.

Her look I never can forget,
I that held sobbing to her knees;
The cherry-boughs above us met;
I think I see Bathsheba yet
Telling the bees.

IN TIME OF GRIEF

DARK, thinned, beside the wall of stone,
The box dripped in the air;
Its odor through my house was blown
Into the chamber there.

Remote and yet distinct the scent,
The sole thing of the kind,
As though one spoke a word half meant
That left a sting behind.

I knew not Grief would go from me,
And naught of it be plain,
Except how keen the box can be
After a fall of rain.

TO A TOWN POET

SNATCH the departing mood;
Make yours its emptying reed, and pipe us still
Faith in the time, faith in our common blood,
Faith in the least of good:
Song cannot fail if these its spirits fill!

What if your heritage be
The huddled trees along the smoky ways;
At a street's end the stretch of lilac sea;
The vender, swart but free,
Crying his yellow wares across the haze?
Your verse awaits you there;
For Love is Love though Latin swords be rust,
The keen Greek driven from gossipping mall and square;
And Care is still but Care
Though Homer and his seven towns are dust.

Thus Beauty lasts, and, lo!
Now Proserpine is barred from Enna's hills,
The flower she plucked yet makes an April show,
Sets some town still a-glow,
And yours the Vision of the Daffodils.

The Old-World folk knew not
More surge-like sounds than urban winters bring
Up from the wharves at dusk to every spot;
And no Sicilian plot
More fire than heaps our tulips in the spring.

Strait is the road of Song,
And they that be the last are oft the first;
Fret not for fame; the years are kind though long;
You, in the teasing throng,
May take all time with one shrewd lyric burst.

Be reverend and know
Ill shall not last, or waste the ploughëd land;
Or creeds sting timid souls; and naught at all,
Whatever else befall,
Can keep us from the hollow of God's hand.

Let trick of words be past;
Strict with the thought, unfearful of the form,
So shall you find the way and hold it fast,
The world hear, at the last,
The horns of morning sound above the storm.

TRUST

I AM Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day, beneath Thy sword
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
In that brief day of mine?
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown, —
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me down;
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain:
I die that after I may grow
As tall, as sweet again.

A HOLIDAY

ALONG the pastoral ways I go,
To get the healing of the trees,
The ghostly news the hedges know;
To hive me honey like the bees,
Against the time of snow.

The common hawthorn that I see,
Beside the sunken wall astir,
Or any other blossoming tree,
Is each God's fair white gospeller,
His book upon the knee.

A gust-broken bough; a pilfered nest;
Rumors of orchard or of bin;
The thrifty things of east and west, —
The countryside becomes my Inn,
And I its happy guest.

KEATS

AN English lad, who, reading in a book,
A ponderous, leathern thing set on his knee,
Saw the broad violet of the Egean Sea
Lap at his feet as it were village brook.
Wide was the east; the gusts of morning shook;
Immortal laughter beat along that shore;
Pan, crouching in the reeds, piped as of yore;
The gods came down and thundered from that book.
He lifted his sad eyes; his London street
Swarmed in the sun, and strove to make him heed;
Boys spun their tops, shouting and fair of cheek:
But, still, that violet lapping at his feet, —
An English lad had he sat down to read;
But he rose up and knew himself a Greek.

RESERVE

KEEP back the one word more,
Nor give of your whole store;
For, it may be, in Art's sole hour of need,
Lacking that word, you shall be poor indeed.

William Hamilton Hayne

THE SOUTHERN SNOW-BIRD

I SEE a tiny fluttering form
Beneath the soft snow's soundless storm,
'Mid a strange noonlight palely shed
Through mocking cloud-rifts overhead.

All other birds are far from sight, —
They think the day has turned to night;
But he is cast in hardier mould,
This chirping courier of the cold.

He does not come from lands forlorn,
Where midnight takes the place of morn;
Nor did his dauntless heart, I know,
Beat first above Siberian snow;
And yet an arctic bird he seems;
Though nurtured near our southern streams,
The tip of his small tail may be
A snow-storm in epitome.

TO A CHEROKEE ROSE

THY one white leaf is open to the sky,
And o'er thy heart swift lights and shadows pass, —
The wooing winds seem loath to wander by,
Jealous of sunshine and the summer grass.

Thy sylvan loveliness is pure and strong,
For thou art bright and yet not overbold —

Like a young maid apart from fashion's throng —
A virgin dowered with a heart of gold.

QUATRAINS

MOONLIGHT SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD

EACH golden note of music greets
The listening leaves, divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.

NIGHT MISTS

SOMETIMES, when Nature falls asleep,
Around her woods and streams
The mists of night serenely creep —
For they are Nature's dreams.

AN AUTUMN BREEZE

THIS gentle and half melancholy breeze
Is but a wandering Hamlet of the trees,
Who finds a tongue in every lingering leaf
To voice some subtlety of sylvan grief.

EXILES

HOPES grimly banished from the heart
Are the sad exiles that depart
To melancholy's rayless goal, —
A bleak Siberia of the soul.

A CYCLONE AT SEA

A THROAT of thunder, a tameless heart,
And a passion malign and free,
He is no sheik of the desert sand,
But an Arab of the sea!

He sprang from the womb of some wild cloud,
And was born to smite and slay;
To soar like a million hawks set free,
And swoop on his ocean prey!

He has scourged the Sea till her mighty breast
Responds to his heart's fierce beat,
And has torn brave souls from their bodies frail
To fling them at Allah's feet.

Possessed by a demon's lust of life,
He revels o'er wrecks and graves,
And hurtles onward in curbless speed, —
Dark Bedouin of the waves.

"SLEEP AND HIS BROTHER DEATH"

JUST ere the darkness is withdrawn,
In seasons of cold or heat,
Close to the boundary line of Dawn
These mystical brothers meet.

They clasp their weird and shadowy hands,
As they listen each to each,
But never a mortal understands
Their strange immortal speech.

THE YULE LOG

OUT of the mighty Yule log came
The crooning of the lithe wood-flame, —
A single bar of music fraught
With cheerful yet half pensive thought, —
A thought elusive: out of reach,
Yet trembling on the verge of speech.

George Edgar Montgomery

ENGLAND

I

THE voice of England is a trumpet tone
When that inviolate Mother wills it so:
Nations may rise and fall, and tyrants go
Upon their devious, darkened paths: alone
England preserves her people and her throne,
Her ancient freedom, her perpetual flow
Of broad and brightened life; time shall not show
This mighty Nation pitiful and prone.

II

It is the Saxon soul that speaks in her,
The stanchest soul that earth has ever wrought
To guide humanity in faith and light.
The shivering slave has been her worshipper,
And with defiant courage she has taught
Red Tyranny to cringe before the Right.

TO A CHILD

I LOOK upon thy happy face —
Dear child with those undarkened eyes
Like glimpses of transparent skies —
And dream of things which have no place

In that small, golden head of thine;
Things that no ten-year-old has yet
Dared in his roguish wit to set
To thought, or word, or rhythmic line.

And it is better so, I think,
Better the child should be a child,
That he should grow as glad and wild
As flowers upon a river's brink.

Laugh, then, and romp, and kiss the sun,
And be as if this ancient earth
Were but the resting-place of mirth
Since time was born and joy begun.

Laugh, and I 'll be a child with thee,
Forgetful of the days which fly,
Forgetful of the nights which die,
And sipping sweetness like the bee.

For, oh ! remember, little sir,
Childhood is but a passing spring,
Loath to await the burgeoning
Of summer and its fiery stir. . . .

But no, my dreams will not be stilled;
I cannot turn the long years back,
And life for me has ploughed its track;
The man must be the man, as willed;

Not dreams, I warn thee, such as they,
Our languid-hearted poets make,
Nor such as many love to wake
From fable or the Grecian lay;

But dreams of an aspiring soul,
That yearns with all its human might
To steal the secrets of the night,
To reach some high millennial goal.

Here, at this hour, I view the sweep
Of a vast century to its close,
Sublime in its titanic throes,
And in its plummet ocean-deep —

A century thrilled from start to end
With fearless striving, fearless hope,
Whose larger mind and wider scope
In one eternal progress tend. . . .

Yet thine will be the loftier tread,
And thine will be the swifter pace;
When thou shalt be as I, the race
Will scorn the marvels of the dead.

Ah, thou shalt look so clear, so far,
That all I wonder at will seem
Like the first mistings of a dream
Which dawns into a perfect star.

A DEAD SOLDIER

HE sleeps at last — a hero of his race.
Dead ! — and the night lies softly on his face,
While the faint summer stars, like sentinels,
Hover above his lonely resting-place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man,
Who gave to justice what a soldier can, —
The courage of his arm, a patient heart,
And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Caesar, Alexander, Antonine,
No despot born of the old warrior line,
Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands
Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine, —

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years
Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;
Who led his armies like a priest of men,
And fought his battles with anointed spears.

AT NIGHT

The sun is sinking over hill and sea,
Its red light fires a spectral line of shore;
Night droops upon our half-world mistily
With sombre glory and ghost-haunted lore;
The stars show dim and pallid in the sky,
Vague, wraith-white glimmerings of volcanic spheres,
And a slim crescent of the moon appears
Like some young herald in the hours that die.

Soon we who watch the fading of a day,
Who feel the cool winds of the ocean blow
Upon our dusk fields in sweet, vagrant way,
Freshening earth's arid spaces with their glow,
Stand forth amid the infinite peace of night,
An infinite peace for high and holy souls
That strive to find their far, mysterious goals
Beyond the horizon of their eager sight.

At this sequestered hour when tender sleep
Holds out to listless lives its precious boon,
When men grow weary of the fruits they reap,
Grow weary of recurrent dawn and noon,
Peace dwells upon them for a little while,
Like dew and shade upon the growing grass,
And, mindless of uncounted hours that pass,
They woo a deep oblivion and they smile.

Yet I, whose nights are full of waking dreams,
Sleep not — but watch the furtive moments drift
Like sluggish waves, and watch the fire-bright gleam
Of vibrant planets rolling straight and swift
Along their orbit pathways, even as life
Moves in its earthward orbit to the grave,
Till I, an atom, doomed to weep and slave,
Feel my fast kinship with celestial strife.

For now I see the universe outspread
Within my vision, as with close-shut lids
One may read clear the history of the dead
And stand with Pharaohs by the Pyramids,
Or sit within some rare Athenian home;
Yes, as the words and deeds of men are brought
Into the widening circle of my thought,
The stars grow real to me like deathless Rome.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

RECRIMINATION

I

Said Life to Death: "Methinks, if I were you,
I would not carry such an awesome face
To terrify the helpless human race;
And if indeed those wondrous tales be true
Of happiness beyond, and if I knew
About the boasted blessings of that place,
I would not hide so miserly all trace
Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you:
But, like a glorious angel, I would lean
Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul,
Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath,
And strong conviction in my radiant mien,
The while I whispered of that beauteous goal.
This would I do if I were you, O Death."

II

Said Death to Life: "If I were you, my friend,
I would not lure confiding souls each day
With fair, false smiles to enter on a way
So filled with pain and trouble to the end;
I would not tempt those whom I should defend,
Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray;
Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay
Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend:
But, like a tender mother, I would take

The weary world upon my sheltering breast,
And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife;
I would fulfil my promises, and make
My children bless me as they sank to rest
Where now they curse — if I were you, O Life."

III

Life made no answer, and Death spoke again:
"I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness
A soul to being, if I could not bless
And crown it with all joy. If unto men
My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then
Do they pursue me, mad for my caress,
Believing in my silence lies redress
For your loud falsehoods?" (so Death spoke again).
"Oh, it is well for you I am not fair —
Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb
The mighty secrets of that other place:
Else would you stand in impotent despair,
While unfledged souls straight from the mother's womb
Rushed to my arms and spat upon your face!"

Charles Lotin Hildreth

TO AN OBSCURE POET WHO LIVES ON MY HEARTH

Why shouldst thou cease thy plaintive song
When I draw near?
Has mankind done thee any wrong,
That thou shouldst fear?

To see thee scampering to thy den,
So wild and shy,
'T would seem thou know'st the ways of men
As well as I.

'T is true the palmy days are o'er
When all thy kind —
Poor minstrel folk — at every door
Might welcome find;

For song was certain password then
To every breast,
And current coin that bought from men
Food, fire, and rest;

And these are more discerning days,
More coldly just:
I doubt thy rustic virelays
Would earn a crust.

The age is shrill and choral-like;
For many sing,
And he who would be heard must strike
Life's loudest string.

And thou, poor minstrel of the field,
With slender tone,
Art type of many a singer sealed
To die unknown.

And many a heart that would have sung
Songs sweet to hear,
Could passion give itself a tongue
To catch the ear.

But, cricket, thou shouldst trust in me,
For thou and I
Are brothers in adversity, —
Both poor and shy.

And since the height of thy desire
Is but to live,
Thy little share of food and fire
I freely give.

And thou shalt sing of fields and hills
And forest streams,
Till thy rapt invocation stills
My troubled dreams.

IMPLORA PACE

I stood within the cypress gloom
Where old Ferrara's dead are laid,
And mused on many a sculptured tomb,
Moss-grown and mouldering in the shade.

And there was one the eye might pass,
And careless foot might tread upon
A crumbling tablet in the grass,
With weeds and wild vines overrun.

In the dim light I stooped to trace
The lines the time-worn marble bore,
Of reverent praise or prayer for grace —
"*Implora Pace!*" — nothing more.

Name, fame, and rank, if any were,
Had long since vanished from the stone,
Leaving the meek, pathetic prayer,
"Peace I implore!" and this alone.

AT THE MERMAID INN

AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET"

At table yonder sits the man we seek,
Beside the ingle, where the crimson flare
Reveals him through the eddying tavern reek,
Reclining easeful in his leathern chair;
In russet doublet, bearded and benign,
He looks a worthy burgher at his wine.

Even so; but when thy veins ran fire to-night,
Thy hand crept knotted to thy sword-hilt there,
And through all moods of madness and delight
Thy soul was hurried headlong, unaware,
It seemed the genius or the scene should be
Some radiant shape, brow-bound with majesty.

And lo! a man unsingled from the crowd
By quick recognizance of reverent eyes,
A dim, inobvious presence, kindly-browed,
That sits apart, observant, thoughtful-wise,
Weaving — who knows? — what wondrous woof of song,
What other Hamlet, from the shifting throng.

A pale, plain-favored face, the smile whereof
Is beautiful; the eyes gray, changeful, bright,
Low-lidded now, and luminous as love;
Anon soul-searching, ominous as night,
Seer-like, inscrutable, revealing deeps
Wherein a mighty spirit wakes or sleeps.

Here, where my outstretched hand might touch his arm,
I gaze upon that mild and lofty mien,
With that deep awe and unexpressive charm
I feel in wide sea-solitudes serene;
Or on some immemorial mountain's crest —
Eternity unveiled and manifest.

For he hath wrought with nature and made known
The marvel and the majesty of life;
Translating from the pages of his own
The mighty heart of man, the stress and strife,
The pain, the passion, and the bitter leaven,
The cares that quell, the dreams that soar to heaven.

So, whatsoever time shall make or mar,
Or fate decree of benison or blame,
This poet-player, like a wondrous star,
Shall shed the solemn splendor of his fame,
Wide as the world, while beauty has a shrine,
While youth has hope, and love is yet divine.

Harrison Smith Morris

DESTINY

A. D. 1899

Our many years are made of clay and cloud,
And quick desire is but as morning dew;
And love and life, that linger and are proud,
Dissolve and are again the arching blue.
For who shall answer what the ages ask?
Or who undo a one-day-earlier bud?
We are but atoms in the larger task
Of law that seeks not to be understood.

Shall we then gather to our meagre mien
The purple of power, and sit above the seed,

While still abroad the acres of the green
Invisible feet leave imprint of their speed?

We are but part; the whole within the part
Trembles, as heaven steadied in a stream.
Not ours to question whence the leafage start,
Or doubt the prescience of a people's dream.

For these are cradled in the dark of time,
And move in larger order than we know;
The isolate act interpreted a crime,
In perfect circle, shows the Mind below.

Forth from the hush of equatorial heat
The wiser mother drove her sable kin —
Was it that through our vitiated wheat
A lustier grain should swell the life, grown thin?

Was it that upward through a waste of blood
The brutal tribe should struggle to a soul, —
That white and black, in interchange of good,
Might grope through ages to a loftier whole?

Who knows, who knows? For while we mock with doubt
The ceaseless loom thrids through its slow design;
The waning artifice is woven out,
And simple manhood rears a nobler line.

Then wherefore clamor to your idols thus
For bands to hold the Nation from its growth,
And wax in terror at the overplus
Won from dishonor and imperial sloth?

Wherefore implore the Power that lifts our might
To punish what His providence ordains;
To fix our star forever in its night;
To hold us fettered in our ancient chains?

The Nation in God's garden swells to fruit,
And He is glad, and blesses. Shall we then
Shrink inward to the dulness of the root,
And vanish from the onward march of men?

Give up the lands we won in loyal war;
Give up the gain and glory, rule, renown,
The orient commerce of the open door,
The conquest, and the wide imperial crown?

Yea, were these all, 't were well to let them go;
For idle gold is but an empty gain:
An empire, reared on ashes of its foe,
Falls, as have fallen the island-walls of Spain.

Treasure is dust. They need it not who build
On better things. Our gain is in the loss:
In love and tears, self victories fulfilled,
In manhood bending to the bitter cross.

In burdens that make wise the bearer, wounds
Taken in hate that sanctify the heart,
In sympathies and sorrows, and in sounds
That up from all the open waters start;

In brotherhood that binds the broken ties
And clasps the whole world closer into peace;
In East and West enwoven loverwise,
Mated for happy arts and home's increase.

What though the sere leaf circle to the ground, —
Its summer task is done, the bough is clean
For Spring's ascent; the lost is later found
In some new recess of the risen green.

We are but Nature's menials. 'T is her might
Sets our strange feet on Australasian sands,
Bids us to pluck the races from their night
And build a State from out the brawling bands.

Serene, she sweeps aside the more or less,
The man or people, if her end be sure;
Her brooding eyes, that ever bend to bless,
Find guerdon for the dead that shall endure.

Truth marches on, though crafty ignorance
Heed not the footfall of the eternal tread.

The land that shrinks from Nature's armed advance
Shall lie dishonored with her wasted dead.

Yea, it behooves us that the light be free.
We are but bearers, — it is Nature's own, —
Runners who speed the way of Destiny,
Yielding the torch whose flame is forward blown.

We are in His wide grasp who holds the law,
Who heaves the tidal sea, and rounds the year;
We may return not, though the weak withdraw;
We must move onward to the last frontier.

THE LONELY-BIRD

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

O DAPPLED throat of white! Shy, hidden bird!
Perched in green dimness of the dewy wood,
And murmuring, in that lonely, lover mood,
Thy heart-ache, softly heard,
Sweetened by distance, over land and lake.

Why, like a kinsman, do I feel thy voice
Awaken voices in me free and sweet?
Was there some far ancestral birdhood fleet
That rose and would rejoice:
A broken cycle rounded in a song?

The lake, like steady wine in a deep cup,
Lay crystal in the curving mountain deeps;
And now the air brought that long lyric up
That sobs, then falls and weeps,
And hushes silence into listening hope.

Is it that we were sprung of one old kin,
Children of brooding earth, that lets us tell,
Thou from thy rhythmic throat, I deep within,
These syllables of her spell,
This hymnëd wisdom of her pondering years?

For thou hast spoken song-wise in a tongue
I knew not till I heard the buried air
Burst from the boughs and bring me what thou sung,
Here where the lake lies bare
To reaching summits and the azure sky.

Thy music is a language of the trees,
The brown soil, and the never-trodden brake;
Translatress art thou of dumb mysteries
That dream through wood and lake;
And I, in thee, have uttered what I am!

A PINE-TREE BUOY

WHERE all the winds were tranquil,
And all the odors sweet,
And rings of tumbling upland
Sloped down to kiss your feet:

There, in a nest of verdure,
You grew from bud to bough;
You heard the song at mid-day, —
At eve the plighted vow.

But fate that gives a guerdon
Takes back a double fee:
She hewed you from your homestead
And set you in the sea.

And every bowling billow
Bends down your barren head
To hearken if the whisper
Of what you knew is dead.

MOHAMMED AND SEID

SWEPT by the hot wind, stark, untrackable,
The stony desert stretches to the sky.
Deep-printed shadows at the tent-door lie,
And camels slumber by the burning well.
One weeps within, wrinkled and dusk of face,
White-haired and lordly, o'er the new-brought dead:
Mohammed over Seid, who loved and read
Truth in the master when a fierce disgrace
Burned in his blood and none would heed the word.
"Behold the Prophet how he mourns a slave!"
So the slave's daughter, and Mohammed heard:

"A friend has lost a friend. What Allah gave
His wisdom takes. He never yet has erred!"
Thus said, and made the slain a martial grave.

WALT WHITMAN

He was in love with Truth and knew her near —
Her comrade, not her suppliant on the knee:
She gave him wild melodious words to be
Made music that should haunt the atmosphere.
She drew him to her bosom, day-long dear,
And pointed to the stars and to the sea,
And taught him miracles and mystery,
And made him master of the rounded year.
Yet one gift did she keep. He looked in vain,
Brow-shaded, through the darkness of the mist,
Marking a beauty like a wandering breath
That beckoned, yet denied his soul a tryst:
He sang a passion, yet he saw not plain
Till kind earth held him and he spake with death.

FICKLE HOPE

Hope, is this thy hand
Lies warm as life in mine?
Is this thy sign
Of peace none understand?

What! art thou not steadfast?
From off the blue air's beach
Wilt lean and reach
The price of pity past?

I know not if I may
Believe thee, Hope, or doubt:
With pretty pout
Wilt flee, or wilt thou stay?

Ernest Crosby

CHOIR PRACTICE

As I sit on a log here in the woods among the clean-faced beeches,
The trunks of the trees seem to me like the pipes of a mighty organ,
Thrilling my soul with wave on wave of the harmonies of the universal anthem —
The grand, divine, eonic "I am" chorus.

The red squirrel scolding in yonder hickory tree,
The flock of blackbirds chattering in council overhead,
The monotonous crickets in the unseen meadow,
Even the silent ants travelling their narrow highway with enormous burdens at my feet —
All, like choristers, sing in the green-arched cathedral
The heaven-prompted mystery, "I am, I am."
The rays of sunshine shoot down through the branches and touch the delicate ferns and the blades of coarse grass piercing up through last year's dead leaves,
And all cry out together, "I am."

We used to call upon all these works of the Lord to praise the Lord, and they did praise Him.
But now they praise no longer, for they have been taught a new song, and with one accord they chant the "I am."

I too would learn the new music, and I begin hesitatingly to take part in the world-wide choir practice.
After all these quiet private rehearsals,
At last in my own place you may look for me also in the final, vast, eternal chorus.
And we, all of us, as you see us, are but mouth-pieces.
Who is it that behind and beneath sings ever through us, now whispering, now thundering, "I am"?

THE SEARCH

No one could tell me where my Soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three.

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD

The soul of the world is abroad to-night—
Not in yon silvery amalgam of moonbeam and ocean, nor in the pink heat-lightning tremulous on the horizon;
Not in the embrace of yonder pair of lovers either, heart beating to heart in the shadow of the fishing-smack drawn up on the beach.
All that — shall I call it illusion? Nay, but at best it is a pale reflection of the truth.
I am not to be put off with symbols, for the soul of the world is itself abroad to-night.

I neither see nor hear nor smell nor taste nor touch it, but faintly I feel it powerfully stirring.
I feel it as the blind heaving sea feels the moon bending over it.
I feel it as the needle feels the serpentine magnetic current coiling itself about the earth.
I open my arms to embrace it as the lovers embrace each other, but my embrace is all inclusive.
My heart beats to heart likewise, but it is to the heart universal, for the soul of the world is abroad to-night.

Harry Thurston Peck

HELIOTROPE

Amid the chapel's chequered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture-room, —
That saucy little sophomora!
Yet while, as in her other schools,
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
Paroxytones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
A look half fond, half reverential.
To her that earnest voice was sweet,
And though her love had no confessor,
Her girlish heart lay at the feet
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever changing looks,
The wistful eyes, the tresses golden,
That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
And thrilled his soul with soft desire,
And bade fond youth return again
Crowned with his coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
Were more to him than all his knowledge,
And she preferred his words of praise
To all the honors of the college.
Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
She whispered to her heart's confessor.
"She thinks me old and gray and grim,"
In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once when Christmas bells were rung
Above ten thousand solemn churches,
And swelling anthems grandly sung
Pealed through the dim cathedral arches, —
Ere home returning, filled with hope,
Softly she stole by gate and gable,
And a sweet spray of heliotrope
Left on his littered study-table.

Nor came she more from day to day
Like sunshine through the shadows rifting:
Above her grave, far, far away,
The ever silent snows were drifting;

And those who mourned her winsome face
Found in its stead a swift successor
And loved another in her place —
All, save the silent old professor.

But, in the tender twilight gray,
Shut from the sight of carping critic,
His lonely thoughts would often stray
From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic,
Bidding the ghost of vanished hope
Mock with its past the sad possessor
Of the dead spray of heliotrope
That once she gave the old professor.

WONDERLAND

Sweet eyes by sorrow still unwet,
To you the world is radiant yet,
A palace-hall of splendid truth
Touched by the golden haze of youth,
Where hopes and joys are ever rife
Amid the mystery of life;
And seeking all to understand,
The world to you is Wonderland.

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break,
The Truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned, —
And, striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

A little time, then by and by
The puzzled thought itself shall die.
When, like the throb of distant drums,
The call inevitable comes
To blurring brain and weary limb,
And when the aching eyes grow dim,
And fast the gathering shadows creep
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,
We two shall slumber hand in hand
To wake, perhaps, in Wonderland.

THE OTHER ONE

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the robe of drifting snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!

Frank Lebby Stanton

ONE COUNTRY

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality, —
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame:
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all —
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea —
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,
'T is Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

A PLANTATION DITTY

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:
"Who — who — is — you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, hit 's des po' me,
En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;
I 'm po' en sinful, en you 'lowed I 'd be;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morror!"

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:
"Who — who — is — you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, ef you look you 'll see
Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,
En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morror!"

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

In the white moonlight, where the willow waves,
He halfway gallops among the graves —
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,
Content to dwell where the dead men dream,

But wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

Over the shimmering slabs he goes —
Every grave in the dark he knows;
But his nest is hidden from human eye
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit, though sceptics scoff,
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off!

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,
Fearful, still, on the track of him;
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,
For he heals the hurts of the conjured ones.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
The soul 's bewitched that would find release, —
To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret — he brings a boon
Where winds moan wild in the dark o' the moon;
And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet
To whoever shall sever his furry feet!

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

He did n't know much music
When first he come along;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
Why he did n't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun,
An' sung their sweetest notes;
An' music jest come on the run
From all their purty throats!

But still that bird was silent
In summer time an' fall;
He jest set still an' listened,
An' he would n't sing at all!

But one night when them songsters
Was tired out an' still,

An' the wind sighed down the valley
An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
Felt the fallin' o' the dew, —

There come a sound o' melody
No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
From the throat o' one sweet bird !

Then the other birds went Mayin'
In a land too fur to call;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
When one bird could sing fer all !

A LITTLE WAY

A LITTLE way to walk with you, my own —
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way ! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With thy heart far from mine,
'T would be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine !

Margaret Deland

LOVE AND DEATH

ALAS ! that men must see
Love, before Death !
Else they content might be
With their short breath;
Aye, glad, when the pale sun
Showed restless Day was done,
And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand
Death clasped their own,
And with a strange command
Hushed every moan;
Glad to have finished pain,
And labor wrought in vain,
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice
Bids Self to flee —
"Live that I may rejoice,
Live on, for me !"
So, for Love's cruel mind,
Men fear this Rest to find,
Nor know great Death is kind !

SENT WITH A ROSE TO A YOUNG LADY

DEEP in a Rose's glowing heart
I dropped a single kiss,
And then I bade it quick depart,
And tell my Lady this:

"The love thy Lover tried to send
O'erflows my fragrant bowl,
But my soft leaves would break and bend,
Should he send half the whole !"

THE CLOVER

O RUDDY Lover —
O brave red Clover !
Didst think to win her
Thou dost adore ?
She will not love thee,
She looks above thee,
The Daisy's gold doth move her more.
If gold can win her,
Then Love 's not in her;
So leave the Sinner,
And sigh no more !

LOVE'S WISDOM

How long I 've loved thee, and how well —
I dare not tell !
Because, if thou shouldst once divine
This love of mine,
Or did but once my tongue confess
My heart's distress,
Far, far too plainly thou wouldst see
My slavery,
And, guessing what Love's wit should hide,
Rest satisfied !

So, though I worship at thy feet,
I 'll be discreet —
And all my love shall not be told,
Lest thou be cold,
And, knowing I was always thine,
Scorn to be mine.
So am I dumb, to rescue thee
From tyranny —
And, by my silence, I do prove
Wisdom and Love!

Tudor Jenks

SMALL AND EARLY

When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor;
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more;
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came;
Our guests, an armless one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast, — the tea-pot tipped on high, —
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream — it seemed a wilful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered, "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "*must* take it so!"
She 'd say "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'am,"
But then I *had* to take it — her courtesy was sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves" — whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she 'd filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I 'd burn my tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride — she made me feel so young.
I must have drunk some twoscore cups, and Dorothy sixteen,
Allowing only needful time to pour them, in between.
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,
With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.
At length she put the cups away. "Good-night, Papa," she said;
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAINE

In battle-line of sombre gray
Our ships-of-war advance,
As Red Cross Knights in holy fray
Charged with avenging lance.
And terrible shall be thy plight,
O fleet of cruel Spain!
Forever in our van doth fight
The spirit of the Maine!

As when beside Regillus Lake
The Great Twin Brethren came
A righteous fight for Rome to make
Against the Deed of Shame —
So now a ghostly ship shall doom
The fleet of treacherous Spain:
Before her guilty soul doth loom
The spirit of the Maine!

A wraith arrayed in peaceful white,
As when asleep she lay
Above the traitorous mine that night
Within Havana Bay,
She glides before the avenging fleet,
A sign of woe to Spain.
Brave though her sons, how shall they meet
The spirit of the Maine!

Alice Brown

CANDLEMAS

O HEARKEN, all ye little weeds
That lie beneath the snow,
(So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream
On Winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
Arise and follow where a gleam
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
And all the woodland windings seem
With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky
Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
The tawny, shining coat!

TRILBY

O LIVING image of eternal youth!
Wrought with such large simplicity of truth
That, now the pattern 's made and on the shelf,
Each vows he might have cut it for himself;
Nor marvels that we sang of empty days,
Of rank-grown laurel and unprunëd bays,
While yet, in all this lonely Crusoe land,
The Trilby footprint had not touched the sand.
Here 's a new carelessness of Titan play.
Here 's Ariel's witchery to lead the way
In such sweet artifice of dainty wit
That men shall die with imitating it.
Now every man's old grief turns in its bed,
And bleeds a drop or two, divinely red;
Fair baby joys do rouse them, one by one,
Dancing a lightsome round, though love be done;
And Memory takes off her frontlet dim
To bind a bit of tinsel round the rim.
Dreams come to life, and faint foreshadowings
Flutter anear us on reluctant wings.
But not one pang, nay, though 't were gall of bliss,
And not one such awakening would we miss.
O comrades, here 's true stuff! ours to adore,
And swear we 'll carve our cherry-stones no more.

CLOISTERED

SEAL thou the window! Yea, shut out the light
And bar my door to all the airs of spring.
Yet in my cell, concealed from curious sight,
Here will I sit and sing.

Deaf, blind, and wilt Thou have me dumb, also,
Telling in silence these sad beads of days?
So let it be: though no sweet numbers flow,
My breath shall be Thy praise.

Yea, though Thou slay the life wherein men see
The upward-mounting flame, the failing spark,
My heart of love, that heart Thou gavest me,
Shall beat on in the dark.

LIFE

WHAT, comrade of a night,
No sooner meet than fight?
Before the word, the blow?
Well, be it so.

Yet think not Thou I yield,
Lost on a lonely field.
Lo! to my fainting breath,
My champion, Death!

SLEEP

WITHDRAW thee, soul, from strife.
Enter thine unseen bark,
And sail across the dark,
The silent sea of life.
Leave Care and Grief, feared now no more,
To wave and beckon from the shore.

Thy tenement is bare.
Shut are the burning eyes,
Ears deaf against surprise,
Limbs in a posture fair.
The body sleeps, unheeding thee,
And thou, my sailing soul, art free.

Rouse not to choose thy way;
To make it long or short,
Or seek some golden port
In haste, ere springs the day.
Desire is naught, and effort vain:
Here he who seeks shall ne'er attain.

Dream-winged, thy boat may drift
Where lands lie warm in light;
Or sail, with silent flight,
Oblivion cleaving swift.
Still, dusk or dawning, art thou blest,
O Fortune's darling, dowered with rest!

William Morton Payne

INCIPIT VITA NOVA

WHAT time the earth takes on the garb of Spring,
And new-born joy runs riot in the blood,
When the year's tide turns refluent to its flood,
And blissful birds their songs are carolling, —
When life once more is fair, and everything
In nature smiles, when tender flowrets bud,
And deck the mead as stars the heavens stud, —
What wonder that my heart leaps up to sing!
What wonder that to thee my song of praise
I bring, and burn sweet incense at thy shrine,
And offer all the worship of my lays
To thee, whose loveliness hath lent my days
That life renewed whereof the Florentine
Sang ere he wrote the Comedy Divine!

"EJ BLOT TIL LYST"

("Not for pleasure only," — the motto of the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen.)

NOT merely for our pleasure, but to purge
The soul from baseness, from ignoble fear,
And all the passions that make dim the clear
Calm vision of the world; our feet to urge
On to ideal far-set goals; to merge
Our being with the heart of things; brought near
The springs of life, to make us see and hear
And feel its swelling and pulsating surge: —
Such, Thespian art divine, thy nobler aim;
For this the tale of Œdipus was told,
Of frenzied Lear, Harpagon's greed of gold; —
And, knowing this, how must we view with shame
Thy low estate, and hear the plaudits loud
That mark thee now but pander to the crowd!

TANNHÄUSER

SIN-SATIATE, and haggard with despair,
Freed from the unholy mountain's baleful spell,
Forth coming from the very pit of Hell,
The fallen knight repentant kneels in prayer.
But hark! what solemn strains fill all the air?
What pilgrim chants now on the morning swell,
And pour hope's balm upon his soul, and tell
Of pardon, if he to Christ's seat repair?

With fervent heart he treads the weary way,
Kneels at the throne of God's anointed, hears
The fearful doom repentance may not stay:
And yet, in death's last gasp — if he but heed —
An angel voice soft whispers in his ears
That for him too the Saviour once did bleed.

LOHENGRIN

STRAIN, strain thine eyes, this parting is for aye!
Grief have her will of thee! Thy faith confessed
To his unequal, he must go, the quest
Fulfilled that brought him hither on thy day
Of imminent, direst peril. Now away
To other shores bids him the Grail's behest.
Thou knewest him too late to spare thy breast
This keen remorse, thy soul this dark dismay.
Yet canst thou face not all disconsolate
The coming years. The horn remains, the sword,
The ring he left thee, and the child whom late
Thou mournedst; while beyond the power of fate
To dim the memory of that love outpoured
Upon thee by thy stainless knight and lord.

Milicent Washburn Shinn

SONG AND SCIENCE

"THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS"

SPIRIT of song, whose shining wings have borne
Our souls of old to many a clear blue height,
Comes there the day that leaves our world forlorn
Of thy clear singing in the haunted night?
For while from out the western radiance low
Like stars the great dead shining upward go,
Behold, thy wings are poised to join their flight:
Yet follow not within the golden door
Those starry souls; but when the time is full,
Let thy fair-shining garments, white as wool,
Glimmer once more across our earth's green floor.

Well was it for thee when the moonlight filled
The Syrian nights, and all the air was stilled
With large and simple faith, until men felt
Somewhat most stern and mighty brooding o'er them,
And grimly as Jehovah's warriors bore them.
Well was it for thee where the glad gods dwelt
In happy Hellas, clasped by silver nights,
When on the clear blue of Olympian heights
Apollo's lyre, and by the reedy stream
Pan's shrill, sweet pipe made life a sunny dream.
Well was it for thee in the English wood,
When red, new leaves were bursting out of bud,
And hearts were fresh as young leaves on the elm.
And well, through all the centuries since, thy realm
Has loyally been kept for thee, and thou,
Departing oft, hast still returned; but now
New powers devour thy kingdom day by day.
How shouldst thou come amidst such waste to stay?

For even now, across that western glow,
A keen light whitens coldly in the east,
And glittering on the slopes of morning, lo,
One comes in silver arms; and aye increased
The sharp light shines, and men beholding turn

From thee, and kneel before this wonder new,
Upon whose crest the conquered stars do burn.
No white wings gleam like thine against the blue,
Yet swift his foot and strong; and in his hand —
Ah, bright and terrible! — he bears the brand
Of truth, and in its gleam the lightning plays.
Exultant, young, full-armed from spur to helm,
Spirit of song, he comes to claim thy realm;
And coldly o'er thy lingering radiance low
The keener splendors that attend him flow.
What place is left for thee in all earth's ways?

Yet that strong warrior that recks not of thee
Shall one day turn his eyes and see thy face
Shine like a star from some far deep of space, —
And all his spirit unto thee shall yearn,
Until he call thee back, and win thy grace.
And on thy brow his captive stars shall burn;
And in wide realms, new-conquered unto thee
By that great sword, thine olden smile shall shine;
Unto deep chords of many an unknown sea,
Thy voice shall join its world-old notes divine.

WHEN ALMONDS BLOOM

When almond buds unclose,
Soft white and tender rose, —
A swarm of white moth things,
With sunset on their wings,
That fluttering settle down
On branches chill and brown;
When all the sky is blue,
And up from grasses new
Blithe springs the meadow lark, —
Sweet, sweet, from dawn to dark; —
When all the young year's way
Grows sweeter day by day; —
When almond buds unclose,
Who doubts of May's red rose?

YOSEMITE

FROM "THE WASHINGTON SEQUOIA"

Soul of a tree ungrown, new life out of God's life proceeding,
Folded close in the seed, waking — O wonder of wonders —
Waking with power as a spirit to clothe thee in leaves and in branches,
What, in thine age-long future, is the word thou art set here to say?

Far in the great Sierra dwell the mighty groups of thy kindred;
Aisles of the sounding pines; and colonnades dusky and fragrant,
Pillared with ridgy shafts of tall and wonderful cedar,
Lead to their presence; and round them forever the mountains stand.

Deep in that inner temple listens the fortunate pilgrim,
Low where the red lilies tremble he lies while the still hours pass by him,
Baring his brows to the silence, the dear and intimate greatness,
The touch of the friendly air, like a quiet and infinite hand.

Far, far up from the earth, in the lower spaces of heaven,
Shadowy green on the blue, rests the moving lace of the branches,
Holding the faint winds captive, dropping but lightest of murmurs,
Spirits of far-away sound, to the windless reaches below.

Deep in that inner temple listens the fortunate pilgrim;
Infinite things they say to him, the mighty groups of thy kindred, —
Life beyond life, and soul within soul, and God around all as an ocean, —
Whispers his heart dimly guesses, secrets he never may know.

James Benjamin Kenyon

TACITA

She roves through shadowy solitudes,
  Where scentless herbs and fragile flowers
Pine in the gloom that ever broods
  Around her sylvan bowers.

No winds amid the branches sigh,
  No footfall wakes the sodden ground;
And the cold streams that hurry by
  Flow on without a sound.

Strange, voiceless birds from spray to spray
  Flit silently; and all day long
The dancing midges round her play,
  But sing no elfin song.

The haunting twilight ebbs and flows;
  Chill is the night, wan is the morn;
Through this dim wood no minstrel goes,
  No hunter winds his horn.

No panting stag seeks yon dark pool;
  No shepherd calls his bleating sheep
From sunburnt meads to shadows cool,
  And grasses green and deep.

Across her path, from reed to reed,
  The spider weaves his gossamer;
She recks not where her footsteps lead,
  The world is dead to her.

Her eyes are sad, her face is pale,
  Her head droops sidewise wearily;
Her dusky tresses, like a veil,
  Down ripple to her knee.

How many a cycle hath she trod
  Each mossy aisle, each leafy dell!
Alas, her feet with silence shod
  Ne'er flee the hateful spell!

QUATRAINS

THE BEDOUINS OF THE SKIES

Yon clouds that roam the deserts of the air,
  On wind-swift barbs, o'er many an azure plain,
Scarce pause to lift to Allah one small prayer,
  Ere Ishmael's spirit drives them forth again.

THE TWO SPIRITS

I dreamed two spirits came — one dusk as night:
  "Mortals miscall me Life," he sadly saith;
The other, with a smile like morning light,
  Flashed his strong wings and spake, "Men name me Death."

A CHALLENGE

Arise, O soul, and gird thee up anew,
  Though the black camel Death kneel at thy gate;
No beggar thou that thou for alms shouldst sue;
  Be the proud captain still of thine own fate!

DEATH AND NIGHT

The bearded grass waves in the summer breeze;
The sunlight sleeps along the distant hills;
Faint is the music of the murmuring rills,
And faint the drowsy piping of the bees.
The languid leaves scarce stir upon the trees,
And scarce is heard the clangor of the mills
In the far distance, and the high, sharp trills
Of the cicada die upon the leas.
O death, what art thou? Hast thou peace like this?
Or, underneath the daisies, out of sight,
Hast thou in keep some higher, calmer bliss?
Ah me! 't is pleasant to behold the light,
And missing this, O death, would we not miss
That weariness which makes us love the night?

BRING THEM NOT BACK

YET, O my friend — pale conjurer, I call
Thee friend — bring, bring the dead not back again,
Since for the tears, the darkness and the pain
Of unrequited friendship — for the gall
That hatred mingles with fond love — for all
Life's endless turmoil, bitterness and bane,
Thou hast given dreamless rest. Still let the rain,
And sunshine, and the dews from heaven fall
Upon the graves of those whose peaceful eyes
Thy breath hath sealed forever. Let the song
Of summer birds be theirs, and in the skies
Let the pale stars keep vigil all night long.
O death, call not the holy dead to rise,
Again to feel the cold world's ruth and wrong.

COME SLOWLY, PARADISE

O DAWN upon me slowly, Paradise!
Come not too suddenly,
Lest my just-opened, unaccustomed eyes
Smitten with blindness be.

To those who from Time's penury and woe
Rise to thy heights afar,
Down which the floods of glory fall and flow,
Too great thy splendors are.

So grow upon me slowly; sweetly break
Across death's silent deep,
Till to thy morning brightness I shall wake
As one from happy sleep.

Charles Henry Crandall

STELLA

HOME from the observatory,
Now I take her on my knee,
And I tell her all the glory
That the lenses showed to me.
Pleased, she listens to my story,
Earnest look then turneth she

Where the stars are softly blinking
In the blue of summer skies.
Ah! she sees beyond my thinking,
Even into Paradise!
Very humbly I am drinking
What o'erfloweth from her eyes.

THE HUMAN PLAN

CHILD, weary of thy baubles of to-day —
Child with the golden or the silver hair —
Say, how wouldst thou have built creation's stair,
Hadst thou been free to have thy puny way?
Could thy intelligence have shot the ray
That lit the universe of upper air?
Wouldst thou have bid the surging stars to dare
Their glorious flight and never stop nor stay?
Yet, casting on this life thy weak disdain,
Thou triest to guess thy lot in loftier places,
To draw the heaven of our human need;
A door of rest, a flash of wings, a strain
Of 'trancing music, and the long-lost faces!
But, after all, what may be Heaven indeed?

WITH LILACS

I BEG the pardon of these flowers
For bringing them to one whose hair
Alone doth shame, beyond compare,
The sweetest blooms of richest bowers.

I beg the pardon of this maid
For offering them with hand less pure,
A heart less perfect, needing cure
By Love's own music, softly played.

Charles Henry Luders

THE FOUR WINDS

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp, clear stars, —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands, —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains, —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose, —
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

THE HAUNTS OF THE HALCYON

To stand within a gently gliding boat,
Urged by a noiseless paddle at the stern,
Whipping the crystal mirror of the fern
In fairy bays where water-lilies float;
To hear your reel's whirr echoed by the throat
Of a wild mocking-bird, or round some turn
To chance upon a wood-duck's brood that churn
Swift passage toward their mother's warning note, —
This is to rule a realm that nevermore
May aught but restful weariness invade;
This is to live again the old days o'er,
When nymph and dryad haunted stream and glade;
To dream sweet, idle dreams of having strayed
To Arcady, with all its golden lore.

HEART OF OAK

Lean close and set thine ear against the bark;
Then tell me what faint, murmurous sounds are heard:
Hath not the oak stored up the song of bird,
Whisper of wind and rain-lisp? Ay, and hark!
The shadowy elves that fret the summer dark,
With clash of horny winglets swiftly whirred,
Hear'st thou not them, with myriad noises, blurred,
Yet well defined if one but shrewdly mark?
And thou, — when thy Familiar setteth ear
Unto thy bosom, doth he note the same
Sweet concord of harmonious sounds within?
Or is all hushed in hollow silence drear?
An 't be, pray Heaven to save thee from thy shame
Ere thy whole soul be slain by cankerous sin.

AN OLD THOUGHT

Framed in the cavernous fire-place sits a boy,
Watching the embers from his grandsire's knee:
One sees red castles rise, and laughs with joy;
The other marks them crumble, silently.

THE MOUNTEBANKS

Over our heads the branches made
A canopy of woven shade.

The birds about this beechen tent
Like deft attendants came and went.

A shy wood-robin, fluting low,
Furnished the music for the show.

The cricket and the grasshopper
A portion of the audience were.

Thither did Fancy leap to fling
Light summersaults around the ring.

Wit, the sly jester of the Town,
And rustic Humor played the clown;

Reason was ringmaster, and waved
His whip when these his anger braved;

Wishes were horses that each rode
Unto his heart's desire's abode.

There Laughter and Delight and Glee
Performed their parts that all might see,

Till a sweet wind across the clover
Whispered, "At last, the show is over,"

And the broad shadow of a cloud
Moved from us like a moving crowd.

Mary Augusta Mason

THE SCARLET TANAGER

A flame went flitting through the wood;
The neighboring birds all understood
    Here was a marvel of their kind;
And silent was each feathered throat
To catch the brilliant stranger's note,
And folded every songster's wing
To hide its sober coloring.
    Against the tender green outlined,
He bore himself with splendid ease,
As though alone among the trees.
The glory passed from bough to bough —
The maple was in blossom now,
And then the oak, remembering
The crimson hint it gave in spring,
And every tree its branches swayed
And offered its inviting shade;
Where'er a bough detained him long,
A slender, silver thread of song
Was lightly, merrily unspun.
From early morn till day was done
    The vision flitted to and fro.
At last the wood was all alone;
But, ere the restless flame had flown,
He left a secret with each bough,
And in the Fall, where one is now,
    A thousand tanagers will glow.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR

My little neighbor's table 's set,
  And slyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm in each tiny fret
  The bark has fashioned cunningly.

He pauses on a favorite knot;
  Beneath the oak his feast is spread;
He asks no friend to share his lot,
  Or dine with him on acorn bread.

He keeps his whiskers trim and neat,
  His tail with care he brushes through;
He runs about on all four feet —
  When dining he sits up on two.

He has the latest stripe in furs,
  And wears them all the year around;
He does not mind the prick of burs
  When there are chestnuts to be found.

I watch his home and guard his store,
  A cozy hollow in a tree;
He often sits within his door
  And chatters wondrous things to me.

Henry Jerome Stockard

OVER THEIR GRAVES

Over their graves rang once the bugle's call,
The searching shrapnel and the crashing ball;
The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh
Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,
By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,
Over their graves.

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall.
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul —
A love that 's deathless! — but they look to-day
With no reproaches on us when we say,
"Come, let us clasp your hands, we 're brothers all,
Over their graves!"

AS SOME MYSTERIOUS WANDERER OF THE SKIES

As some mysterious wanderer of the skies,
Emerging from the deeps of outer dark,
Traces for once in human ken the arc
Of its stupendous curve, then swiftly flies
Out through some orbit veiled in space, which lies
Where no imagination may embark, —
Some onward-reaching track that God did mark
For all eternity beneath his eyes, —
So comes the soul forth from Creation's vast;
So clothed with mystery moves through mortal sight;
Then sinks away into the Great Unknown.
What systems it hath seen in all the past,
What worlds shall blaze upon its future flight,
Thou knowest, eternal God, and thou alone!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own!

Sarah Pratt McLean Greene

THE LAMP

Hast thou a lamp, a little lamp,
Put in that hand of thine?
And did He say, who gave it thee,
The world hath need this light should be,
Now, therefore, let it shine?

And dost thou say, with bated breath,
It is a little flame;
I'll let the lamps of broader wick
Seek out the lost and cheer the sick,
While I seek wealth and fame?

But on the shore where thy small house
Stands dark, stands dark, this night,
Full many a wanderer, thither tossed,
Is driven on that rock and lost,
Where thou hast hid thy light.

Though but a candle thou didst have,
Its trimmed and glowing ray
Is infinite. With God, no light
Is great or small, but only bright,
As is his perfect day.

The world hath sorrow, nothing more,
To give or keep for thee;
Duty is in that hidden flame,
And soaring joy: then rise for shame
That thou so dark shouldst be.

Rise, trim thy lamp; the feeble past
Behind thee put and spurn.

With God it is not soon or late,
So that thy light, now flaming great,
Doth ever fiercer burn, —

Fierce with its love, and flaming great
In its humility;
Shunning no soul in sinful need,
Fearing no path where He may lead,
Glowing consumingly.

Thou shalt not want for light enough,
When earthly moons grow dim;
The dawn is but begun for thee,
When thou shalt hand, so tremblingly,
Thy empty lamp to Him.

DE SHEEPFOL'

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey 's some, dey 's black and thin,
And some, dey 's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', dey 's all brung in.
But de res', dey 's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Clarence Urmy

AS I CAME DOWN MOUNT TAMALPAIS

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To north the fair Sonoma Hills
Lay like a trembling thread of blue
Beneath a sky of daffodils;
Through tules green a silver stream
Ran south to meet the tranquil bay,
Whispering a dreamy, tender tale
Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To south the city brightly shone,
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss
Across the golden ocean blown;
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,
I almost heard its tramp and tread,
And saw against the sky the cross
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais
To east San Pablo's water lay,
Touched with a holy purple light,
The benediction of the day;
No ripple on its twilight tide,
No parting of its evening veil,
Save dimly in the far-off haze
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To west Heaven's gateway opened wide,
And through it, freighted with day-cares,
The cloud-ships floated with the tide;
Then, silently through stilly air,
Starlight flew down from Paradise,
Folded her silver wings and slept
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

BLONDEL

Within my heart I long have kept
A little chamber cleanly swept,
Embroidered with a fleur-de-lis,
And lintel boughs of redwood-tree;
A bed, a book, a crucifix,
Two little copper candlesticks
With tapers ready for the match
The moment I his footfall catch,

That when in thought he comes to me
He straightway at his ease may be.
This guest I love so to allure —
Blondel, King Richard's Troubadour!

He often comes, but sings no more
(He says his singing days are o'er!);
Still, sweet of tongue and filled with tales
Of knights and ladies, bowers and vales,
He caps our frugal meal with talk
Of langue d'oïl and langue d'oc,
Of Picardy and Aquitaine,
Blanche of Castile and Charlemagne,
Of ménestrel, trouvère, conteur,
Mime, histrion, and old harpeur —
Small wonder that I love him well,
King Richard's troubadour, Blondel!

Still, as he comes at candle-light
And goes before the east is bright,
I have no heart to beg him keep
Late hour with me when wooed by sleep;
But one request I ever make,
And ever no for answer take:
He will not make the secret mine,
What song he sang at Dürrenstein!
Sleep, troubadour! Enough that thou
With that sweet lay didst keep thy vow
And link thy name by deathless art
With Richard of the Lion Heart!

Susan Marr Spalding

A SONG'S WORTH

I MADE a song for my dear love's delight;
I wrought with all sweet words my heart could lend
To longing lips, and thrilled with joy to send
The message only love could read aright.
He came; and while I trembled in his sight,
He kissed my hands and said, "To what sweet end,
Unknowing, hast thou wrought, O gentle friend?
Singing thy song, I learned to woo, despite
My loved one's frown; and now she is my own."
Blessing me then, he went his happy way.
The whole world sings my song, and I alone
Am silent; yet through tears I sometimes say,
"To which of us doth greater joy belong?
He hath his love; but I — I have my song."

THE SEA'S SPELL

BENEATH thy spell, O radiant summer sea, —
Lulled by thy voice, rocked on thy shining breast,
Fanned by thy soft breath, by thy touch caressed, —
Let all thy treacheries forgotten be.
Let me still dream the ships I gave to thee
All golden-freighted in fair harbors rest;
Let me believe each sparkling wave's white crest
Bears from thy depths my loved and lost to me.
Let me not heed thy wrecks, nor count thy slain.
As o'er-fond lovers for love's sake forget
Their dearest wrongs, so I, with eyes still wet
With thy salt tears, with heart still wrung with pain,
Back to thy fierce, sweet beauty turn again,
And though thou wreck me, will I love thee yet!

FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart;
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end, —
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.

And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied — and this is Fate!

Robert Bridges

"THE UNILLUMINED VERGE"

THEY tell you that Death 's at the turn of the road,
That under the shade of a cypress you 'll find him,
And, struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,
And we 'll talk of the way we have come through the valley;
Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the slave —
"Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his rowing!
Yet it 's joyful to live, and it 's hard to be brave
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight is going."

We are almost there — our last walk on this height —
I must bid you good-by at that cross on the mountain.
See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a fountain!

And it shines in your face and illumines your soul;
We are comrades as ever, right here at your going;
You may rest if you will within sight of the goal,
While I must return to my oar and the rowing.

We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a friend;
I will keep you in sight till the road makes its turning
Just over the ridge within reach of the end
Of your arduous toil, — the beginning of learning.

You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,
"Au revoir!" and "Good night!" while the twilight is creeping
Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?
Yes, I hear your faint voice: "This is rest, and like sleeping!"

JAMES McCOSH

YOUNG to the end through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning, — champion of truth!
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all humankind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low, — assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the "Royal Law of Love."

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet voice. And in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called "my boys"!

William Lindsey

EN GARDE, MESSIEURS

En garde, Messieurs, too long have I endured,
Too long with patience borne the world's rebuff;
Now he who shoulders me shall find me rough;
The weakness of an easy soul is cured.

I 've shouted, leathern-lunged, when fame or gold
Were won by others, turned to aid my friend; —
Dull-pated ever, — but such follies end;
Only a fool 's content, and in the cold.

My doublet is in tatters, and my purse
Waves in the wind, light as my lady's fan;
Only my sword is bright; with it I plan
To win success, or put my sword to nurse.

I wait no longer for the primal blow;
Henceforth my stroke is first, I give offense;
I claim no more an over-dainty sense,
I brook no blocking where I plan to go.

En garde, Messieurs! and if my hand is hard,
Remember I 've been buffeted at will;
I am a whit impatient, and 'tis ill
To cross a hungry dog, Messieurs, en garde.

THE HUNDRED-YARD DASH

Give me a race that is run in a breath,
Straight from the start to the "tape;"
Distance hath charms, but a "Ding Dong" means death,
Death without flowers and crape.

"On your mark," "Set," — for a moment we strain,
Held by a leash all unseen;
"P'ff," we are off, from the pistol we gain
Yards, if the starter 's not keen.

Off like lean greyhounds, the cinders scarce stir
Under the touch of our feet;
Flashes of sunlight, the crowd's muffled purr,
The rush of the wind, warm and sweet.

One last fierce effort; the red worsted breaks,
Struggle and strain are all past;
Only ten ticks of the watch, but it makes
First, second, third, and the last.

Horace L. Traubel

I SERVED IN A GREAT CAUSE

I served in a great cause:
Long had I doubted the call I heard, wantoning the seasons dead;
The opportune days were deserts, the sunlight fell on a waste,
But the dawn brought me face to face with itself, with the opening flowers:
I looked upon my sea casting its wrecks down the shore in the storm,
The wrecks, my useless volitions, disordered, missent, ill-protected, to the deep,
The resurrected programme of self veined red with the blood of my birth,
The futile hours past, the distrusted images recalled,
In tumult of desire, in quietude of achievement, in effacement of unbelief.

I served the great cause, the great cause served me;
There were never any debts between us, the compact was without obligation;
I answered its cry, it answered my cry;
The seed in the ground hungered for light, the light pierced the earth with unerring love —
We met, we ran together, appointed mates.

I served not as one who follows or one who leads;
I served not in abasement, on my knees, with my head in the dust;
I served proudly, accepted, accepting,
The cloudland phantoms never misting the prospect,
The sunshine sirens never dazing the day with their splendor,
Ever in my heart crowding ancient and unborn dreams,
Cresting the hills and making the valleys fertile.

I served in a great cause:
I served without heroism, without virtue, with no promises of success, with no near destination of treasure;
I was on the march, I contained that which persevered me to ends unseen, no footsore night relaxed my pace;
There was only the press of invisible hands, only gray-brown eyes of invitation,
Only my franchised heart to fuel the fires to suns.

IF ALL THE VOICES OF MEN

If all the voices of men called out warning you, and you could not join your voice with their voices,
If all the faces of men were turned one way and you met them face to face, you going another, —
You still must not be persuaded to capitulation; you will remember that the road runs east as well as west.

EPICEDIUM

Like to the leaf that falls,
Like to the rose that fades,
Thou art — and still art not!
We whom this thought enthralls,
We whom this mystery shades,
Are bared before our lot!

Like to the light gone out,
Like to the sun gone down,
Thou art — and yet we feel
That something more than doubt,
And more than Nature's frown,
The Great Good must reveal.

'T is not with thankless heart,
Nor yet with covert hand,
We reach from deeps to thee:
We take our grief apart,
And with it bravely stand
Beside the voiceless sea!

O, gentle memory mine —
I fill the world with thee,
And with thy blessing sleep!
But for thy love divine
To warm the day for me,
Why should I wake or weep?

Dangke Dandridge

THE DEAD MOON

We are ghost-ridden:
Through the deep night
Wanders a spirit,
Noiseless and white;
Loiters not, lingers not, knoweth not rest,
Ceaselessly haunting the East and the West.

She, whose undoing the ages have wrought,
Moves on to the time of God's rhythmical thought.
In the dark, swinging sea,
As she speedeth through space,
She reads her pale image;
The wounds are agape on her face.
She sees her grim nakedness
Pierced by the eyes
Of the Spirits of God
In their flight through the skies.
(Her wounds, — they are many and hollow.)
The Earth turns and wheels as she flies,
And this Spectre, this Ancient, must follow.

When, in the æons,
Had she beginning?
What is her story?
What was her sinning?

Do the ranks of the Holy Ones
  Know of her crime?
Does it loom in the mists
  Of the birthplace of Time?
The stars, do they speak of her
  Under their breath,
"Will this Wraith be forever
  Thus restless in death?"
On, through immensity,
  Sliding and stealing,
On, through infinity,
  Nothing revealing?

I see the fond lovers:
  They walk in her light;
They charge the "soft maiden"
  To bless their love-plight.
Does she laugh in her place,
  As she glideth through space?
Does she laugh in her orbit with never a sound?
  That to her, a dead body,
With nothing but rents in her round —
  Blighted and marred,
  Wrinkled and scarred,
    Barren and cold,
    Wizened and old —
    That to her should be told,
That to her should be sung
The yearning and burning of them that are young?

Our Earth that is young,
  That is throbbing with life,
Has fiery upheavals,
  Has boisterous strife;
But she that is dead has no stir, breathes no air;
She is calm, she is voiceless, in lonely despair.

We dart through the void;
  We have cries, we have laughter;
The phantom that haunts us
  Comes silently after.
This Ghost-lady follows,
  Though none hear her tread;
On, on, we are flying,
  Still tracked by our Dead —
By this white, awful Mystery,
  Haggard and dead.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FALL

Come, on thy swaying feet,
Wild Spirit of the Fall!
With wind-blown skirts, loose hair of russet-brown,
Crowned with bright berries of the bitter-sweet.

Trip a light measure with the hurrying leaf,
Straining thy few late roses to thy breast,
With laughter over-gay, sweet eyes drooped down,
That none may guess thy grief.
Dare not to pause for rest
Lest the slow tears should gather to their fall.

But when the cold moon rises o'er the hill,
The last numb crickets cease, and all is still,
Face down thou liest on the frosty ground
Strewed with thy fortune's wreck, alas, thine all —
. . . . . .
There, on a winter dawn, thy corse I found,
Lone Spirit of the Fall.

William Roscoe Thayer

("PAUL HERMES")

THE LAST HUNT

Oh, it 's twenty gallant gentlemen
  Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
  And gleam upon the spear:
They galloped through the meadow-grass,
  They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
  And lightest tost his plume.
    There 's no delight by day or night
      Like hunting in the morn;
    So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
      And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood
  By ferny dell and glade,

And now and then upon their cloaks
The yellow sunshine played;
They heard the timid forest-birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But not a stag did see.
Wind, wind the horn, on summer morn!
Though ne'er a buck appear,
There 's health for horse and gentleman
A-hunting of the deer!

They panted up Ben Lomond's side
Where thick the leafage grew,
And when they bent the branches back
The sunbeams darted through;
Sir Morven in his saddle turned,
And to his comrades spake,
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag
Beside the Brownies' Lake."
Then sound not on the bugle-horn,
Bend bush and do not break,
Lest ye should start the timid hart
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake, —
A blue eye in the wood, —
And on its brink a moment's space
All motionless they stood:
When, suddenly, the silence broke
With fifty bowstrings' twang,
And hurtling through the drowsy air
Full fifty arrows sang.
Ah, better for those gentlemen,
Than horn and slender spear,
Were morion and buckler true,
A-hunting of the deer.

Not one of that brave company
Shall hunt the deer again;
Some fell beside the Brownies' Pool,
Some dropt in dell or glen;
An arrow pierced Sir Morven's breast,
His horse plunged in the lake,
And swimming to the farther bank
He left a bloody wake.
Ah, what avails the silver horn,
And what the slender spear?
There 's other quarry in the wood
Beside the fallow deer!

O'er ridge and hollow sped the horse
Besprent with blood and foam,
Nor slackened pace until at eve
He brought his master home.

How tenderly the Lady Ruth
The cruel dart withdrew!
"False Tirrell shot the bolt," she said,
"That my Sir Morven slew!"
Deep in the forest lurks the foe,
While gayly shines the morn:
Hang up the broken spear, and blow
A dirge upon the horn.

MAN IN NATURE

Climbing up the hillside beneath the summer stars
I listen to the murmur of the drowsy ebbing sea;
The newly-risen moon has loosed her silver zone
On the undulating waters where the ships are sailing free.

O moon, and O stars, and O drowsy summer sea
Drawing thy tide from the city up the bay,
I know how you will look and what your bounds must be,
When we and our sons have forever passed away.

You shall not change, but a nobler race of men
Shall walk beneath the stars and wander by the shore;
I cannot guess their glory, but I think the sky and sea
Will bring to them more gladness than they brought to us of yore.

THE VIOLIN'S COMPLAINT

Honest Stradivari made me:
With the gift of love he blest me;
Once, delight, a master played me,
Love awoke when he caressed me!

Oh the deep, ecstatic burning!
Oh the secrets low and tender!
Oh the passion and the yearning
At our love's complete surrender!

Heartless men, so long to hide me
With the costly toys you cherish;
I 'm a soul — again confide me
To a lover, ere I perish!

Helen Gray Cone

THE RIDE TO THE LADY

"Now since mine even is come at last, —
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel, —
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"
The chaplain clasped his mailëd knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well!"
They bound him strong with leathern thong,
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,
Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face.
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.
"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;
Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein, —
But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew;
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower
Her fashioning did wait.
On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veilëd eyne;
But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood!

ARRAIGNMENT

"Not ye who have stoned, not ye who have smitten us," cry
The sad, great souls, as they go out hence into dark, —
"Not ye we accuse, though for you was our passion borne;
And ye we reproach not, who silently passed us by.
We forgive blind eyes and the ears that would not hark,
The careless and causeless hate and the shallow scorn.

"But ye, who have seemed to know us,
have seen and heard;
Who have set us at feasts and have
crowned with the costly rose;
Who have spread us the purple of praises
beneath our feet;
Yet guessed not the word that we spake
was a living word,
Applauding the sound, — we account you
as worse than foes!
We sobbed you our message: ye said, 'It
is song, and sweet!'"

THISBE

The garden within was shaded,
And guarded about from sight;
The fragrance flowed to the south wind,
The fountain leaped to the light.

And the street without was narrow,
And dusty, and hot, and mean;
But the bush that bore white roses,
She leaned to the fence between:

And softly she sought a crevice
In that barrier blank and tall,
And shyly she thrust out through it
Her loveliest bud of all.

And tender to touch, and gracious,
And pure as the moon's pure shine,
The full rose paled and was perfect, —
For whose eyes, for whose lips, but mine!

THE CONTRAST

He loved her, having felt his love begin
With that first look, — as lover oft avers.
He made pale flowers his pleading ministers,
Impressed sweet music, drew the springtime in
To serve his suit; but when he could not win,
Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers;
And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,
And life goes on as though she had not been.
She never loved him; but she loved Love so,
So reverenced Love, that all her being shook
At his demand whose entrance she denied.
Her thoughts of him such tender color took
As western skies that keep the afterglow.
The words he spoke were with her till she died.

THE LAST CUP OF CANARY

SIR HARRY LOVELOCK, 1645

So, the powder's low, and the larder's clean,
And surrender drapes, with its blacks impending,
All the stage for a sorry and sullen scene:
Yet indulge me my whim of a madcap ending!

Let us once more fill, ere the final chill,
Every vein with the glow of the rich canary!
Since the sweet hot liquor of life's to spill,
Of the last of the cellar what boots be chary?

Then hear the conclusion: I'll yield my breath,
But my leal old house and my good blade never!
Better one bitter kiss on the lips of Death
Than despoiled Defeat as a wife forever!

Let the faithful fire hold the walls in ward
Till the roof-tree crash! Be the smoke once riven
While we flash from the gate like a single sword,
True steel to the hilt, though in dull earth driven!

Do you frown, Sir Richard, above your ruff,
In the Holbein yonder? My deed ensures you!
For the flame like a fencer shall give rebuff
To your blades that blunder, you Roundhead boors, you!

And my ladies, a-row on the gallery wall,
Not a sing-song sergeant or corporal sainted
Shall pierce their breasts with his Puritan ball,
To annul the charms of the flesh, though painted!

I have worn like a jewel the life they gave;
As the ring in mine ear I can lightly lose it.
If my days be done, why, my days were brave!
If the end arrive, I as master choose it!

Then fill to the brim, and a health, I say,
To our liege King Charles, and I pray God bless him!
'T would amend worse vintage to drink dismay
To the clamorous mongrel pack that press him!

And a health to the fair women, past recall,
That like birds astray through the heart's hall flitted;
To the lean devil Failure last of all,
And the lees in his beard for a fiend outwitted!

THE SPRING BEAUTIES

The Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad for church;
A Thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on his perch.
"Happy be! for fair are ye!" the gentle singer told them,
But presently a buff-coat Bee came booming up to scold them.
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"
Grumbled out the buff-coat Bee,
Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty, pinky blushes,
Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the Thrushes;
And when, that shady afternoon, I chanced that way to pass,
They hung their little bonnets down and looked into the grass.
All because the buff-coat Bee
Lectured them so solemnly: —
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"

FAIR ENGLAND

White England shouldering from the sea,
Green England in thy rainy veil,
Old island-nest of Liberty
And loveliest Song, all hail!

God guard thee long from scath and grief!
Not any wish of ours would mar
One richly glooming ivy-leaf,
One rosy daisy-star.

What! phantoms are we, spectre-thin,
Unfathered, out of nothing born?
Did Being in this world begin
With blaze of yestermorn?

Nay! sacred Life, a scarlet thread,
Through lost unnumbered lives has run;
No strength can tear us from the dead;
The sire is in the son.

Nay! through the years God's purpose glides,
And links in sequence deed with deed;
Hoar Time along his chaplet slides
Bead after jewel-bead.

O brother, breathing English air!
If both be just, if both be free,
A lordlier heritage we share
Than any earth can be:

If hearts be high, if hands be pure,
A bond unseen shall bind us still, —
The only bond that can endure,
Being welded with God's will!

A bond unseen! and yet God speed
The apparent sign, when He finds good;
When in His sight it types indeed
That inward brotherhood.

For not the rose-and-emerald bow
Can bid the battling storm to cease,
But leaps at last, that all may know
The sign, not source, of peace.

Oh, what shall shameful peace avail,
If east or west, if there or here,
Men sprung of ancient England fail
To hold their birthright dear?

If west or east, if here or there,
Brute Mammon sit in Freedom's place,
And judge a wailing world's despair
With hard, averted face?

O great Co-heir, whose lot is cast
  Beside the hearthstone loved of yore !
Inherit with us that best Past
  That lives for evermore !

Inherit with us ! Lo, the days
  Are evil; who may know the end ?
Strike hands, and dare the darkening ways,
  Twin strengths, with God to friend !

Richard Burton

THE FIRST SONG

A POET writ a song of May
  That checked his breath awhile;
He kept it for a summer day,
  Then spake with half a smile:

"Oh, little song of purity,
  Of mystic to-and-fro,
You are so much a part of me
  I dare not let you go."

And so he made a sister-song
  With more of cunning art;
But held the first his whole life long
  Deep hidden in his heart.

ON A FERRY BOAT

THE river widens to a pathless sea
  Beneath the rain and mist and sullen skies.
  Look out the window; 't is a gray emprise,
This piloting of massed humanity
  On such a day, from shore to busy shore,
  And breeds the thought that beauty is no more.

But see yon woman in the cabin seat,
  The Southland in her face and foreign dress;
  She bends above a babe, with tenderness
That mothers use; her mouth grows soft and sweet.
  Then, lifting eyes, ye saints in heaven, what pain
  In that strange look of hers into the rain !

There lies a vivid band of scarlet red
  With careless grace across her raven hair;
  Her cheek burns brown; and 't is her way to wear
A gown where colors stand in satin's stead.
  Her eye gleams dark as any you may see
  Along the winding roads of Italy.

What dreamings must be hers of sunny climes,
  This beggar woman midst the draggled throng !
  How must she pine for solaces of song,
For warmth and love to furnish laughing-times !
  Her every glance upon the waters gray
  Is piteous with some lost yesterday.

I 've seen a dove, storm-beaten, far at sea;
  And once a flower growing stark alone
  From out a rock; I 've heard a hound make moan,
Left masterless: but never came to me
  Ere this such sense of creatures torn apart
  From all that fondles life and feeds the heart.

BLACK SHEEP

FROM their folded mates they wander far,
  Their ways seem harsh and wild:
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
  Their paths are dream-beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,
  Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
  Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
  Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall
  And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days
Of outcast liberty,
They 're sick at heart for the homely ways
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark
And the hills loom large and dim,
For the shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

THE FOREFATHER

HERE at the country inn,
I lie in my quiet bed,
And the ardent onrush of armies
Throbs and throbs in my head.

Why, in this calm, sweet place,
Where only silence is heard,
Am I ware of the crash of conflict, —
Is my blood to battle stirred?

Without, the night is blessed
With the smell of pines, with stars;
Within, is the mood of slumber,
The healing of daytime scars.

'T is strange, — yet I am thrall
To epic agonies;
The tumult of myriads dying
Is borne to me on the breeze.

Mayhap in the long ago
My forefather grim and stark
Stood in some hell of carnage,
Faced forward, fell in the dark;

And I, who have always known
Peace with her dove-like ways,
Am gripped by his martial spirit
Here in the after days.

I cannot rightly tell:
I lie, from all stress apart,
And the ardent onrush of armies
Surges hot through my heart.

"EXTRAS"

THE crocuses in the Square
Lend a winsome touch to the May;
The clouds are vanished away,
The weather is bland and fair;
Now peace seems everywhere.
Hark to the raucous, sullen cries:
"Extra! extra!" — tersely flies
The news, and a great hope mounts, or dies.

About the bulletin-boards
Dark knots of people surge;
Strained faces show, then merge
In the inconspicuous hordes
That yet are the Nation's lords.
"Extra! extra! Big fight at sea!"
Was the luck with us? Is it victory?
Dear God, they died for you and me!

Meanwhile the crocuses down the street
With heaven's own patience are calm and sweet.

LOVE IS STRONG

A VIEWLESS thing is the wind,
But its strength is mightier far
Than a phalanxed host in battle line,
Than the limbs of a Samson are.

And a viewless thing is Love,
And a name that vanisheth;
But her strength is the wind's wild strength above,
For she conquers shame and Death.

AN UNPRAISED PICTURE

I SAW a picture once by Angelo.
"Unfinished," said the critic; "done in youth;"
And that was all, no thought of praise, forsooth!
He was informed, and doubtless it was so.
And yet, I let an hour of dreaming go
The way of all time, touched to tears and ruth,
Passion and joy, the prick of conscience' tooth,
Before that careworn Christ's divine, soft glow.

The painter's yearning with an unsure hand
Had moved me more than might his master days;
He seemed to speak like one whose Mecca-land
Is first beheld, though faint and far the ways;
Who may not then his shaken voice command,
Yet trembles forth a word of prayer and praise.

THE POLAR QUEST

Unconquerably, men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude unsailed,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,
They face the ice floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song.
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest, and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

IN SLEEP

Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idless,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past,
My unsuspected soul, my parents' voice,
The generations of my forbears, yea,
The very will of God himself are there
And potent-working: so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a soil
Washed cleanlier, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Towards unguessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay down.

Katharine Lee Bates

ROBIN'S SECRET

'Tis the blithest, bonniest weather for a bird to flirt a feather,
For a bird to trill and warble, all his wee red breast a-swell.
I've a secret. You may listen till your blue eyes dance and glisten,
Little maiden, but I'll never, never, never, never tell.

You'll find no more wary piper, till the strawberries wax riper
In December than in June — aha! all up and down the dell,
Where my nest is set, for certain, with a pink and snowy curtain,
East or west, but which I'll never, never, never, never tell.

You may prick me with a thistle, if you ever hear me whistle
How my brooding mate, whose weariness my carols sweet dispel,
All between the clouds and clover, apple-blossoms drooping over,
Twitters low that I must never, never, never, never tell.

Oh, I swear no closer fellow stains his bill in cherries mellow.
Tra la la! and tirra lirra! I'm the jauntiest sentinel,
Perched beside my jewel-casket, where lie hidden — don't you ask it,
For of those three eggs I'll never, never, never, never tell.

Chirp ! chirp ! chirp ! alack ! for pity ! Who
hath marred my merry ditty ?
Who hath stirred the scented petals, peep-
ing in where robins dwell ?
Oh, my mate ! May Heaven defend her !
Little maidens' hearts are tender,
And I never, never, never, never, never
meant to tell.

A SONG OF RICHES

What will you give to a barefoot lass,
Morning with breath like wine ?
Wade, bare feet ! In my wide morass
Starry marigolds shine.

Alms, sweet Noon, for a barefoot lass,
With her laughing looks aglow !
Run, bare feet ! In my fragrant grass
Golden buttercups blow.

Gift, a gift for a barefoot lass,
O twilight hour of dreams !
Rest, bare feet, by my lake of glass,
Where the mirrored sunset gleams.

Homeward the weary merchants pass,
With the gold bedimmed by care.
Little they wis that the barefoot lass
Is the only millionaire.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT IN GREEN

What fragrant-footed comer
Is stepping o'er my head ?
Behold, my queen ! the Summer !
Who deems her warriors dead.
Now rise, ye knights of many fights,
From out your sleep profound !
Make sharp your spears, my gallant peers,
And prick the frozen ground.

Before the White Host harm her,
We'll hurry to her aid;
We 'll don our elfin armor,
And every tiny blade
Shall bear atop a dewy drop,
The life-blood of the frost,
Till from their king the order ring:
"Fall back ! the day is lost."

Now shame to knighthood, brothers !
Must Summer plead in vain ?
And shall I wait till others
My crown of sunshine gain ?
Alone this day I 'll dare the fray,
Alone the victory win;
In me my queen shall find, I ween,
A sturdy paladin.

To battle ! Ho ! King Winter
Hath rushed on me apace, —
My fragile blade doth splinter
Beneath his icy mace.
I stagger back. I yield — alack !
I fall. My senses pass.
Woe worth the chance for doughtiest lance
Of all the House of Grass !

Last hope my heart gives over.
But hark ! a shout of cheer !
Don Daisy and Count Clover,
Sir Buttercup, are here !
Behold ! behold ! with shield of gold
Prince Dandelion comes.
Lord Bumble-Bee beats valiantly
His rolling battle-drums.

My brothers leave their slumbers
And lead the van of war;
Before our swelling numbers
The foes are driven far.
The day 's our own; but, overthrown,
A little Knight in green,
I kiss her feet and deem it sweet
To perish for my queen.

George Pellew

ON A CAST FROM AN ANTIQUE

Headless, without an arm, a figure leans
By something vaguely Greek, — a fount,
an urn;
Dim stairs climb past her where one's
thoughts discern
A temple or a palace. Some great queen's
Daughter art thou ? or humbly one of
those

Who serve a queen? Is this the sacred thing
That holds thy child, thy husband, or thy king?
Or lightly-laughing water? No one knows.
A woman once, now merely womanhood,
In gentle pose of un-selfconscious dream
That consecrates all ministry of love.
Gone are thy temples and the gods thereof,
But through the ruin of centuries sublime
Heart speaks to heart, and still is understood.

DEATH

Calm Death, God of crossed hands and passionless eyes,
Thou God that never heedest gift nor prayer,
Men blindly call thee cruel, unaware
That everything is dearer since it dies.
Worn by the chain of years, without surprise,
The wise man welcomes thee, and leaves the glare
Of noisy sunshine gladly, and his share
He chose not in mad life and windy skies.
Passions and dreams of love, the fever and fret
Of toil, seem vain and petty when we gaze
On the imperious Lords who have no breath:
Atoms or worlds, — we call them lifeless, yet
In thy unending peaceful day of days
They are divine, all-comprehending Death.

Robert Mowry Bell

THE TUTELAGE[1]

In the coiled shell sounds Ocean's distant roar,
Oft to our listening hearts come heavenly strains; —
Men say, "That was the blood in our own veins,
And this, — but the echo of our hope; no more."
And yet, the murmuring sea exists, which bore
That frail creation o'er its watery plains;
And on Time's sands full many a shell remains
Tossed by Eternity upon its shore.
Its tongue our hope from Nature's self has caught.
Matter nor force is lost as æons roll.
And mind? — Love life conserves and death abates, —
Through the long ages this has nature taught.
Under the stars she plights the wistful soul:
"Life ruled by Love nor dies nor dissipates."

THE SECOND VOLUME

In the groined alcoves of an ancient tower
Amid a wealth of treasured tomes I found
A little book, in choicest vellum bound:
Therein a romance of such magic power
It held me rapt through many a trancëd hour;
And then, the threads of interest all unwound,
Abruptly closed. I searched that palace round,
And for its mate still earth's preserves I scour.
Perchance that was the whole? Then purposeless
The pain of conflict, and the bitter doubt
But half resolved; love in a dire distress,
Deserted, baffled, with its joy left out.
Could life so end, half told; its school so fail?
Soul, soul, there is a sequel to thy tale!

[1] See Biographical Note, p. 779.

Frank Dempster Sherman

ON A GREEK VASE

Divinely shapen cup, thy lip
Unto me seemeth thus to speak:
"Behold in me the workmanship,
The grace and cunning of a Greek!

"Long ages since he mixed the clay,
Whose sense of symmetry was such,
The labor of a single day
Immortal grew beneath his touch.

"For dreaming while his fingers went
Around this slender neck of mine,
The form of her he loved was blent
With every matchless curve and line.

"Her loveliness to me he gave
Who gave unto herself his heart,
That love and beauty from the grave
Might rise and live again in art."

And hearing from thy lips this tale
Of love and skill, of art and grace,
Thou seem'st to me no more the frail
Memento of an older race:

But in thy form divinely wrought
And figured o'er with fret and scroll,
I dream, by happy chance was caught,
And dwelleth now, that maiden's soul.

TO A ROSE

Go, Rose, and in her golden hair
You shall forget the garden soon;
The sunshine is a captive there
And crowns her with a constant noon.

And when your spicy odor goes,
And fades the beauty of your bloom,
Think what a lovely hand, O Rose,
Shall place your body in the tomb!

ON SOME BUTTERCUPS

A little way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in, —
Ah, how I envy them!

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair, and mild blue eyes.

There, in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest;
They think her breath the fragrant wind,
And tremble on her breast;

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell!

THE LIBRARY

Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book:
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there, —
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing sun.
The eastern wall from frieze to plinth
Shall be the Poet's labyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer's down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney-place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old, and weave a spell
About the firedog-guarded seat,
Where, musing, one may taste the heat:
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and bric-à-brac, —
Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;
And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write — how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves along the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, History; above, —
Religion, — hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;

Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon the sunny wall;
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.

Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic habitat Felicitas!

QUATRAINS

A QUATRAIN

Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell
And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar:
So in the quatrain's measure, written well,
A thousand lines shall all be sung in four!

A HOLLYHOCK

Seraglio of the Sultan Bee!
I listen at the waxen door,
And hear the zithern's melody
And sound of dancing on the floor.

MOONRISE

Within this silent palace of the Night,
See how the moon, like some huge, phantom moth,
Creeps slowly up across the azure cloth
That hangs between the darkness and the light.

THE ROSE'S CUP

Down in a garden olden, —
Just where, I do not know, —
A buttercup all golden
Chanced near a rose to grow;
And every morning early,
Before the birds were up,
A tiny dewdrop pearly
Fell in this little cup.

This was the drink of water
The rose had every day;
But no one yet has caught her
While drinking in this way.
Surely, it is no treason
To say she drinks so yet,
For that may be the reason
Her lips with dew are wet.

THE SHADOWS

All up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you 're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there 's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you 'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
And fill your eyes with sleep!

AT MIDNIGHT

See, yonder, the belfry tower
That gleams in the moon's pale light;
Or is it a ghostly flower
That dreams in the silent night?

I listen and hear the chime
Go quavering o'er the town,
And out of this flower of Time
Twelve petals are wafted down.

John Hall Ingham

GEORGE WASHINGTON

This was the man God gave us when the hour
Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun;
Who dared a deed, and died when it was done
Patient in triumph, temperate in power, —
Not striving like the Corsican to tower
To heaven, nor like great Philip's greater son
To win the world and weep for worlds unwon,
Or lose the star to revel in the flower.
The lives that serve the eternal verities
Alone do mould mankind. Pleasure and pride
Sparkle awhile and perish, as the spray
Smoking across the crests of cavernous seas
Is impotent to hasten or delay
The everlasting surges of the tide.

GENESIS

Did Chaos form, — and water, air, and fire,
Rocks, trees, the worm, work toward Humanity, —
That Man at last, beneath the churchyard spire,
Might be once more the worm, the rock, the tree?

A SUMMER SANCTUARY

I found a yellow flower in the grass,
A tiny flower with petals like a bell,
And yet, methought, more than a flower it was, —
More like a miracle.

Above, the sky was clear, save where at times
Soft-tinted fleeces drifted dreamily,
Bearing a benison to sunny climes
From altars of the sea.

In vestments green the pines about me gleamed
Like priests that tend the sacrificial fire;
And the faint-lowing cattle almost seemed
Some far intoning choir.

It was a place and an occasion meet
For some high, solemn wonder to befall;
And, when I saw the flower at my feet,
I understood it all.

Harry Lyman Koopman

SEA AND SHORE

Our Mother, loved of all thy sons
So dear, they die, not dying for thee;
Yet are thy fondest, tenderest ones
Thy wanderers far at sea.

Life-long the bitter blue they stem,
Till custom makes it almost fair;
Sweet grow the splintering gales to them,
The icy gloom, the scorching glare.

But thy dear eyes, which shine for all,
They see not, save through homesick tears,
Or when thy smile, through battle-pall,
Pays death and all their painful years.

Fair freedom's gospel soundeth now
Through softer lips than those of steel;
Rust gathers on the iron prow,
And shore weeds clog the resting keel;

To-day thou askest life, not death;
Our lives, for life and death, are thine:
Sweet are long years, and peaceful breath,
And sunny age beneath its vine;

But there are those that deem more fair
(O Mother, seen at last again!)
That smile the dying see thee wear,
Choosing thine own among the slain.

Yet, being thine, we shall be brave,
And, being thine, we will be true;

Where'er thou callest, on field or wave,
We wait, thy will to do.

JOHN BROWN

The sea-bound landsman, looking back to shore,
Now learns what land is highest: — not the ring
Of hills that erewhile shut out everything
Beyond them from him: these are seen no more;
Nor yet the loftier heights that, from the lower,
He saw far inland, blue, and, worshipping,
Believed they touched the sky; the gull's white wing
Long since flashed o'er them sunk in the sea-floor.
These were but uplands hiding the true height,
Which looms above them as they sink, and rears
Its greatness ever greater on the sight.
So thou, across the widening sea of years,
Aye risest great, as on through gloom and bright
Our tossing bark of Progress sunward steers.

ICARUS

'T is something from that tangle to have won;
'T is something to have matched the wild-bird's flight;
'T is something to have soared and touched the sun.
What though the lashing billows roar beneath?
Better than death in life is life in death: —
Good night!

THE SATIRIST

Not mine to draw the cloth-yard shaft
From straining palm to thrilling ear;
Then launch it through the monster's hulk,
One thrust, from front to rear.

Mine is the Bushman's tiny bow,
Whose wounds the foeman hardly feels;
He laughs, and lifts his hand to smite,
Then suddenly he reels.

REVEALED

Now, on a sudden, I know it, the secret, the secret of life.
Why, the very green of the grass in the fields with betrayal is rife!
The whirr of the grasshopper by the wayside proclaims it to all;
'T is unrolled as a scroll to all eyes in the curve of the waterfall.
But, for me, I can only wonder at mortals, — the secret out;
For they see, hear, taste, smell, feel not what Heaven reveals all about.

Oscar Fay Adams

AT LINCOLN

When I went up the minster tower,
The minster clock rang out the hour;
The restless organ far below
Sent tides of music to and fro,
That rolled through nave and angel choir,
Whose builder knew what lines inspire,
And filled the lantern's space profound
With climbing waves of glorious sound,
As I went up the minster tower
What time the chimes gave forth the hour.

When I stood on the minster tower
The lark above me sent a shower
Of happy notes, that filtered through

The clouds that flecked the sky's soft blue,
And mingled with the nearer tones
Of jackdaws' calls and stockdoves' moans,
While every breeze that round me swirled
Brought some sweet murmur from the world,
As I stood on the minster tower
What time the lark forsook her bower.

When I came down the minster tower,
Again the chimes proclaimed the hour,
Again the mighty organ rolled
Its thunders through the arches old,
While blended with its note so strong
Soft rose and fell the evensong,
And all the earth, it seemed to me,
Was still by music held in fee,
As I came down the minster tower
What time the clock slow chimed the hour.

ON A GRAVE IN CHRIST-CHURCH, HANTS

Turning from Shelley's sculptured face aside,
And pacing thoughtfully the silent aisles
Of the gray church that overlooks the smiles
Of the glad Avon hastening its tide
To join the seaward-winding Stour, I spied
Close at my feet a slab among the tiles
That paved the minster, where the sculptor's files
Had graven only "*Died of Grief*," beside
The name of her who slept below. Sad soul!
A century has fled since kindly death
Cut short that life which nothing knew but grief,
And still your fate stirs pity. Yet the whole
Wide world is full of graves like yours, for breath
Of sorrow kills as oft as frost the leaf.

Hamlin Garland

PIONEERS

They rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife
To colonize the plain. They plough and sow,
And fertilize the sod with their own life,
As did the Indian and the buffalo.

IN THE GRASS[1]

O to lie in long grasses!
O to dream of the plain!
Where the west wind sings as it passes
A weird and unceasing refrain;
Where the rank grass wallows and tosses,
And the plains' ring dazzles the eye;
Where hardly a silver cloud bosses
The flashing steel arch of the sky.

To watch the gay gulls as they flutter
Like snowflakes and fall down the sky,
To swoop in the deeps of the hollows,
Where the crow's-foot tosses awry,
And gnats in the lee of the thickets
Are swirling like waltzers in glee
To the harsh, shrill creak of the crickets,
And the song of the lark and the bee.

O far-off plains of my west land!
O lands of winds and the free,
Swift deer — my mist-clad plain!
From my bed in the heart of the forest,
From the clasp and the girdle of pain
Your light through my darkness passes;
To your meadows in dreaming I fly
To plunge in the deeps of your grasses,
To bask in the light of your sky!

THE MEADOW LARK

A brave little bird that fears not God,
A voice that breaks from the snow-wet clod
With prophecy of sunny sod,
Set thick with wind-waved goldenrod.

From the first bare clod in the raw, cold spring,
From the last bare clod, when fall winds sting,
The farm-boy hears his brave song ring,
And work for the time is a pleasant thing.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by The Macmillan Company.

THE MASSASAUGA

A COLD coiled line of mottled lead,
He lies where grazing cattle tread,
And lifts a fanged and spiteful head.

His touch is deadly, and his eyes
Are hot with hatred and surprise —
Death waits and watches where he lies!

His hate is turned toward everything!
He is the undisputed king
Of every path and woodland spring.

His naked fang is raised to smite
All passing things; light
Is not swifter than his bite.

His touch is deadly, and his eyes
Are hot with hatred and surprise —
Death waits and watches where he lies!

A TRIBUTE OF GRASSES

TO W. W.

SERENE, vast head, with silver cloud of hair
Lined on the purple dusk of death,
A stern medallion, velvet set —
Old Norseman, throned, not chained upon thy chair,
Thy grasp of hand, thy hearty breath
Of welcome thrills me yet
As when I faced thee there!

Loving my plain as thou thy sea,
Facing the East as thou the West,
I bring a handful of grass to thee, —
The prairie grasses I know the best;
Type of the wealth and width of the plain,
Strong of the strength of the wind and sleet,
Fragrant with sunlight and cool with rain,
I bring it and lay it low at thy feet,
Here by the eastern sea.

A WISH[1]

ALL day and many days I rode,
My horse's head set toward the sea;
And as I rode a longing came to me
That I might keep the sunset road,
Riding my horse right on and on,
O'ertake the day still lagging at the west,
And so reach boyhood from the dawn,
And be with all the days at rest.

For then the odor of the growing wheat,
The flare of sumach on the hills,
The touch of grasses to my feet
Would cure my brain of all its ills, —
Would fill my heart so full of joy
That no stern lines could fret my face.
There would I be forever boy,
Lit by the sky's unfailing grace.

THE GIFT OF WATER[1]

"Is water nigh?"
The plainsmen cry,
As they meet and pass in the desert grass.
With finger tip
Across the lip
I ask the sombre Navajo.
The brown man smiles and answers "Sho!"
With fingers high, he signs the miles
To the desert spring,
And so we pass in the dry dead grass,
Brothers in bond of the water's ring.

THE UTE LOVER[1]

BENEATH the burning brazen sky,
The yellowed tepees stand.
Not far away a singing
Sets through the sand.
Within the shadow of a lonely elm tree
The tired ponies keep.
The wild land, throbbing with the sun's hot magic,
Is rapt as sleep.

From out a clump of scanty willows
A low wail floats, —
The endless repetition of a lover's
Melancholy notes,
So sad, so sweet, so elemental,
All lovers' pain
Seems borne upon its sobbing cadence, —
The love-song of the plain.
From frenzied cry forever falling,
To the wind's wild moan,
It seems the voice of anguish calling
Alone! alone!

Caught from the winds forever moaning
On the plain,
Wrought from the agonies of woman
In maternal pain,

[1] Copyright, 1899, by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

It holds within its simple measure
All death of joy,
Breathed though it be by smiling maiden
Or lithe brown boy.

It hath this magic, sad though its cadence
And short refrain —
It helps the exiled people of the mountain
Endure the plain;
For when at night the stars a-glitter
Defy the moon,
The maiden listens, leans to seek her lover
Where waters croon.

Flute on, O lithe and tuneful Utah, —
Reply, brown jade;
There are no other joys secure to either
Man or maid.
Soon you are old and heavy-hearted,
Lost to mirth;
While on you lies the white man's gory
Greed of earth.

Strange that to me that burning desert
Seems so dear.
The endless sky and lonely mesa,
Flat and drear,
Calls me, calls me as the flute of Utah
Calls his mate, —
This wild, sad, sunny, brazen country,
Hot as hate.

Again the glittering sky uplifts star-blazing;
Again the stream
From out the far-off snowy mountains
Sings through my dream;
And on the air I hear the flute-voice calling
The lover's croon,
And see the listening, longing maiden
Lit by the moon.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?[1]

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You 'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you 'll walk like a man!

THE GOLD-SEEKERS[1]

I saw these dreamers of dreams go by,
I trod in their footsteps a space;
Each marched with his eyes on the sky,
Each passed with a light on his face.

They came from the hopeless and sad,
They faced the future and gold;
Some the tooth of want's wolf had made mad,
And some at the forge had grown old.

Behind them these serfs of the tool
The rags of their service had flung;
No longer of fortune the fool,
This word from each bearded lip rung:

"Once more I 'm a man, I am free!
No man is my master, I say;
To-morrow I fail, it may be, —
No matter, I 'm freeman to-day."

They go to a toil that is sure,
To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure,
They are mad with a longing for gold.

The light will fade from each eye,
The smile from each face;
They will curse the impassable sky,
And the earth when the snow torrents race.

Some will sink by the way and be laid
In the frost of the desolate earth;
And some will return to a maid,
Empty of hand as at birth.

But this out of all will remain,
They have lived and have tossed;
So much in the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.

THE GREETING OF THE ROSES[1]

We had been long in mountain snow,
In valleys bleak, and broad, and bare,
Where only moss and willows grow,
And no bird wings the silent air.
And so, when on our downward way
Wild roses met us, we were glad:
They were so girlish fair, so gay,
It seemed the sun had made them mad.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by The Macmillan Company.

Virginia Woodward Cloud

THE MOTHER'S SONG

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left."

All day and all day, as I sit at my measureless turning,
They come and they go, —
The little ones down on the rocks, — and the sunlight is burning
On vineyards below;
All day and all day, as I sit at my stone and am ceaselessly grinding,
The almond boughs blow.

When she was here — O my first-born! — here, grinding and singing,
My hand against hers,
What did I reck of the wind where the aloe is swinging,
And the cypress vine stirs?
What of a bird to its little ones hastening, flying and crying,
Through the dark of the firs?

When she was here — O my beautiful — here by me grinding,
I saw not the glow
Of the grape; for the bloom of her face that the sunlight was finding,
And the pomegranate blow
Of her mouth, and the joy of her eyes, and her voice like a dove to me singing,
Made my garden agrow.

Was it I? Was it I for whom Death came seeking and calling
When he found her so fair?
At the wheel, at the wheel, from dawn till the dew shall be falling,
I will wait for him there.
Death! (I shall cry) I am old, but yon shadow of plums that are purpling
Was the hue of her hair.

Death! (I shall cry) in the sound of the mill ever turning
Till dark brings release,
Till the sun on the vineyards below me to crimson is burning,
There is measure of peace;
For all day and all day — with the wheel — are her eyes to mine turning:
But, Death! (I shall call) take me hence ere the daylight its shadow is spurning!
Hence, ere the night-time can wrap me around with my tears and my yearning, —
When the grinding shall cease!

AN OLD STREET

The Past walks here, noiseless, unasked, alone;
Knockers are silent, and beside each stone
Grass peers, unharmed by lagging steps and slow
That with the dark and dawn pass to and fro.
The Past walks here, unseen forevermore,
Save by some heart who, in her half-closed door,
Looks forth and hears the great pulse beat afar, —
The hum and thrill and all the sounds that are,
And listening remembers, half in fear,
As a forgotten tune reëchoes near,
Or from some lilac bush a breath blows sweet
Through the unanswering dusk, the voiceless street, —
Looks forth and sighs, — with candle held above, —
"*It is too late for laughter, — or for love.*"

CARE

All in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by,
I knew the surging of the sea —
Though never wave were nigh.
All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,
There came the clamorous call of day,
While yet the day was far.
All in the leafy darkness, woven with hushes deep,
I heard the vulture wings of Fear
Above me tireless sweep;
The sea of Doubt, the dread of day, upon me surged and swept
All in the leafy darkness,
And while the whole world slept.

YOUTH

Out of the heart there flew a little singing bird,
Past the dawn and the dew, where leaves of morning stirred,
And the heart, which followed on, said: "Though the bird be flown
Which sang in the dew and the dawn, the song is still my own."

Over the foot-worn track, over the rock and thorn,
The tired heart looked back to the olive leaves of morn,
To the fair, lost fields again, and said: "I hear it! Oh, hark!" —
Though the bird were long since slain, though the song had died in the dark.

Clinton Scollard

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

They rode from the camp at morn
With clash of sword and spur.
The birds were loud in the thorn,
The sky was an azure blur.
A gallant show they made
That warm noontide of the year,
Led on by a dashing blade,
By the poet-cavalier.

They laughed through the leafy lanes,
The long lanes of Dartmoor;
And they sang their soldier strains,
Pledged "death" to the Roundhead boor;
Then they came at the middle day
To a hamlet quaint and brown
Where the hated troopers lay,
And they cheered for the King and crown.

They fought in the fervid heat,
Fought fearlessly and well,
But low at the foeman's feet
Their valorous leader fell.
Full on his fair young face
The blinding sun beat down;
In the morn of his manly grace
He died for the King and crown.

Oh the pitiless blow,
The vengeance-thrust of strife,
That blotted the golden glow
From the sky of his glad, brave life!
The glorious promise gone; —
Night with its grim black frown!
Never again the dawn,
And all for the King and crown.

Hidden his sad fate now
In the sealëd book of the years;
Few are the heads that bow,
Or the eyes that brim with tears,
Reading 'twixt blots and stains
From a musty tome that saith
How he rode through the Dartmoor lanes
To his woful, dauntless death.

But I, in the summer's prime,
From that lovely leafy land
Look back to the olden time
And the leal and loyal band.
I see them dash along, —
I hear them charge and cheer,
And my heart goes out in a song
To the poet-cavalier.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
The city, like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,

With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar,
In mosque and square and gay bazar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And Grave Effendi from Stamboul,
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold,
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

KHAMSIN

Oh, the wind from the desert blew in! —
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And shrivelled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light;
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind,
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept,
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledgelings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast.
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,
The plague! the plague! the plague! —
Oh the wind, Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert, blew in!

MEMNON

Why dost thou hail with songful lips no more
The glorious sunrise? — Why is Memnon mute,
Whose voice was tuned as is the silvery flute
When Thebes sat queenly by the Nile's low shore?
The chained slaves sweat no longer at the oar,
No longer shrines are raised to man and brute,
Yet dawn by dawn the sun thou didst salute
Gives thee the greeting that it gave of yore.
What nameless spell is on thee? Dost thou wait
(Hoping and yearning through the years forlorn)
The old-time splendor and the regal state,
The glory and the power of empire shorn?
Oh, break the silence deep, defying fate,
And cry again melodious to the morn!

BE YE IN LOVE WITH APRIL-TIDE?

Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith, in love am I!
For now 't is sun, and now 't is shower,
And now 't is frost, and now 't is flower,
And now 't is Laura laughing-eyed,
And now 't is Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, O slower glide!
Still smile and frown, O sky!
Some beauty unforeseen I trace
In every change of Laura's face:
Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith, in love am I!

A BELL

Had I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Outring,
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forgëd metals should be thus allied: —
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy!

Harriet Monroe

FROM THE "COMMEMORATION ODE"

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1892

WASHINGTON

When dreaming kings, at odds with swift-paced time,
Would strike that banner down,
A nobler knight than ever writ or rhyme
With fame's bright wreath did crown
Through armed hosts bore it till it floated high
Beyond the clouds, a light that cannot die!
Ah, hero of our younger race!
Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew!
Lover of men, who saw afar
A world unmarred by want or war,
Who knew the path, and yet forbore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;
Father and leader, prophet sure,
Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days,
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors
Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.
Through its white halls a shadowy cavalcade
Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors —
Men whose brawned arms upraised these columns high,
And reared the towers that vanish in the sky, —
The strong who, having wrought, can never die.

LINCOLN

And, lo! leading a blessed host comes one
Who held a warring nation in his heart;
Who knew love's agony, but had no part
In love's delight; whose mighty task was done

Through blood and tears that we might walk in joy,
And this day's rapture own no sad alloy.
Around him heirs of bliss, whose bright brows wear
Palm-leaves amid their laurels ever fair.
Gaily they come, as though the drum
Beat out the call their glad hearts knew so well:
Brothers once more, dear as of yore,
Who in a noble conflict nobly fell.
Their blood washed pure yon banner in the sky,
And quenched the brands laid 'neath these arches high —
The brave who, having fought, can never die.

Then surging through the vastness rise once more
The aureoled heirs of light, who onward bore
Through darksome times and trackless realms of ruth
The flag of beauty and the torch of truth.
They tore the mask from the foul face of wrong;
Even to God's mysteries they dared aspire;
High in the choir they built yon altar-fire,
And filled these aisles with color and with song:
The ever-young, the unfallen, wreathing for time
Fresh garlands of the seeming-vanished years;
Faces long luminous, remote, sublime,
And shining brows still dewy with our tears.
Back with the old glad smile comes one we knew —
We bade him rear our house of joy to-day.
But Beauty opened wide her starry way,
And he passed on. Bright champions of the true,
Soldiers of peace, seers, singers ever blest, —
From the wide ether of a loftier quest
Their winged souls throng our rites to glorify, —
The wise who, having known, can never die.

DEMOCRACY

For, lo! the living God doth bare his arm.
No more he makes his house of clouds and gloom.
Lightly the shuttles move within his loom;
Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the storm.
From God's right hand man takes the powers that sway
A universe of stars.
He bows them down; he bids them go or stay;
He tames them for his wars.
He scans the burning paces of the sun,
And names the invisible orbs whose courses run
Through the dim deeps of space.
He sees in dew upon a rose impearled
The swarming legions of a monad world
Begin life's upward race.
Voices of hope he hears
Long dumb to his despair,
And dreams of golden years
Meet for a world so fair.
For now Democracy doth wake and rise
From the sweet sloth of youth.
By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise,
He clasps the hand of Truth.
Through the armed nations lies his path of peace,
The open book of knowledge in his hand.
Food to the starving, to the oppressed release,
And love to all he bears from land to land.
Before his march the barriers fall,
The laws grow gentle at his call.
His glowing breath blows far away
The fogs that veil the coming day, —
That wondrous day
When earth shall sing as through the blue she rolls
Laden with joy for all her thronging souls.
Then shall want's call to sin resound no more
Across her teeming fields. And pain shall sleep,
Soothed by brave science with her magic lore;
And war no more shall bid the nations weep.
Then the worn chains shall slip from man's desire,
And ever higher and higher
His swift foot shall aspire;
Still deeper and more deep

His soul its watch shall keep,
Till love shall make the world a holy place,
Where knowledge dare unveil God's very face.

Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song.
Music unutterably pure and strong
From earth shall rise to haunt the peopled skies,
When the long march of time,
Patient in birth and death, in growth and blight,
Shall lead man up through happy realms of light
Unto his goal sublime.

IN THE BEGINNING

When sunshine met the wave,
Then love was born;
Then Venus rose to save
A world forlorn.

For light a thousand wings
Of joy unfurled,
And bound with golden rings
The icy world.

And color flamed the earth
With glad desire,
Till life sprang to the birth,
Fire answering fire.

And so the world awoke,
And all was done,
When first the ocean spoke
Unto the sun.

THE FORTUNATE ONE

Beside her ashen hearth she sate her down,
Whence he she loved had fled, —
His children plucking at her sombre gown
And calling for the dead.

One came to her clad in the robes of May,
And said sweet words of cheer,
Bidding her bear the burden in God's way,
And feel her loved ones near.

And she who spake thus would have given, thrice blest,
Long lives of happy years,
To clasp his children to a mother's breast,
And weep his widow's tears.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

Flower of the moon!
Still white is her brow whom we worshiped on earth long ago;
Yea, purer than pearls in deep seas, and more virgin than snow.
The dull years veil their eyes from her shining, and vanish afraid,
Nor profane her with age — the immortal, nor dim her with shade.

It is we are unworthy, we worldlings, to dwell in her ways;
We have broken her altars and silenced her voices of praise.
She hath hearkened to singing more silvern, seen raptures more bright;
To some planet more pure she hath fled on the wings of the night, —
Flower of the moon!

Yet she loveth the world that forsook her, for, lo! once a year
She, Diana, translucent, pale, scintillant, down from her sphere
Floateth earthward like star-laden music, to bloom in a flower,
And our hearts feel the spell of the goddess once more for an hour.

See! she sitteth in splendor nor knoweth desire nor decay,
And the night is a glory around her more bright than the day,
And her breath hath the sweetness of worlds where no sorrow is known;
And we long as we worship to follow her back to her own, —
Flower of the moon!

A FAREWELL

Good-by: nay, do not grieve that it is over —
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not, — it is the law. Love will be flying —
Yea, love and all.
Glad was the living; blessed be the dying!
Let the leaves fall.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

A COMMON INFERENCE

A NIGHT: mysterious, tender, quiet, deep;
Heavy with flowers; full of life asleep;
Thrilling with insect voices; thick with stars;
No cloud between the dewdrops and red Mars;
The small earth whirling softly on her way,
The moonbeams and the waterfalls at play;
A million million worlds that move in peace,
A million mighty laws that never cease;
And one small ant-heap, hidden by small weeds,
Rich with eggs, slaves, and store of millet seeds.
They sleep beneath the sod
And trust in God.

A day: all glorious, royal, blazing bright;
Heavy with flowers; full of life and light;
Great fields of corn and sunshine; courteous trees;
Snow-sainted mountains; earth-embracing seas;
Wide golden deserts; slender silver streams;
Clear rainbows where the tossing fountain gleams;
And everywhere, in happiness and peace,
A million forms of life that never cease;
And one small ant-heap, crushed by passing tread,
Hath scarce enough alive to mourn the dead!
They shriek beneath the sod,
"There is no God!"

THE BEDS OF FLEUR-DE-LYS

HIGH-LYING, sea-blown stretches of green turf,
Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,
Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,
And, curving over them as long they lie,
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

Wide-flowing, self-sown, stealing near and far,
Breaking the green like islands in the sea;
Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend
Dwindling over the horizon's end, —
Wild beds of fleur-de-lys.

The light keen wind streams on across the lifts,
Their wind of western springtime by the sea;
The close turf smiles unmoved, but over her
Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

And here and there across the smooth, low grass
Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea;
And bend, and bend, with light robes blown aside,
For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide, —
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

A CONSERVATIVE

THE garden beds I wandered by
One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly,
A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly,
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
With wonder and surprise,
While sadly with his waving wing
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
And flowers in goodly store:" —
But he only turned away from me
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur — a joy to view —
Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm:
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this, —
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

Louise Imogen Guiney

ODE FOR A MASTER MARINER ASHORE

THERE in his room, whene'er the moon looks in,
And silvers now a shell, and now a fin,
And o'er his chart glides like an argosy,
Quiet and old sits he.
Danger! he hath grown homesick for thy smile.
Where hidest thou the while, heart's boast,
Strange face of beauty sought and lost,
Star-face that lured him out from boyhood's isle?

Blown clear from dull indoors, his dreams behold
Night-water smoke and sparkle as of old,
The taffrail lurch, the sheets triumphant toss
Their phosphor-flowers across.
Towards ocean's either rim the long-exiled
Wears on, till stunted cedars throw
A lace-like shadow over snow,
Or tropic fountains wash their agates wild.

Awhile, play up and down the briny spar
Odors of Surinam and Zanzibar,
Till blithely thence he ploughs, in visions new,
The Labradorian blue;
All homeless hurricanes about him break;
The purples of spent day he sees
From Samos to the Hebrides,
And drowned men dancing darkly in his wake.

Where the small deadly foam-caps, well descried,
Top, tier on tier, the hundred-mountained tide,
Away, and far away, his pride is borne,
Riding the noisy morn,
Plunges, and preens her wings, and laughs to know
The helm and tightening halyards still
Follow the urging of his will,
And scoff at sullen earth a league below.

Mischance hath barred him from his heirdom high,
And shackled him with many an inland tie,
And of his only wisdom made a jibe
Amid an alien tribe:
No wave abroad but moans his fallen state.
The trade-wind ranges now, the trade-wind roars!
Why is it on a yellowing page he pores?
Ah, why this hawser fast to a garden gate?

Thou friend so long withdrawn, so deaf, so dim,
Familiar Danger, O forget not him!
Repeat of thine evangel yet the whole
Unto his subject soul,
Who suffers no such palsy of her drouth,
Nor hath so tamely worn her chain,
But she may know that voice again,
And shake the reefs with answer of her mouth.

O give him back, before his passion fail,
The singing cordage and the hollow sail,
And level with those aged eyes let be
The bright unsteady sea;
And move like any film from off his brain
The pasture wall, the boughs that run
Their evening arches to the sun,
The hamlet spire across the sown champaign;

And on the shut space and the trivial hour,
Turn the great floods! and to thy spousal bower,
With rapt arrest and solemn loitering,
Him whom thou lovedst bring:
That he, thy faithful one, with praising lip,
Not having, at the last, less grace
Of thee than had his roving race,
Sum up his strength to perish with a ship.

IN LEINSTER

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that 's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams;
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

PAX PAGANICA

GOOD oars, for Arnold's sake,
By Laleham lightly bound,
And near the bank, O soft,
Darling swan!
Let not the o'erweary wake
Anew from natal ground,
But where he slumbered oft,
Slumber on.
Be less than boat or bird,
The pensive stream along;
No murmur make, nor gleam,
At his side.
Where was it he had heard
Of warfare and of wrong? —
Not there, in any dream
Since he died.

ON FIRST ENTERING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

HOLY of England! since my light is short
And faint, O rather by the sun anew
Of timeless passion set my dial true,
That with thy saints and thee I may consort,
And, wafted in the cool, enshadowed port
Of poets, seem a little sail long due,
And be as one the call of memory drew
Unto the saddle void since Agincourt!
Not now, for secular love's unquiet lease,
Receive my soul, who, rapt in thee erewhile,
Hath broken tryst with transitory things;
But seal with her a marriage and a peace
Eternal, on thine Edward's altar-isle,
Above the oval sea of ended kings.

MARTYR'S MEMORIAL

SUCH natural debts of love our Oxford knows,
So many ancient dues undesecrate,
I marvel how the landmark of a hate
For witness unto future time she chose;
How out of her corroborate ranks arose
The three, in great denial only great,
For Art's enshrining! . . . Thus, averted straight,
My soul to seek a holier captain goes:
That sweet adventurer whom Truth befell
When as the synagogues were watching not;
Whose crystal name on royal Oriel
Hangs like a shield; who, to an outland spot
Led hence, beholds his Star, and counts it well
Of all his dear domain to live forgot.

A FOOTNOTE TO A FAMOUS LYRIC

TRUE love's own talisman, which here
Shakespeare and Sidney failed to teach,
A steel-and-velvet Cavalier
Gave to our Saxon speech:

Chief miracle of theme and touch
That upstart enviers adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

No critic born since Charles was king
But sighed in smiling, as he read:
"Here 's theft of the supremest thing
A poet might have said!"

Young knight and wit and beau, who won,
Mid war's adventure, ladies' praise,
Was 't well of you, ere you had done,
To blight our modern bays?

O yet to you, whose random hand
Struck from the dark whole gems like these,
Archaic beauty, never planned
Nor reared by wan degrees,

Which leaves an artist poor, and art
An earldom richer all her years;
To you, dead on your shield apart,
Be "Ave!" passed in tears.

How shall this singing era spurn
Her master, and in lauds be loath?
Your worth, your work, bid us discern
Light exquisite in both.

'T was virtue's breath inflamed your lyre,
Heroic from the heart it ran;
Nor for the shedding of such fire
Lives since a manlier man.

And till your strophe sweet and bold
So lovely aye, so lonely long,
Love's self outdo, dear Lovelace! hold
The pinnacles of song.

THE WILD RIDE

I HEAR *in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn, galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding!

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All 's well with thy troopers that follow.

VALSE JEUNE

ARE there favoring ladies above thee?
Are there dowries and lands? Do they say
Seven others are fair? But I love thee:
Aultre n'auray!

All the sea is a lawn in our country;
All the morrow, our star of delay.
I am King: let me live on thy bounty!
Aultre n'auray!

To the fingers so light and so rosy
That have pinioned my heart, (welladay!)
Be a kiss, be a ring with this posy:
Aultre n'auray!

OF JOAN'S YOUTH

I WOULD unto my fair restore
A simple thing:
The flushing cheek she had before!
Out-velveting
No more, no more,
By Severn shore,
The carmine grape, the moth's auroral wing.

Ah, say how winds in flooding grass
Unmoor the rose;
Or guileful ways the salmon pass
To sea, disclose;
For so, alas,
With Love, alas,
With fatal, fatal Love, a girlhood goes.

SANCTUARY

High above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play,
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall:
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new-weaned lamb;
With golden barberry-wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.

Lilla Cabot Perry

MEETING AFTER LONG ABSENCE

I

AS SHE FEARED IT WOULD BE

Here in this room where first we met,
And where we said farewell with tears,
Here, where you swore "Though you forget,
My love shall deeper grow with years,"

Here, where the pictures on the wall,
The very rugs upon the floor,
The smallest objects you recall, —
I am awaiting you once more.

The books that we together read, —
From off their shelves they beckon me.
All here seems living! What is dead?
What is the ghost I fear to see?

Unchanged am I. Did you despise
My love as "small"? — it fills my heart!
You come — a stranger from your eyes
Looks out — and, meeting, first we part.

II

AS IT WAS

I told myself in singing words
That you were changed and I was true;
I would not trust winds, waves, and birds
That change was not in you.

I sang love's dirge before we met, —
"As murdered corpse in river bed
In eyes my heart cannot forget
I see Love lying dead!"

You came — one look — no word was spoken,
Our hands, once clasped, forgot to part,
And, though our silence is unbroken,
Heart has found rest on heart.

LIFE AND DEATH

O ye who see with other eyes than ours,
And speak with tongues we are too deaf to hear,
Whose touch we cannot feel yet know ye near,
When, with a sense of yet undreamed-of powers,
We sudden pierce the cloud of sense that lowers,
Enwrapping us as 't were our spirit's tomb,
And catch some sudden glory through the gloom,
As Arctic sufferers dream of sun and flowers!

Do ye not sometimes long for power to speak
To our dull ears, and pierce their shroud of clay
With a loud cry, "Why, then, this grief at 'death'?
We are the living, you the dead to-day!
This truth you soon shall see, dear hearts, yet weak,
In God's bright mirror cleared from mortal breath!"

ART

Wouldst know the artist? Then go seek
Him in his labors. Though he strive
That Nature's voice alone should speak
From page or canvas to the heart,
Yet is it passionately alive
With his own soul! Of him 't is part! —
This happy failure, this is Art.

Hannah Parker Kimball

BEYOND

Once when the wind was on the roof,
And nature seemed to question fate,
A fiery angel, in a dream,
Called on a soul to contemplate.

"Look well about thy precincts, learn
What is thy gain, thy final stock,
Obtained from living day by day."
(Hark, how the winds the elm-trees rock!)

The man's soul cast a glance about.
The place wherein it dwelt was small, —
No vast horizon; every side
Was bounded by a narrow wall.

But well it knew those precincts, well
The carven furniture; the shelf,
Laden with books; the tinted wall
Adorned with pictures of itself,

And of the Father and the Son,
And myriad saints; and then the earth,
With all the senses' arabesques,
That man had planned since man had birth.

"Are these thy treasures? These are dead,"
The fiery angel, in despite,
Cried out: "What wouldst thou gain for these,
If thou shouldst stand in God's own light? —

"If He should rive these walls away?
What sayest thou? Lo, the drifting sun,
The moon, the stars, the sky, God's sky,
Are sights a soul should look upon.

"Pray Him to break these walls away."
The soul shrank back, with hanging head:
"The moon rides free, the stars dance high,
The sun shines bright: these sights I dread."

The walls seemed riven by a sword;
The moon rode free, the wind blew sweet,
The stars danced high; then sunshine lay
In glory at the soul's free feet.

It seemed to stand in a wide land;
Around it high the heavens soared;
It seemed to wither with the light,
Yet joy through all its being poured.

Then darkened grew the sky on high,
And suddenly the sunshine fled;
The wind howled shrill; the soul, aghast,
Awoke and trembled on its bed.

It saw the carven furniture,
The painted pictures on the wall,
The shelf, bowed under heavy lore,
The costly treasures one and all.

Moonlight lay ghostly over them
(Outside the wind was in the trees,
The wind blew free, the stars shone high),
And all the life seemed gone from these.

The soul arose and paced about.
"It was a vision of the night;
Still must I linger in this place:
But O the wind, the sun, the light!"

SOUL AND SENSE

Myriads of motley molecules through space
Move round triumphant. By their whirlpool pace
Shall *we* be shaken? All in earth's vast span,
Our very bodies, veer to other shapes;
Mid the mad dance one stubborn power escapes,
Looks on and marvels, — 't is the soul of man.

ONE WAY OF TRUSTING

Not trust you, dear? Nay, 't is not true.
As sailors trust the shifting sea
From day to day, so I trust you.
They know how smooth the sea can be;
And well they know its treachery
When tempests blow; yet forth they thrust
Their ships, as in security.
They trust it, dear, because they must.

Albert Bigelow Paine

THE LITTLE CHILD

A simple-hearted child was He,
And He was nothing more;
In summer days, like you and me,
He played about the door,
Or gathered, where the father toiled,
The shavings from the floor.

Sometimes He lay upon the grass,
The same as you and I,
And saw the hawks above Him pass
Like specks against the sky;
Or, clinging to the gate, He watched
The stranger passing by.

A simple child, and yet, I think,
The bird-folk must have known,
The sparrow and the bobolink,
And claimed Him for their own,
And gathered round Him fearlessly
When He was all alone.

The lark, the linnet, and the dove,
The chaffinch and the wren,
They must have known His watchful love
And given their worship then;
They must have known and glorified
The child who died for men.

And when the sun at break of day
Crept in upon His hair,
I think it must have left a ray
Of unseen glory there,
A kiss of love on that little brow
For the thorns that it must wear.

IN LOUISIANA

The long, gray moss that softly swings
In solemn grandeur from the trees,
Like mournful funeral draperies, —
A brown-winged bird that never sings.

A shallow, stagnant, inland sea,
Where rank swamp grasses wave, and where
A deadliness lurks in the air, —
A sere leaf falling silently.

The death-like calm on every hand,
That one might deem it sin to break,
So pure, so perfect, — these things make
The mournful beauty of this land.

Ernest McGaffey

AS THE DAY BREAKS

I pray you, what 's asleep?
The lily-pads, and riffles, and the reeds;
No longer inward do the waters creep,
No longer outwardly their force recedes,
And widowed Night, in blackness wide and deep,
Resumes her weeds.

I pray you, what 's awake ?
A host of stars, the long, long milky way
That stretches out, a glistening silver flake,
All glorious beneath the moon's cold ray,
And myriad reflections on the lake
Where star-gleams lay.

I pray you, what 's astir ?
Why, naught but rustling leaves, dry, sere, and brown:
The East's broad gates are yet a dusky blur,
And star-gems twinkle in fair Luna's crown,
And minor chords of wailing winds that were
Die slowly down.

I pray you, what 's o'clock ?
Nay ! who shall answer that but gray-stoled dawn ?
See, how from out the shadows looms yon rock,
Like some great figure on a canvas drawn;
And heard you not the crowing of the cock ?
The night is gone.

"MARK"

The heavy mists have crept away,
Heavily swims the sun,
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
The stars fade one by one;
Out of the dusk enveloping
Come marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring
Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right !" Afar and faint outlined
A flock of mallards fly,
We crouch within the reedy blind
Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left !" We peer through wild rice-blades,
And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead !" A canvas-back !
"Mark ! mark !" A bunch of teal !
And swiftly on each flying track
Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
Rolls in like some gray sea,
And whippoorwills complain beside
The lonely Kankakee.

A "RISE"

Under the shadows of a cliff
Crowned with a growth of stately pine
An angler moors his rocking skiff
And o'er the ripple casts his line,
And where the darkling current crawls
Like thistle-down the gay lure falls.

Then from the depths a silver gleam
Quick flashes, like a jewel bright,
Up through the waters of the stream
An instant visible to sight —
As lightning cleaves the sombre sky
The black bass rises to the fly.

GERONIMO

Beside that tent and under guard
In majesty alone he stands,
As some chained eagle, broken-winged,
With eyes that gleam like smouldering brands, —
A savage face, streaked o'er with paint,
And coal-black hair in unkempt mane,
Thin, cruel lips, set rigidly, —
A red Apache Tamerlane.

As restless as the desert winds,
Yet here he stands like carven stone,
His raven locks by breezes moved
And backward o'er his shoulders blown;
Silent, yet watchful as he waits
Robed in his strange, barbaric guise,
While here and there go searchingly
The cat-like wanderings of his eyes.

The eagle feather on his head
Is dull with many a bloody stain,
While darkly on his lowering brow
Forever rests the mark of Cain.
Have you but seen a tiger caged
And sullen through his barriers glare ?
Mark well his human prototype,
The fierce Apache fettered there.

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS

I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields,
With comradeship alone of gun,
Gray marsh-wastes and the burning sun.

For aye the heart's most poignant pain
Will wear away 'neath hail and rain,
And rush of winds through branches bare
With something still to do and dare, —

The lonely watch beside the shore,
The wild-fowl's cry, the sweep of oar,
And paths of virgin sky to scan
Untrod, and so uncursed by man.

Gramercy, for thy haunting face,
Thy charm of voice and lissome grace,
I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields.

Katrina Trask

SORROW

O THORN-CROWNED Sorrow, pitiless and stern,
I sit alone with broken heart, my head
Low bowed, keeping long vigil with my dead.
My soul, unutterably sad, doth yearn
Beyond relief in tears — they only burn
My aching eyelids to fall back unshed
Upon the throbbing brain like molten lead,
Making it frenzied. Shall I ever learn
To face you fearlessly, as by my door
You stand with haunting eyes and death-damp hair,
Through the night-watches, whispering solemnly,
"Behold, I am thy guest forevermore."
It chills my soul to know that you are there.
Great God, have mercy on my misery!

LOVE

O POWER of Love, O wondrous mystery!
How is my dark illumined by thy light,
That maketh morning of my gloomy night,
Setting my soul from Sorrow's bondage free
With swift-sent revelation! yea, I see
Beyond the limitation of my sight
And senses, comprehending now, aright,
To-day's proportion to Eternity.
Through thee, my faith in God is made more sure,
My searching eyes have pierced the misty veil;
The pain and anguish which stern Sorrow brings
Through thee become more easy to endure.
Love-strong I mount, and Heaven's high summit scale;
Through thee, my soul has spread her folded wings.

AT LAST

BEYOND the bourn of mortal death and birth,
Two lovers — parted sorrowing on earth —
Met in the land of dim and ghostly space.
Wondering, he gazed on her illumined face:
"Alone you bear the burden now," he said,
"Of bondage; mine is ended, — I am dead."
With rapturous note of victory, she cried,
"The Lord of Life be praised! I, too, have died."

AIDENN

HEAVEN is mirrored, Love, deep in thine eyes,
Soft falls its shimmering light upon thy face;
Tell me, Beloved, is this Paradise,
Or but Love's bower in some deep-sheltered place?

Is that God's burning bush that now appears,
Or but the sunlight slanting through the trees?
Is that sweet song the music of the spheres,
Or but the deep andante of the breeze?

Are we blest spirits of some glad new birth
Floating at last in God's eternity?
Or art thou, Love, still but a man on earth,
And I a woman clinging close to thee?

Additional Selections

(VARIOUS POEMS BELONGING TO THIS DIVISION)

I

BIRTH

Just when each bud was big with bloom,
And as prophetic of perfume,
When spring, with her bright horoscope,
Was sweet as an unuttered hope;

Just when the last star flickered out,
And twilight, like a soul in doubt,
Hovered between the dark and dawn,
And day lay waiting to be born;

Just when the gray and dewy air
Grew sacred as an unvoiced prayer,
And somewhere through the dusk she heard
The stirring of a nested bird, —

Four angels glorified the place:
Wan Pain unveiled her awful face;
Joy, soaring, sang; Love, brooding, smiled;
Peace laid upon her breast a child.

ANNIE R. STILLMAN
("Grace Raymond")

THE FIRST STEP

My little one begins his feet to try,
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
And, bird-like, singing what her heart would say;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door.
And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all — as he was all our own —
But never can be quite so any more.

ANDREW BICE SAXTON

TO O. S. C.

Spirit of "fire and dew,"
Whither hast fled?
Thy soul they never knew
Who call thee dead.

Deep thoughts of why and how
Shadowed thine eyes:
Thou hast the answers now
Straight from the skies.

Thrilled with a double power,
Nature and Art, —
Dowered with a double dower,
Reason and heart, —

Not souls like thine, in vain
God fashioneth;
Leadeth them forth again,
Gently, by death.

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL

A PLAIN MAN'S DREAM

Were I transported to some distant star
With fifty little children, girls and boys,
Or to some fabled land unknown, afar,
Where never sound could come of this world's noise;

Our world begun anew, as when of yore
Sad Adam fled from Eden; I alone
The sole custodian of all human lore, —
No books to aid, all rules and records gone, —

What could I teach each tender, untaught child?
How much of this world's wisdom could I give
To raise him from the savage, fierce and wild,
And train each soul a worthy life to live?

Plain human speech, some simple laws of life,
A little tillage, household arts a few;
The law of rectitude o'ercoming strife;
Things clean and sane, the simple and the true.

But of Man's long, slow climb from Error's reach, —
The hard-won, precious wisdom of the ages, —
What (and, alas, how little !) could I teach
Which changes men from savages to sages ?

Some things I've known I never would impart.
Somewhat I'd tell of building, writing, preaching;
Some hints I'd give on healing, science, art;
Love they would learn full soon without my teaching !

FREDERICK KEPPEL

A CHILD OF TO-DAY

O CHILD, had I thy lease of time ! such unimagined things
Are waiting for that soul of thine to spread its untried wings !

Shalt thou not speak the stars, and go on journeys through the sky ?
And read the soul of man as clear as now we read the eye ?

Who knows if science may not find some art to make thee new, —
To mend the garments of thy flesh when thou hast worn them through ?

'T is fearful, aye, and beautiful, thy future that may be.
How strange ! — perhaps death's conqueror sits smiling on my knee !

JAMES BUCKHAM

VINGTAINE

I

SEPARATION

COULD she come back who has been dead so long,
How could I tell her of these years of wrong ?
To what wild discords has my life been set
Striving the olden love-song to forget !
How could she know, in the abode of bliss,
The utter loneliness of life in this, —
The weariness that comes of nights unslept,
The hopeless agony of tears unwept ?
Could she come back, between would lie those years,
And I could only look at her — through tears.

II

IMMUTABILIS

FOR death must come, and change, and, though the loss
Seems to the lonely soul the heaviest cross,
More bitter is the fate that day by day
Sees with sick heart the slow and sure decay
Of Faith and Love; and all our days we spend
In sorrow that these deathless things can end.
Far kinder then were death, for so should we
Be left with an unchanging memory,
And after-years this comfort would restore, —
That which Death takes is ours forevermore.

ALICE LEARNED BUNNER

WHEN EVEN COMETH ON

THE mother-heart doth yearn at eventide,
And, wheresoe'er the straying ones may roam,
When even cometh on they all fare home.
'Neath feathered sheltering the brood doth hide;
In eager flights the birds wing to their nest,
While happy lambs and children miss the sun,
And to the folds do hurtle one by one,
As night doth gather slowly in the west.
All ye who hurry through life's busy day,
Hark to the greeting that the Ages tell,

"The sun doth rise and set, hail and farewell."
But comfort ye your heart where'er ye stray,
For those who through this little day do roam,
When even cometh on shall all fare home.

LUCY EVANGELINE TILLEY

II

THE STATUE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI

MARK me how still I am! — The sound of feet
Unnumbered echoing through this vaulted hall,
Or voices harsh, on me unheeded fall,
Placed high in my memorial niche and seat,
In cold and marble meditation meet
Among proud tombs and pomp funereal
Of rich sarcophagi and sculptured wall, —
In death's elaborate elect retreat.
I was a Prince, — this monument was wrought
That I in honor might eternal stand;
In vain, subdued by Buonarroti's hand,
The conscious stone is pregnant with his thought;
He to this brooding rock his fame devised,
And he, not I, is here immortalized.

JAMES ERNEST NESMITH

AHMED

WITH wrath-flushed cheeks, and eyelids red
Where anger's fiercest sign was spread,
And hands whose clenched nails left their print
In the brown palm's deep, sun-warmed tint,
The chieftains sate in circle wide,
And in the centre, on his side,
Thrown like a dog, a thieving brute,
Lay Ahmed, frowning, bound and mute.

"The man who takes an offered bribe
From chieftain of an alien tribe
Shall die." So ran the Arab law,
Read by a scribe; and Ahmed saw
In every eye that scanned his face
Burn the hot fury of his race.
His fate was told. All men must die
Some time: what cared he how or why?
They loosed his tight-swathed arms and feet,
Unwound the cashmere turban, sweet
With spice and attar, stripped the vest
Of gold and crimson from his breast,
And laid his broad, brown bosom bare
To scimeter and desert air.
He stood as moulded statues stand,
With sightless eye and nerveless hand:

As moulded statues stand, but through
The dark skin, at each breath he drew,
The wild heart's wilder beating showed.
Then on the sand he kneeled, and bowed
His head to meet the ready stroke;
The headsman threw aside his cloak,
The curved steel circled in the sun —
Ahmed was dead, and justice done.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL

AVE! NERO IMPERATOR

WHAT! Roses on thy tomb! and was there then
One who could sorrow o'er thy wretched fate?
One heart that echoed not the cry of men, —
Its joy and triumph, its contempt and hate?
One being in all the circle of the lands
Who owed a kindness to thy blood-stained hands?

What though thy wrist, adown the chariot course,
Guided thy bounding chargers to the prize!
What though shamed theatres, with plaudits hoarse,
Extolled thy lyre o'er his that decks the skies!
Is glory won from slaves whose nights are stored
With dreams of poisoned draught and proffered sword?

Nero, poor triumphs these; nor broidered gown,
Nor ivory car upon the Sacred Way,
Nor laureled imperator's golden crown
For unwon battles borne in vain display,
Can win thee worship or adorn a name,
The scourge of nations — Rome's imperial shame.

But here, where all is silent, where no turn
Of fear or greed can prompt the courtier's art,
Thine only glory hangs upon thine urn
To tell that thou hast triumphed o'er a heart;
And souls of flowers, when mortal lips are dumb,
May plead for thy poor shade in days to come.

SAMUEL DUFFIELD OSBORNE

A NIGHT IN LESBOS

Δέδυκε μὲν ἀ σελάννα
καὶ Πληΐαδες, μέσαι δέ
νύκτες, πάρα δ' ἔρχετ' ὤρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω. — SAPPHO.

THE moon has left the sky,
The Pleiades are flown,
Midnight is creeping nigh,
And I am still alone.

Ah me! how long, how long
Are all these weary hours!
I hate the night-bird's song
Among the Lesbian flowers.

I hate the soft, sweet breeze
That comes to kiss my hair
From oleander trees
And waters cool and fair.

My heart is fierce and wild;
The winds should rave and moan.
Ah! why is Nature mild
When I am here alone?

While yet the silver moon
Rode o'er the laughing sea,
My heart was glad, for, "Soon,"
I said, "he comes to me."

But when its placid sphere
Slid swiftly 'neath the wave,
I sighed, "He is not here.
Be brave, my heart, be brave!"

Then for an age of woe,
Of doubts and hopings vain,
I watched the white stars snow
On yon Ægean plain.

I named them by their names —
Alcyone, and all
Those far and happy flames
On which we mortals call.

"Ere that one sets," I said,
"My soul shall swim in bliss;"
And then, "Ere that is fled
My lips shall feel his kiss."

The moon has left the Pole,
The Pleiades are flown;
'T is midnight in my soul,
And I am here alone!

GEORGE HORTON

BACCHYLIDES

FAIR star, new-risen to our wondering eyes
With brighter glory from thy long eclipse!
Poet, imprisoned in dead centuries!
Some god unlocks thy music now, and strips
The seal of envious silence from thy lips;
And we are fain to hear thy wakening melodies.

Thou comest from the darkness of the tomb
To sing once more the happy olden time, —
Victor and hero, youth and youth's fair bloom,
The joy of life in manhood's golden prime;
And I, of alien tongue and harsher clime,
Listen, and lose awhile life's endless fret and fume.

Thus in a sunset isle, long years agone,
Some shepherd, telling 'neath the ilex trees
The straying sheep that browsed on upland lawn,

Marked with wide eyes across the purple seas
Odysseus' long-lost bark before the breeze
Glide ghost-like from the glooms of Ocean toward the dawn;

And straight forgot his silly flock aspace
In marvel of the strange return from death,
While to the harbor-mouth he ran apace
To hear their tale with wistful, indrawn breath:
"And aye mine eyes are dimmed with dreams" (he saith)
"Of that far land where bide the dead heroic race."

GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

CARLYLE AND EMERSON

A BALE-FIRE kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke all England woke, —
It climbed so high, it roared so loud:

While over Massachusetts' pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched, —
It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
And mariners are glad for these, —
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

III

THE TOWN OF HAY

THE town of Hay is far away,
The town of Hay is far;
Between its hills of green and gray
Its winding meadows are.
Within the quiet town of Hay
Is many a quiet glen,
And there by many a shaded way
Are homes of quiet men:
And there are many hearts alway
That turn with longing, night and day,
Back to the town of Hay.

Within that good old town of Hay
There was no pride of birth,
And no man there pursued his way
A stranger in the earth;
And none were high and none were low,
Of golden hair or gray,
And each would grieve at other's woe
Down in the town of Hay;
And many a world-scorned soul to-day
Mid crowded thousands far away
Weeps for the town of Hay.

A road leads from the town of Hay
Forth to a world of din,
And winds and wanders far away, —
And many walked therein;
Far in the crowds of toil and stress
Their restless footsteps stray, —
Their souls have lost the quietness
Of that old town of Hay;
But in some respite of the fray,
In transient dreams they float away,
Back to the town of Hay.

Old men are in that town of Hay,
Amid its quiet trees,
Who dream of strong sons far away
Upon the stormy seas;
Old mothers, when the twilight dew
The woodbine leaves have pearled,
Dream of their boys who wander through
The wideness of the world:
And tears fall in the twilight gray,
And prayers go up at close of day
In that old town of Hay.

A hillside in the town of Hay
Is slanting toward the sun,
And gathered 'neath its headstones gray
Are sleepers, one by one;
And there are tears in distant lands,
And grief too deep for tears,
And farewells waved from phantom hands
Across the gulf of years:
And when they place that headstone gray,
It crushes hearts so far away
From that old town of Hay.

SAM WALTER FOSS

A DROP OF INK

THIS drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen,
What might it write in Milton's mighty hand!

What might it speak at Shakespeare's high
command!
What words to thrill the throbbing hearts
of men!
Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen,
All life and death in one full compass
spanned!
Who could its power in Goethe's touch
withstand?
What words of truth it holds beyond our
ken, —
What blessed promise we would fain be
told,
And cannot, — what grim sentence dread
as death, —
What venomous lie, that never shall un-
fold, —
What law, undoing science with a breath!
But — mockery of life's quick-wasted lot —
Dropped on a virgin sheet 't is but a blot!

JOSEPH ERNEST WHITNEY

SEA IRONY

ONE day I saw a ship upon the sands
Careened upon beam ends, her tilted deck
Swept clear of rubbish of her long-past
wreck;
Her colors struck, but not by human hands;
Her masts the driftwood of what distant
strands!
Her frowning ports, where at the Admiral's
beck
Grim-visaged cannon held the foe in check,
Gaped for the frolic of the minnow bands.
The seaweed banners in her fo'ks'le waved,
A turtle basked upon her capstan head;
Her cabin's pomp the clownish sculpin
braved,
And on her prow, where the lost figure-
head
Once scorned the brine, a name forgot was
graved.
It was "The Irresistible" I read!

JOHN LANGDON HEATON

BERMUDA, *February, 1896.*

SOLITUDE

IT is the bittern's solemn cry
Far out upon the lonely moors,
Where steel-gray pools reflect the sky,
And mists arise in dim contours.

Save this, no murmur on their verge
Doth stir the stillness of the reeds;
Silent the water-snakes emerge
From writhing depths of water-weeds.

Through sedge or gorse of that morass
There shines no light of moon or star;
Only the fen-fires gleam and pass
Along the low horizon bar.

It is the bittern's solemn cry,
As if it voiced, with mournful stress,
The strange hereditary sigh
Of age on age of loneliness.

FREDERICK PETERSON

AN EPILOGUE AT WALLACK'S

THE play was done;
The mimic lovers of the stage
Were safe united, with their mimic battles
won;
But while the prompter closed his well-
scored page,
And on his bell a willing finger laid,
An old man, stately, kind, and hale,
In mould of courtly fashion made,
Set forth the moral of the tale.

Much bent with time,
The frost that silvered on his brow
Had left its markings, lined and figured
like the rime,
Which on the pane the warming noon-
day glow
Has smoothed and softened with its cheery
smile.
And while he spoke they lent him willing
ears;
For warmest youth of heart the while
Shone through the winter of his years.

'T was not the words,
For they were simple as the tales
Some good old nurse's well-taxed memory
hoards
Against the time when fairy folk-lore fails.
He spoke in well-worn terms of good
advice:
How fathers should not draw too ready
rein,
Nor sons take umbrage in a trice
At fathers' counsels, — these and more
again.

But as he spoke
The threadbare words they knew so well,
Came rippling streamlets of applause that broke
In throbbing oceans as the curtain fell.

For youth and age, pride, poverty, e'en sin,
Fair maid and bloodless pedagogue,
All felt the world of nearer kin
The while John Gilbert spoke — The Epilogue.

JOHN ELTON WAYLAND
("Idas")

IV

"THE TUNE OF THE TIME"

I

WHEN LOVE COMES KNOCKING

WHEN Love comes knocking at thy gate,
Bid him at once depart:
He will be patient, and will wait
The bidding of thy heart.

Tell him he knocketh there in vain;
That he may ne'er come in:
He 'll smiling leave, but come again,
Thy loving heart to win.

Then, when at last he knocks in tears,
Oh! open wide Love's gate:
He 'll soon forget his foolish fears,
And vow 't was sweet to wait.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER

IF I BUT KNEW

IF I but knew what the tree-tops say,
Whispering secrets night and day,
I 'd make a song, my love, for you,
If I but knew — if I but knew.

If I but knew how the lilies brew
Nectar rare from a drop of dew,
A crystal glass I 'd fill for you,
If I but knew — if I but knew.

Love, if I knew but one tender word,
Sweet as the note of a wooing bird,
I 'd tell my ardent love to you,
If I but knew — if I but knew.

AMY E. LEIGH

SONG FROM "BEN HUR"[1]

WAKE not, but hear me, love!
Adrift, adrift on slumber's sea,
Thy spirit call to list to me.

Wake not, but hear me, love!
A gift from Sleep, the restful king,
All happy, happy dreams I bring.

Wake not, but hear me, love!
Of all the world of dreams 't is thine
This once to choose the most divine.
So choose, and sleep, my love!
But ne'er again in choice be free,
Unless, unless — thou dream'st of me.

LEW WALLACE

II

AT TWILIGHT

THE roses of yesteryear
Were all of them white and red:
It fills my heart with silent fear
To find all their beauty fled.

The roses of white are sere,
All faded the roses of red;
And one who loves me is not here,
And one that I love is dead.

PEYTON VAN RENSSELAER

ART THOU THE SAME

ART thou the same, thou sobbing winter wind?
The same that rocked the cradle of the May,
That whispered through the leaves in summer noon,
And swelled the anthem of the full-crowned year?
Art thou the same, thou piteous, moaning thing,
Beating against the pane with ghostly hands,
Wailing in agony across the waste, —
Art thou the same — the same?

[1] Copyright, 1880, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Art thou the same, thou poor heart bruised and faint,
Treading thy way alone through twilight gloom?
Art thou the same that sang to greet the dawn,
Carolling in the sunlight like a bird,
Too glad for speech, too glad for aught but song?
Art thou the same that prayest but for night,
For night to come and ease thee of thy pain, —
Art thou the same — the same?

Thou winter wind that wailest through the night,
Thou broken heart too crushed to moan or cry,
There will be rest even for ye, poor things,
And more than rest, — a joy new-washed in tears;
For through the portals of the fading year
Lie sunny hills and fields fresh-clad in green,
And after night who knows what day may bring? —
And ye unchanged, the same — the same?

FRANCES DORR (SWIFT) TATNALL

III

THE SONG OF THE TURNKEY

1

In the darkness deep
Of the donjon-keep,
Where the spiders spin their strands;
In the home of bats
And of old gray rats,
Are my lord the turnkey's lands.
O, his task is light,
But from morn till night
On his rounds he needs must go.
It is tramp, tramp, tramp,
With his keys and lamp,
In the corridors down below.

Then it 's ho! ho! ho!
I am king of the donjon deep.
There is music of bolt and chain
In the turnkey's dark domain.
How merrily jingle the chains that cling!
How cheerily tinkle the keys that swing!
I am king — king — king of the donjon-keep!

2

Though the ravens scream
From the gallows beam,
It is little heed he takes;
And a song he roars
Through the corridors,
As his watchful round he makes.
None are false to him
In his kingdom grim,
For their monarch never sleeps.
O, there 's none dare say
To the turnkey nay;
He is king of the donjon deeps.

Then it 's ho! ho! ho! etc.

HARRY BACHE SMITH

THE ARMORER'S SONG

1

Let hammer on anvil ring,
And the forge fire brightly shine;
Let wars rage still,
While I work with a will
At this peaceful trade of mine.
The sword is a weapon to conquer fields;
I honor the man who shakes it:
But naught is the lad who the broad-sword wields
Compared to the lad who makes it.

Clang! Clang! Clang!
Then huzzah for the anvil, the forge, and the sledge!
Huzzah for the sparks that fly!
If I had a cup I would straightway pledge
The armorer — that is I!

2

Let others of glory sing,
As they struggle in glory's quest.
Let them wave their brands
In their mailëd hands,
While the sword smites shield and crest.
Oh, war is a trade I have not essayed,
Though goodliest fame attends it.
I sing of the one who, when fight is done,
Takes every good sword and mends it.

Clang! Clang! Clang!
Then huzzah for the valiant, the squire, or the knight,
Who loveth the battle-cry!
But here 's to the swordsman that maketh them fight,
The armorer — that is I!

HARRY BACHE SMITH[1]

HIS MAJESTY

I 'm king of the road! I gather
My toll on the world's highways.
They pave the street for my royal feet,
And the man in the wagon pays.
With my sturdy heels I laugh at wheels;
I hurry at no man's will,
For the rich who ride my meat provide;
They must feed the king to his fill.

I 'm king of the road! Before me
My way lies over the land,
With a wild rose train from meadow and lane
And the hail of a song-bird band.
They are slaves who team by wagon or steam:
The footman carries the crown.
What cares the tramp whose supper and camp
Are waiting in every town?

I 'm king of the road all summer;
In winter I still go free.
Let the snow-blast come, in a nook I 'll chum
With a gipsy crew like me.
I 'll ask no shares with home-proud heirs;
They 're the scorn of my soul while I
Can tread the floors of the great Out-doors,
And nobody ask me why.

THERON BROWN

IV

LITTLE ALABAMA COON

I 's a little Alabama Coon,
And I has n't been born very long;
I 'member seein' a great big round moon;
I 'member hearin' one sweet song.
When dey tote me down to de cotton field,
Dar I roll and I tumble in de sun;
While my daddy pick de cotton, mammy watch me grow,
And dis am de song she sung:

Go to sleep, my little pickaninny, —
Brer' Fox 'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny, —
Mammy 's gwine to swat yo' if you won't.

Sh! sh! sh!
Lu-la, lu-la lu-la lu-la lu!
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

Dis hyar little Alabama Coon
Specks to be a growed-up man some day;
Dey 's gwine to christen me hyar very soon, —
My name 's gwine to be "Henry Clay."
When I 's big, I 's gwine to wed a yellow gal;
Den we 'll hab pickaninnies ob our own;
Den dat yellow gal shall rock 'em on her bosom,
And dis am de song she 'll croon:

Go to sleep, my little pickaninny, —
Brer' Fox 'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny, —
Mammy 's gwine to swat yo' if you won't.

Sh! sh! sh!
Lu-la, lu-la lu-la lu-la lu!
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

HATTIE STARR

GO SLEEP, MA HONEY

WHIPP'WILL 's singin' to de moon, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
He sing a pow'ful mo'nful tune,
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
De day bird 's sleepin' on his nes',
He know it time to take a res',
An' he gwine ter do his lebel bes', —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Old banjo 's laid away, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
Its pickin 's froo for to-day, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
De night time surely come to pass,
De cricket 's chirpin' in de grass,
An' de ole mule 's gone to sleep at las', —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

[1] See, also, p. 760.

I hear de night win' in de corn, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
Dey 's a ghos' out dah, sure 's yo' born, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
But he dassent come where we keep a light,
An' de candle 's burnin' all de night,
So sink to res', des be all right, —
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

EDWARD D. BARKER

KENTUCKY BABE

'SKEETERS am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine, —
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Sandman am a comin' to dis little coon of mine, —
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,
Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love:
Yo' is mighty lucky,
Babe of old Kentucky, —
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away,
Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away,
Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast, —
Um—um—,
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy 's in de cane-brake wid his little dog and gun, —
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
'Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done, —
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Bogie man 'll catch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,
Waitin' jes outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise:
Bes' be keepin' shady,
Little colored lady, —
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK

V

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew, —
Heart's-ease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau with a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart 's in that garden, that little Dutch garden, —
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

HATTIE WHITNEY

V

"A SONG THAT OLD WAS SUNG"

THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in: I gather them in.

"I gather them in! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I 've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one:
But come they strangers or come they kin —
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone,
I'm king of the dead — and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold:
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin —
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain!
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din —
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

PARK BENJAMIN [1]

HE CAME TOO LATE

He came too late! — Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! — At once he felt
That all his power was o'er:
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt —
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay —
No spell had Memory.

He came too late! — The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay;
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late! — Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love.

ELIZABETH BOGART [2]

[1] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 779.
[2] See BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, p. 780.

IV

CLOSE OF THE CENTURY

(TYPICAL POETS AND POETRY OF THE FINAL YEARS)

1890–1900

THE SUCCESSION

As one by one the singers of our land,
  Summoned away by Death's unfailing dart,
  Unto the greater mystery depart,
Sadly we watch them from the desolate strand.
Oh! who shall fill their places in the band
  Of tuneful voices? Who with equal art
  Speak the unwritten language of the heart,
And the mute signs of Nature understand?
Yet poetry from earth has never ceased:
  It is a fire perpetual, which has caught
  Its flame from off the altar-place of Heaven.
Never has failed, in darkest days, a priest
  Who, by no price of gain or glory bought,
For his soul's peace his life to song has given.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE

CLOSE OF THE CENTURY

(TYPICAL POETS AND POETRY OF THE FINAL YEARS)

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

("JOHN PHILIP VARLEY")

FROM "TO A WRITER OF THE DAY"

TECHNIQUE

Could but this be brought
Into your ken, — that the technique is thought!
Escape from "Style," the notion men can use
Words without thoughts, — so wrench and so abuse
The innocent language to their ends that they
Will seem to be respectful, honest, gay,
Grave, or what else, — and all the glorious while
The authors' selves sit with the wise and smile:
"'T is but a trick, 't is words, it is a style!"

Your technique, then, is thought, just as I say.
And if you 'll write a poem, there 's no way
But first to think it clearly; pin your mind
Upon your thought; fasten it there, and bind
The thought into your heart: when your veins burn and flow
With love or hate, the thoughts to music go,
Melt into music, and pour fully out
In a rich flood; — but to take thought about
The "music" of your words, 't is matter quite
Beyond your conscious power! For rhymes, they 're right
Or wrong according as they hear, not look
When printed by a printer in a book!
And their "correctness" may be measured best,
And indeed only, by a certain test:
That, namely, for rebellions, — which are so
Until they have succeeded, when they go
By quite another name. Forget not, too,
That every English poet known to you,
That is to say all of them, rhymed just as
The spirit took them and their pleasure was,
And, masters that they were, rhymed "falsely," so
As now no poetaster dares to do!

PURPOSE

So then, at last, let me awake this sleep
And languor of yourself: it is too deep,
And 't is too long!
Oh, I would have you look
With judgment on your life, and not to brook
The less in art, as not in truth; — forgive
Much in you now I can, never that you less live!
I may put by whatever choice of themes,
But not this air of being by rich dreams
Roofed over, and floored under, and walled in.
As Eastern princes in a palanquin
Luxuriously ride, by eunuchs round
Held and supported, lifted from the ground,
And softly borne, — so you, on the mild shoulders,
Effeminate, of dreams! — Your spirit moulders;
The freshness of your soul withers away
As roses do that cannot find the day.

Oh, free yourself! — take up your life and share
The splendor of this day, the world's great air,
And this new land's delight, — this land that we
Adore, this people, this great liberty
Of nations in new birth, — a happy shower
Of golden States, — a many-blossomed flower! —
Now grown a Commonwealth, whose strength and state
And health are dangerous to all that hate
Freedom, and fatal to all those who'd be
Sunk in the dark of Time's abysmal sea,
Safe anchored in the past — safe dead! — that none
Might longer make them fear a change beneath the sun,
To fright them with new good. — But oh, to those
Whose blood within them leaps and laughs and flows;
To all who proudly hope; to all who fain
With their right hands and with their heart and brain
Would throne the right, and make the good to reign;
To all who 'd lift man up, and who, heart-free,
Haste toward the light, — this Land and State should be
Dear as their life! — And to her sons should she
Be born again in love, since with her noblest blood
And her right hand of youth she smote the brood
Of her own loins, nested in servitude,
Shadowing the world's detraction with fair peace.
Dear mother of her sons, whose wealth is these;
Her more than gold, their valor, mercy, truth;
Her mighty age, immortal in their youth: —
Dear light of hope, oh, needs she not to be
Forever saved into new liberty?
The fallen blood of martyrs is in vain
If ours be not as free to fall again!
But her salvation is a rigorous task,
Eternally accomplishing. — I ask
You, therefore, as one owing more than most
To her, who is your happiness and boast,
That you cast from you all that will not wake
Men's hearts from sensual sleep: — for her great sake
Put by the velvet touch, the easy grace,
The fingers dreaming on the lyre, the face
Forgetful, listening to light melodies;
Cease thou thy toying with the hours, and cease
This riot of thy youth, this wantoning
With all the sap and spirit of thy Spring.
Not twice that verdure 's given thee; the Tree
Of Life not twice shall blossom; and to be
Young, 't is to be in heaven, 't is to be
Full of ambition, filled with hot desire,
Pregnant with life, and steeped in such a fire
As sets a world in hope! — Oh, could I say
That which I would, you could not say me nay.
But let your country plead with you; give heed
To her dumb call; sow the eternal seed
Of Truth, and Righteousness, and Love; — though you
Shall be, as poets should, known to but few,
Yet your reward is great: it is to be
Sown in the hearts of men, to make men free;
And in your thoughts to be your land's firm stay,
And her salvation in a falling day,
More than dread cannon, than bright thousands more:
For thoughts, like angels, wage eternal war.

SONGS

FEAR

THERE is a sound I would not hear,
Although it music's self might be;
Lest in my breast a crystal sphere
Might burst, might break for melody.

There is a face I would not see
Tho' like the springtime it were fair;
Lest love that was a barren tree
Should burst in bloom — should blossoms bear.

SWEETS THAT DIE

How fades that native breath
The rose exhales,
Whenas her bloom is o'er!

Altho' her petals on the evening gales
Are wafted by, a fleet of fairy sails,
She is, alas ! no more.

And love dies like the rose,
And fills the air
With many a deep drawn sigh:
Shall I not both embalm with sacred care,
That they may have, in sweetly-breathëd air,
Their immortality !

TO ONE BEING OLD

Her aged hands are worn with works of love;
Dear aged hands that oft on me are laid;
Her heart's below, but, oh, her love's above,
As flowers do sunward turn though in the shade.

The set of sun is dear that lasts not long,
And she is sweeter far than light that dies:
But if her aged body's weak, she's strong;
Her folly, wisdom in a softer guise.

The very smile of love is hers, and she
Hath him long known where others knew a shade;
Forget thine eyes, and learn herewith to see
Within this time-worn sheath the snowy blade.

Upon her lovely cheek there still doth play
A maiden's blush, for her heart grows not old;
Her silver locks go sweetly all astray;
Though silver are her locks, her heart is gold !

THE WAYSIDE VIRGIN

FRANCE

I am the Virgin; from this granite ledge
A hundred weary winters have I watched
The lonely road that wanders at my feet;
And many days I 've sat here, in my lap
A little heap of snow, and overheard
The dry, dead voices of sere, rustling leaves;
While scarce a beggar creaked across the way.
How very old I am ! I have forgot
The day they fixed me here; and whence I came,
With crown of gold, and all my tarnished blue.

How green the grass is now, and all around
Blossoms the May; but it is cold in here,
Sunless and cold. — Now comes a little maid
To kneel among the asters at my feet;
What a sweet noise she makes, like murmurings
Of bees in June ! I wonder what they say,
These rosy mortals, when they look at me ?
I wonder why
They call me Mary and bow down to me ?
Oh, I am weary of my painted box, —
Come, child,
And lay thy warm face on my wooden cheek,
That I may feel it glow as once of yore
It glowed when I, a cedar's happy heart,
Felt the first sunshine of the early spring !

WRITTEN AT THE END OF A BOOK

This is the end of the book
Written by God.
I am the earth he took,
I am the sod,
The wood and iron which he struck
With his sounding rod.

I am the reed that he blew:
Once quietly
By the riverside I grew,
Till one day he
Rooted me up and breathed a new
Delirium in me.

Would he had left me there,
Where all is still;

To lean on the heavy air,
Silent, at will
To be, and joy, yet not to share,
The avenging thrill.

I am the reed that he blew,
Which yet he blows,
(For this is his breath too,
And these, like those,
Are his own words blown unto you,
— Hearken if you choose !)

This is the end of the book;
And, if you read
Ought that is evil, why, look,
I but obeyed,
— When deep his voice in my ear shook,
I blew as he said !

Wallace Rice

UNDER THE STARS

Tell me what sail the seas
Under the stars ?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars.

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs;

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare
Streams from the spars ?
Red stripes and white they bear,
Blue, with bright stars:

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above, —
Blue for the deep,
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow ?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Eagerly go

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end.

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

THE END

No freeman, saith the wise, thinks much on death:
No man with soul he dareth call his own
Liveth in dread lest there be no atone
In time to come for yesterday's warm breath,
No more than he for such end hungereth
As falls to those who speed their souls a-groan;
Death may be King, to sit a tottering throne
And hale men hence — let cowards cringe to Death !
Who giveth, taketh; and the days go by:
No seed sowed we; let him who did come reap:
Sweet peace is ours — and everlastingly, —
A little sleep, a little slumber ! Ay,
This much is known: there is for thee and me
A little folding of the hands to sleep.

IMMORTAL FLOWERS

Of old, a man who died
Had, in his pride,
Woman and steed and slave
Heaped at his grave;
Given this sudden end
Their souls to send,
Still serving, whitherward
Their lord had fared.

Grown wiser, we, to-day,
A happier way
Find for our love and grief
And death's relief:
Flowers their fragrance strew
Where he must go,
Gladden the narrow gate
Whereat we wait.

And there be those of us
Who, amorous
Of life and hope, can see
How gleefully
He, lonely, greets beyond
These flowers so fond,
Even as our common doom
Saddens their bloom.

Robert Cameron Rogers

THE DANCING FAUN

Thou dancer of two thousand years,
Thou dancer of to-day,
What silent music fills thine ears,
What Bacchic lay,
That thou shouldst dance the centuries
Down their forgotten way?

What mystic strain of pagan mirth
Has charmed eternally
Those lithe, strong limbs, that spurn the earth?
What melody,
Unheard of men, has Father Pan
Left lingering with thee?

Ah! where is now the wanton throng
That round thee used to meet?
On dead lips died the drinking-song,
But wild and sweet,
What silent music urged thee on,
To its unuttered beat,

That when at last Time's weary will
Brought thee again to sight,
Thou cam'st forth dancing, dancing still,
Into the light,
Unwearied from the murk and dusk
Of centuries of night?

Alas for thee! — Alas, again,
The early faith is gone!
The Gods are no more seen of men,
All, all are gone, —
The shaggy forests no more shield
The Satyr and the Faun.

On Attic slopes the bee still hums,
On many an Elian hill
The wild-grape swells, but never comes
The distant trill
Of reedy flutes; for Pan is dead,
Broken his pipes and still.

And yet within thy listening ears
The pagan measures ring, —
Those limbs that have outdanced the years
Yet tireless spring:
How canst thou dream Pan dead when still
Thou seem'st to hear him sing!

A SLEEPING PRIESTESS OF APHRODITE

She dreams of Love upon the temple stair, —
About her feet the lithe green lizards play
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air.

The winds have loosed the fillet from her hair,
Sea winds, salt-lipped, that laugh and seem to say,
"She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair.

"Then let us twine soft fingers, here and there,
Amid the gleaming threads that drift and stray
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air,

"And let us weave of them a subtle snare
To cast about and bind her, as to-day
She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair."

Alas, the madcap winds, — how much they dare!
They wove the web, and in their wanton way,
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air,

They bound her sleeping, in her own bright hair.
And as she slept came Love — and passed away, —
She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair,
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air.

VIRGIL'S TOMB

"CECINI PASCUA, RURA, DUCES"

On an olive-crested steep
Hanging o'er the dusty road,
Lieth in his last abode,
Wrapped in everlasting sleep,

He who in the days of yore
Sang of pastures, sang of farms,
Sang of heroes and their arms,
Sang of passion, sang of war.

When the lark at dawning tells,
Herald like, the coming day,
And along the dusty way
Comes the sound of tinkling bells,

Rising to the tomb aloft,
While some modern Corydon
Drives his bleating cattle on
From the stable to the croft:

Then the soul of Virgil seems
To awaken from its dreams,
To sing again the melodies
Of which he often tells, —
The music of the birds,
The lowing of the herds,
The tinkling of the bells.

THE SHADOW ROSE

A NOISETTE on my garden path
An ever-swaying shadow throws;
But if I pluck it strolling by,
I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood
To shadow it, — but was it fair
In him, who plucked and bore you off,
To leave your shadow lingering there?

DOUBT

Slow, groping giant, whose unsteady limbs
Waver and bend and cannot keep the path,
Thy feet are foul with mire, and thy knees
Torn by the nettles of the wayside fen;
The dust of dogmas dead is in thy mouth,
Yet down the ages thou hast followed him —
Clear-eyed Belief — who journeys with light heart.

The leaves of Hope about his head are green,
Firm falls his foot upon the path he treads,
To every day he suits his pilgrimage,
And rest at dusk is his, — complete and deep.

For thee — the bramble: thorns of vain debate
Harrow the hundred furrows of thy brow:
Sleep is not thine, — the darkness has no balm
For thy torn spirit. Deep into the night
Thy feet that gain no guidance from the stars
Press on, until before the silent tent,
Where deep and dreamlessly he lies asleep,
Thou comest with tired limbs to sink beside
The ashes of his fire and find them cold.

A HEALTH AT THE FORD

Broncho Dan halts midway of the stream,
Sucking up the water that goes tugging at his knees;
High noon and dry noon, — to-day it does n't seem
As if the country ever knew the blessing of a breeze.
A torn felt hat with the brim cockled up,
A dip from the saddle — there you are —
It 's the brew of old Snake River in a cowboy's drinking-cup —
At the ford of Deadman's Bar.

"Now for a toast, a health before we go, —
A health to the life that makes living worth a try;

A long drink, a deep drink, it 's bumpers,
Dan, you know;
No heel-taps now, old pony, you must drink
the river dry!
Here 's to her then, — every sunrise knows
her name,
I've given it away to every star;
Cold water in a hat! Pretty tough, but
what of that? —
It 's the best — at Deadman's Bar.

"Where Summer camps all the year by the
sea,
By the broad Pacific where your widened
waters pour,
Old Snake River, take a message down for
me,
Tell the waves that sing to her along the
Southern Shore;
Say that I'm a-rustling, though the
trail that leads to wealth
Is mighty hard to find and dim and
far,
But tell her that I love her, and say I drank
her health
To-day at Deadman's Bar."

THE ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

Oh memories that bless — and burn!
Oh barren gain — and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

Vance Thompson

SYMBOLS

Green grew the reeds and pale they were,
And all the sunless grass was gray;
The sluggish coils of marsh-water
Dripped thickly over root and stone;
In the deep woods there was no day,
No day within them, shine or sun, —
Only the night alway.

And evermore the cypresses
Against the cold sky rocked and swung;
The lurching of the high, black trees,
Their sprawling black tops tossed and flung
Against the sky. She made a hut
Of dripping stone and wattled clay,
And the small window-space was shut
With woven reeds, green and gray.

The comely stars paced soberly
In the blue gardens overhead,
And morn and eve the housing sky
Shifted in blue and gold and red;
But She who dwelt in the stone hut
Knew not these things; on gathered
knees
She leaned her face, her thick hair shut
Her from the stars and trees.

LINEN BANDS

I weep those dead lips, white and dry,
On which no kisses lie,
Those eyes deserted of desire,
And love's soft fire.

I weep the folded feet and hands,
Held fast in linen bands;
Still heart, cold breasts, — for them my
dole:
God hath the soul.

Ella Higginson

BEGGARS[1]

CHILD with the hungry eyes,
The pallid mouth and brow,
And the lifted, asking hands,
I am more starved than thou.

I beg not on the street;
But where the sinner stands,
In secret place, I beg
Of God, with outstretched hands.

As thou hast asked of me,
Raising thy downcast head,
So have I asked of Him,
So, trembling, have I plead.

Take this and go thy way;
Thy hunger shall soon cease.
Thou prayest but for bread,
And I, alas! for peace.

MOONRISE IN THE ROCKIES[1]

THE trembling train clings to the leaning wall
Of solid stone; a thousand feet below
Sinks a black gulf; the sky hangs like a pall
Upon the peaks of everlasting snow.

Then of a sudden springs a rim of light,
Curved like a silver sickle. High and higher —
Till the full moon burns on the breast of night,
And a million firs stand tipped with lucent fire.

THE LAMP IN THE WEST[1]

VENUS has lit her silver lamp
Low in the purple West,
Casting a soft and mellow light
Upon the sea's full breast;
In one clear path — as if to guide
Some pale, wayfaring guest.

Far out, far out the restless bar
Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where, roaring through the narrow straits,
The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
Across the lonely deep.

When I sail out the narrow straits
Where unknown dangers be,
And cross the troubled, moaning bar
To the mysterious sea,
Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp
Low in the West for me?

THE GRAND RONDE VALLEY[1]

AH, me! I know how like a golden flower
The Grand Ronde valley lies this August night,
Locked in by dimpled hills where purple light
Lies wavering. There at the sunset hour
Sink downward, like a rainbow-tinted shower,
A thousand colored rays, soft, changeful, bright.
Later the large moon rises, round and white,
And three Blue Mountain pines against it tower,
Lonely and dark. A coyote's mournful cry
Sinks from the cañon, — whence the river leaps
A blade of silver underneath the moon.
Like restful seas the yellow wheat-fields lie,
Dreamless and still. And while the valley sleeps,
O hear! — the lullabies that low winds croon.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER[1]

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck, —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

[1] Copyright, 1898, by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

John Kendrick Bangs

TO A WITHERED ROSE[1]

Thy span of life was all too short —
A week or two at best —
From budding-time, through blossoming,
To withering and rest.

Yet compensation hast thou — aye! —
For all thy little woes;
For was it not thy happy lot
To live and die a rose?

MAY 30, 1893[1]

It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
That 't was not part of Nature 's own sweet way,

That on the field where once the cannon's breath
Laid many a hero cold and stark in death,
Some little children, in the after-years,
Had come to play among the grassy spears,

And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
Had left a wreath of wild flowers over one

Who fought to save his country, and whose lot
It was to die unknown and rest forgot?

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he did n't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I 'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

Sophie Jewett

("ELLEN BURROUGHS")

"IF SPIRITS WALK"[2]

If spirits walk, love, when the night climbs slow
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the selfsame way
To the hill-crest, and shoreward, down the gray,
Sheer, gravelled slope, where vetches straggling grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when, in June, the pines are whispering low,
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair so
As some one's fingers once were used to play —
That hour when birds leave song, and children pray,
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk.

ARMISTICE[2]

The water sings along our keel,
The wind falls to a whispering breath;
I look into your eyes and feel
No fear of life or death;
So near is love, so far away
The losing strife of yesterday.

We watch the swallow skim and dip;
Some magic bids the world be still;
Life stands with finger upon lip;
Love hath his gentle will;

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

[2] Copyright, 1896, by The Macmillan Company.

Though hearts have bled, and tears have burned,
The river floweth unconcerned.

We pray the fickle flag of truce
Still float deceitfully and fair;
Our eyes must love its sweet abuse;
This hour we will not care,
Though just beyond to-morrow's gate,
Arrayed and strong, the battle wait.

SONG[1]

Thy face I have seen as one seeth
A face in a dream,
Soft drifting before me as drifteth
A leaf on the stream:
A face such as evermore fleeth
From following feet,
A face such as hideth and shifteth
Evasive and sweet.

Thy voice I have heard as one heareth,
Afar and apart,
The wood-thrush that rapturous poureth
The song of his heart;
Who heedeth is blest, but who neareth,
In wary pursuit,
May see where the singer upsoareth,
The forest is mute.

WHEN NATURE HATH BETRAYED THE HEART THAT LOVED HER[1]

The gray waves rock against the gray sky-line,
And break complaining on the long gray sand,
Here where I sit, who cannot understand
Their voice of pain, nor this dumb pain of mine;
For I, who thought to fare till my days end,
Armed sorrow-proof in sorrow, having known
How hearts bleed slow when brave lips make no moan,
How Life can torture, how Death may befriend

When Love entreats him hasten, — even I,
Who feared no human anguish that may be,
I cannot bear the loud grief of the sea,
I cannot bear the still grief of the sky.

A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME[1]

Quiet as are the quiet skies
He watches where the city lies
Floating in vision clear or dim
Through sun or rain beneath his eyes;
Her songs, her laughter, and her cries
Hour after hour drift up to him.

Her days of glory or disgrace
He watches with unchanging face;
He knows what midnight crimes are done,
What horrors under summer sun;
And souls that pass in holy death
Sweep by him on the morning's breath.

Alike to holiness and sin
He feels nor alien nor akin;
Five hundred creeping mortal years
He smiles on human joy and tears,
Man-made, immortal, scorning man;
Serene, grotesque Olympian.

Evaleen Stein

BUDDING-TIME TOO BRIEF

O little buds, break not so fast!
The spring 's but new.
The skies will yet be brighter blue,
And sunny too.
I would you might thus sweetly last
Till this glad season 's overpast,
Nor hasten through.

It is so exquisite to feel
The light warm sun;
To merely know the winter done,
And life begun;

[1] Copyright, 1896, by The Macmillan Company.

And to my heart no blooms appeal
For tenderness so deep and real,
As any one

Of these first April buds, that hold
The hint of spring's
Rare perfectness that May-time brings.
So take not wings!
Oh, linger, linger, nor unfold
Too swiftly though the mellow mould,
Sweet growing things!

And errant birds, and honey-bees,
Seek not to wile;
And, sun, let not your warmest smile
Quite yet beguile
The young peach-boughs and apple-trees
To trust their beauty to the breeze;
Wait yet awhile!

IN MEXICO

The cactus towers, straight and tall,
Through fallow fields of chapparal;
And here and there, in paths apart,
A dusky peon guides his cart,
And yokes of oxen journey slow,
In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells
Of muleteers, with wagon bells
That jangle sweet across the maize,
And green agave stalks that raise
Rich spires of blossoms, row on row,
In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls
The golden sunshine softly falls,
On archways set with orange trees,
On paven courts and balconies
Where trailing vines toss to and fro,
In Mexico.

And patient little donkeys fare
With laden saddle-bags, and bear
Through narrow ways quaint water-jars
Wreathed round with waxen lily stars
And scarlet poppy-buds that blow,
In Mexico.

When twilight falls, more near and clear
The tender southern skies appear,
And down green slopes of blooming limes
Come cascades of cathedral chimes;
And prayerful figures worship low,
In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones,
Of silver, onyx, opal stones;
A lazy land, wherein all seems
Enchanted into endless dreams;
And never any need they know,
In Mexico,

Of life's unquiet, swift advance;
But slipped into such gracious trance,
The restless world speeds on, unfelt,
Unheeded, as by those who dwelt
In olden ages, long ago,
In Mexico.

IN YOUTH

Not lips of mine have ever said:
"Would God that I were dead!"
Nay, cruel griefs! ye cannot break
My love of life; nor can ye make
Oblivion blest in any wise,
Nor death seem sweet for sorrow's sake.
Life! life! my every pulse outcries
For life, and love, and quickened breath,
O God, — not, *not* for death!

FLOOD-TIME ON THE MARSHES

Dear marshes, by no hand of man
Laboriously sown,
My river clasps you in its arms
And claims you for its own!
It laughs, and laughs, and twinkles on
Across the reedy soil,
That heed of harvest vexes not,
Nor need of any toil.

And in my heart I joy to know
That safe within this spot
Sweet nature reigns; let other fields
Bear bread, it matters not.
— What matters aught of anything
When one may drift away
Into the realms of all-delight,
As I drift on to-day?

Beneath the budded swamp-rose sprays
The blue-eyed grasses stand,
Submerged within a crystal world,
A limpid wonderland;
And where the clustered sedges show
Their silky-tasselled sheaves,
The slender arrow-lily lifts
Its quiver of green leaves.

The tiny waves lap softly past,
So musical and round,
I think they must be moulded out
Of sunshine and sweet sound.
And here and there some little knoll,
More lofty than the rest,
Stands out above the happy tide,
An island of the blest;

Where fringed with lacy fronds of fern
The grass grows rich and high,
And flowering spider-worts have caught
The color of the sky;
Where water-oaks are thickly strung
With green and golden balls,
And from tall tilting iris tips
The wild canary calls.

O gracious world! I seem to feel
A kinship with the trees;
I am first-cousin to the marsh,
A sister to the breeze!
My heartstrings tremble to its touch,
In throbs supremely sweet,
And through my pulses light and life
And love divinely meet.

Far off, the sunbeams smite the woods,
And pearly fleeces sail
Athwart the light, and leave below
A purple-shadowed trail;
The essence of the perfect June
So subtly is distilled,
Until my very soul of souls
Is filled, and overfilled!

Lucy Robinson

(LUCY CATLIN BULL)

THE FIRE I' THE FLINT

The sudden thrust of speech is no mean test
Of man or woman. Caesar, with his cry
Of anguish, — Pilate, putting justice by, —
Into three words a human soul compressed;
Three broke from Galileo's brooding breast;
And Desdemona, instant to reply,
"Nobody — I myself," is by that lie
In all her purity made manifest.
But Tito, Tito, standing so secure, —
Tito, the idol of the market-place,
Who muttering to himself, "Some madman, sure!"
Could look his stricken father in the face,
From a yet deeper well his falsehood drew,
And lived more base than that young wife died true.

"HIC ME, PATER OPTIME, FESSAM DESERIS"

Ere yet in Vergil I could scan or spell,
Or through the enchanted portal of that lay
Dear to old Rome had found my faltering way,
How oft with heaving breast I heard thee tell
Of horrors that the Trojan fleet befell:
How for a time they were the tempest's prey,
And how at last into a little bay
Their boats came gliding on the peaceful swell.
There, though thick shade might threaten from above,
Were rest and peace, nor any need to roam.
Alas! I did not dream how soon for thee,
Best father, sweetest friend, the quiet cove
Would stretch its arms, while I, half blind with foam,
Should still be tossing on the open sea.

A BALLADE OF ISLANDS

I would I had been island-born.
I dearly love things insular:
The coral bed, the quaint bazaar,

The palm and breadfruit never shorn,
The smoking cone that cannot char
The azure of a tropic morn,
The dancing girl in soft cymar, —
All these such lures, such wonders are —
Oh, why was I not island-born?

In island crossed of Capricorn —
In Otaheite, wild Happar —
Lurk all the powers that make or mar.
The ogress, wrinkled like a Norn,
The parrot-fish, the nenuphar,
The tides that leave in quiet scorn
The moon out of their calendar,
Miranda's cave, Nausicaa's car, —
All these are for the island-born.

'T was on a far-off isle forlorn
That Haidee wore her golden bar,
Virginia seemed a drifted spar,
Rarahu's loving heart was torn,
Sweet Allan Bane, in peace and war,
Awoke St. Modan's harp outworn,
And Graziella her guitar;
She bore the brimming water-jar
Not grieving to be island-born.

ENVOY

Prince, on three islands, sundered far,
Thine were life's flower, its husk, its thorn.
Ripe grew thy wrath on Elba's scar,
In St. Helena sank thy star.
Napoleon, thou wast island-born!

Oliver Herford

PROEM

If this little world to-night
  Suddenly should fall through space
In a hissing, headlong flight,
  Shrivelling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
  In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things —
  Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
  Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots, — all as one
  As it falls into the sun, —
Who can say but at the same
  Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
  "See the pretty shooting star!"

A BELATED VIOLET

Very dark the autumn sky,
  Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the autumn breeze
  Shouting rudely to the trees.

Listening, frightened, pale, and cold,
  Through the withered leaves and mould
Peered a violet all in dread —
  "Where, oh, where is spring?" she said.

Sighed the trees, "Poor little thing!
  She may call in vain for spring."
And the grasses whispered low,
  "We must never let her know."

"What 's this whispering?" roared the breeze;
  "Hush! a violet," sobbed the trees,
"Thinks it 's spring, — poor child, we fear
  She will die if she should hear!"

Softly stole the wind away,
  Tenderly he murmured, "Stay!"
To a late thrush on the wing,
  "Stay with her one day and sing!"

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear
  That the sun came out to hear,
And, in answer to her song,
  Beamed on violet all day long;

And the last leaves here and there
  Fluttered with a spring-like air.
Then the violet raised her head, —
  "Spring has come at last!" she said.

Happy dreams had violet
  All that night — but happier yet,
When the dawn came dark with snow,
  Violet never woke to know.

WHY YE BLOSSOME COMETH BEFORE YE LEAFE

Once hoary Winter chanced — alas!
Alas! hys waye mistaking —
A leafless apple-tree to pass
Where Spring lay dreaming. "Fie, ye lass!

Ye lass had best be waking,"
Quoth he, and shook hys robe, and, lo!
Lo! forth didde flye a cloud of snowe.

Now in ye bough an elfe there dwelte,
An elfe of wondrous powere,
That when ye chillye snowe didde pelte,
With magic charm each flake didde melte,
Didde melte into a flowere;
And Spring didde wake and marvelle how,
How blossomed so ye leafless bough.

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain,
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter —
Maybe a mile!

Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse —
"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
— And that 's how umbrellas
First were invented.

THE MON-GOOS

This, Children, is the famed Mon-goos.
He has an ap-pe-tite ab-struse:
Strange to re-late, this crea-ture takes
A cu-ri-ous joy in eat-ing snakes —
All kinds — though, it must be con-fessed,
He likes the poi-son-ous ones the best.
From him we learn how ve-ry small
A thing can bring a-bout a Fall.
O Mon-goos, where were you that day
When Mistress Eve was led a-stray?
If you 'd but seen the ser-pent first,
Our parents would not have been cursed,
And so there would be no ex-cuse
For Milton, but for you — Mon-goos!

Amélie Troubetzkoy

A MOOD[1]

It is good to strive against wind and rain
In the keen, sweet weather that autumn brings.
The wild horse shakes not the drops from his mane,
The wild bird flicks not the wet from her wings,
In gladder fashion than I toss free
The mist-dulled gold of my bright hair's flag,
What time the winds on their heel-wings lag,
And all the tempest is friends with me.

None can reach me to wound or cheer;
Sound of weeping and sound of song —
Neither may trouble me: I can hear
But the wind's loud laugh, and the sibilant, strong,
Lulled rush of the rain through the sapless weeds.
O rare, dear days, ye are here again!
I will woo ye as maidens are wooed of men, —
With oaths forgotten and broken creeds!

Ye shall not lack for the sun's fierce shining —
With the gold of my hair will I make ye glad;

[1] Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

For your blown, red forests give no repining —
Here are my lips: will ye still be sad?
Comfort ye, comfort ye, days of cloud,
Days of shadow, of wrath, of blast —
I who love ye am come at last.
Laugh to welcome me! cry aloud!

For wild am I as thy winds and rains —
Free to come and to go as they;
Love's moon sways not the tides of my veins;
There is no voice that can bid me stay.
Out and away on the drenched, brown lea!
Out to the great, glad heart of the year!
Nothing to grieve for, nothing to fear, —
Fetterless, lawless, a maiden free!

BEFORE THE RAIN[1]

The blackcaps pipe among the reeds,
And there 'll be rain to follow;
There is a murmur as of wind
In every coign and hollow;
The wrens do chatter of their fears
While swinging on the barley-ears.

Come, hurry, while there yet is time,
Pull up thy scarlet bonnet.
Now, sweetheart, as my love is thine,
There is a drop upon it.
So trip it ere the storm-hag weird
Doth pluck the barley by the beard!

Lo! not a whit too soon we're housed;
The storm-witch yells above us;
The branches rapping on the panes
Seem not in truth to love us.
And look where through the clover bush
The nimble-footed rain doth rush!

A SONNET[2]

Take all of me, — I am thine own, heart, soul,
Brain, body, — all; all that I am or dream
Is thine forever; yea, though space should teem
With thy conditions, I 'd fulfil the whole —
Were to fulfil them to be loved of thee.
Oh, love me! — were to love me but a way
To kill me — love me; so to die would be
To live forever. Let me hear thee say
Once only, "Dear, I love thee," — then all life
Would be one sweet remembrance, thou its king:
Nay, thou art that already, and the strife
Of twenty worlds could not uncrown thee. Bring,
O Time! my monarch to possess his throne
Which is my heart and for himself alone.

Gertrude Hall

MRS. GOLIGHTLY

The time is come to speak, I think:
For on the square I met
My beauteous widow, fresh and pink,
Her black gown touched at every brink
With tender violet;

And at her throat the white *crêpe lisse*
Spoke, in a fluffy bow,
Of woe that should perhaps ne'er cease —
(Peace to thy shade, Golightly, peace!)
Yet mitigated woe.

In her soft eye, that used to scan
The ground, nor seem to see,
The hazel legend sweetly ran,
"I *could* not wholly hate a man
For quite adoring me."

And when she drew her 'kerchief fine,
A hint of heliotrope
Its snow edged with an inky line
Exhaled, — from which scent you divine
Through old regrets new hope.

And then her step, so soft and slow,
She scarcely seemed to lift
From off the sward her widowed toe, —
One year, one little year ago! —
So soft yet, yet so swift;

[1] Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

[2] Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

Then, too, her blush, her side glance coy,
Tell me in easy Greek
(I wonder could her little boy
Prove source of serious annoy?)
The time has come to speak.

ANGELS

How shall we tell an angel
From another guest?
How, from the common worldly herd,
One of the blest?

Hint of suppressed halo,
Rustle of hidden wings,
Wafture of heavenly frankincense, —
Which of these things?

The old Sphinx smiles so subtly:
"I give no golden rule, —
Yet would I warn thee, World: treat well
Whom thou call'st fool."

THE DUST

It settles softly on your things,
Impalpable, fine, light, dull, gray:
Her dingy dust-clout Betty brings,
And singing brushes it away:

And it 's a queen's robe, once so proud,
And it 's the moths fed in its fold,
It 's leaves, and roses, and the shroud
Wherein an ancient saint was rolled.

And it is Beauty's golden hair,
And it is Genius' crown of bay,
And it is lips once warm and fair
That kissed in some forgotten May. . . .

MY OLD COUNSELOR

The Sun looked from his everlasting skies,
He laughed into my daily-dying eyes;
He said to me, the brutal shining Sun:
"Poor, fretful, hot, rebellious, little one!

"Thou shalt not find it, yet there shall be truth;
Thou shalt grow old, but yet there shall be youth;
Thou shalt not do, yet great deeds shall be done, —
Believe me, child, I am an old, old Sun!

"Thou mayst go blind, yet fair will bloom the spring;
Thou mayst not hear them, but the birds will sing;
Thou mayst despair, no less will hope be rife;
Thou must lie dead, but many will have life.

"Thou mayst declare of love: it is a dream!
Yet long with love, my love, the Earth will teem:
Let not thy foolish heart be borne so low, —
Lift up thy heart! Exult that it is so!"

Elaine Goodale Eastman

A COUNTRYWOMAN OF MINE

Handsome? I hardly know. Her profile 's fine —
Delightful, intellectual, aquiline.

Her keen eyes light it; keen, yet often kind;
Her fair hair crowns it to an artist's mind.

Fine figure and fine manners, without doubt,
Determine half her charm, and bear me out.

Learned? Well, rather. See them for yourself —
Mill, Spencer, Darwin, on her favorite shelf.

Well educated, certainly well read;
Well born, of course, and (not of course) well bred.

Provincial? Never! Cockney? Not at all.
Her world is small enough, yet not too small.

To prove she knows it, only watch a while
That humorous, tender, half-sarcastic smile.

Accomplished? She says not; but who can tell?
She does some simple things, and does them well.

She walks well, stands well, sits well — things so rare,
To praise as they deserve I hardly dare!

She rows, rides, dances — admirably done!
Delights in each, and yet depends on none.

What to take up she knows, and what to drop;
How to say clever things, and when to stop.

Few dress so well; she does what few can do,
Forgets what she has on; and so do you?

She 's not too careless, not conventional quite;
Does what she likes; knows what she does is right.

Takes New World freedom and with Old World ease;
She 's but to please herself the world to please.

ASHES OF ROSES

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie, —
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

BABY

Dimpled and flushed and dewy pink he lies,
Crumpled and tossed and lapt in snowy bands;
Aimlessly reaching with his tiny hands,
Lifting in wondering gaze his great blue eyes.
Sweet pouting lips, parted by breathing sighs;
Soft cheeks, warm-tinted as from tropic lands;
Framed with brown hair in shining silken strands, —
All fair, all pure, a sunbeam from the skies!
O perfect innocence! O soul enshrined
In blissful ignorance of good or ill,
By never gale of idle passion crossed!
Although thou art no alien from thy kind,
Though pain and death may take thee captive, still
Through sin, at least, thine Eden is not lost.

Winifred Howells

FORTHFARING

I tripped along a narrow way,
Plucking the same flowers, day by day;
The sun which round about me lay
Had never seemed to sink.

But now at once the path divides;
I see new flowers bloom on all sides;
I stop, while doubt the sun half hides:
I have begun to think.

THE POET AND THE CHILD

"And you, Sir Poet, shall you make, I pray,
This child a poet with that insight rare
They tell me poets have, that everywhere
He sees new beauties lost to common clay?"

"Nay," said the poet, "rather lend the boy
Your scarf of gauze, to veil his questioning eye,
Lest in his pleasure he should aught descry
But what is fair; so shall he much enjoy."

She lightly laughed as she regained the band
Now strolling on (to her it seemed a jest
Turned for her pleasure); but behind the rest
The poet and the child walked hand in hand.

A WASTED SYMPATHY

Do not waste your pity, friend,
When you see me weep as now;
Keep it to some better end.
When dry-eyed I went about
With a leaden heart locked in
By a silent tongue, ah! then
Had you brought it, it had been
Sweet indeed to me; but now
When the depths of my despair
Are upheaved and through the portals
Of my heart come free as air,
It is useless. If you please,
Give your thanks that to a woman
Tears are given, and be at ease.

PAST

There, as she sewed, came floating through her head
Odd bits of poems, learned in other days
And long forgotten in the noisier ways
Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
And looking up, she saw upon the shelf
In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand;
And her heart smote her, thinking how herself
Had loved them once and found in them all good
As well as beauty, filling every need;
But now they could not fill the emptiness
Of heart she felt ev'n in her gayest mood.
She wanted once no work her heart to feed,
And to be idle once was no distress.

A MOOD

The wind exultant swept
Through the new leaves overhead,
Till at once my pulses leapt
With a life I thought long dead,
And I woke, as one who has slept,
To my childhood, — that had not fled.
On the wind my spirit flew;
Its freedom was mine as well.
For a moment the world was new;
What came there to break the spell?
The wind still freshly blew;
My spirit it was that fell.

Richard Hovey

THE WANDER-LOVERS

Down the world with Marna!
That 's the life for me!
Wandering with the wandering wind,
Vagabond and unconfined!
Roving with the roving rain
Its unboundaried domain!
Kith and kin of wander-kind,
Children of the sea!

Petrels of the sea-drift!
Swallows of the lea!
Arabs of the whole wide girth
Of the wind-encircled earth!
In all climes we pitch our tents,
Cronies of the elements,
With the secret lords of birth
Intimate and free.

All the seaboard knows us
From Fundy to the Keys;
Every bend and every creek
Of abundant Chesapeake;
Ardise hills and Newport coves
And the far-off orange groves,
Where Floridian oceans break,
Tropic tiger seas.

Down the world with Marna,
Tarrying there and here!
Just as much at home in Spain
As in Tangier or Touraine!
Shakespeare's Avon knows us well,
And the crags of Neufchâtel;
And the ancient Nile is fain
Of our coming near.

Down the world with Marna,
Daughter of the air!
Marna of the subtle grace,
And the vision in her face!
Moving in the measures trod
By the angels before God!
With her sky-blue eyes amaze
And her sea-blue hair!

Marna with the trees' life
In her veins a-stir!
Marna of the aspen heart
Where the sudden quivers start!
Quick-responsive, subtle, wild!
Artless as an artless child,
Spite of all her reach of art!
Oh, to roam with her!

Marna with the wind's will,
Daughter of the sea!
Marna of the quick disdain,
Starting at the dream of stain!
At a smile with love aglow,
At a frown a statued woe,
Standing pinnacled in pain
Till a kiss sets free!

Down the world with Marna,
Daughter of the fire!
Marna of the deathless hope,
Still alert to win new scope
Where the wings of life may spread
For a flight unhazarded!
Dreaming of the speech to cope
With the heart's desire!

Marna of the far quest
After the divine!
Striving ever for some goal
Past the blunder-god's control!
Dreaming of potential years
When no day shall dawn in fears!
That 's the Marna of my soul,
Wander-bride of mine!

ENVOY

TO "MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA"

I

Whose furthest footstep never strayed
Beyond the village of his birth
Is but a lodger for the night
In this old wayside inn of earth.

To-morrow he shall take his pack,
And set out for the ways beyond
On the old trail from star to star,
An alien and a vagabond.

II

If any record of our names
Be blown about the hills of time,
Let no one sunder us in death, —
The man of paint, the men of rhyme.

Of all our good, of all our bad,
This one thing only is of worth, —
We held the league of heart to heart
The only purpose of the earth.

THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

Bugles!
And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-Six!
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!
For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on —

They are the valiant vanguard of the rest! —
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

Bugles!
And in my heart a cry,
— Like a dim echo far and mournfully
Blown back to answer them from yesterday!
A soldier's burial!
November hillsides and the falling leaves
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide —
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
(As of a solemn ritual
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
Widowed but still a bride) —
The long hills sloping to the wave,
And the lone bugler standing by the grave!

Taps!
The lonely call over the lonely woodlands —
Rising like the soaring of wings,
Like the flight of an eagle —
Taps!
They sound forever in my heart.
From farther still,
The echoes — still the echoes!
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry!
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating reveille in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes,
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream.
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the Past go by;
I hear,
Across the wide sea wash of years between,
Concord and Valley Forge shout back from the unseen,
And Vicksburg give a cheer.

Our cheer goes back to them, the valiant dead!
Laurels and roses on their graves to-day,
Lilies and laurels over them we lay,
And violets o'er each unforgotten head.
Their honor still with the returning May
Puts on its springtime in our memories,
Nor till the last American with them lies
Shall the young year forget to strew their bed.

Peace to their ashes, sleep and honored rest!
But we — awake!
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs!
From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,
The drums will not be still for any sake;
And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow host,
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast, —
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds!

. . . . . .

Bugles!
The imperious bugles!
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky.
They call on men to fall,
To die, —
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the Nation's heart!
A call to sacrifice!
A call to victory!
Hark, in the Empyrean
The battle-birds!
The bugles!

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.
July, 1898.

LOVE IN THE WINDS

When I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather, —
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

DARTMOUTH WINTER-SONG

Ho, a song by the fire!
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!)
Ho, a song by the fire!
— With a skoal! . . .
For the wolf wind is whining in the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.
(Boo-oo-o! pass the bowl!)
For here by the fire
We defy frost and storm.
Ha, ha! we are warm
And we have our hearts' desire;
For here's four good fellows
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In the pledge of fellowship.
Skoal!

LAURANA'S SONG

FOR "A LADY OF VENICE"

Who 'll have the crumpled pieces of a heart?
Let him take mine!
Who 'll give his whole of passion for a part,
And call 't divine?
Who 'll have the soiled remainder of desire?
Who 'll warm his fingers at a burnt-out fire?
Who 'll drink the lees of love, and cast i' the mire
The nobler wine?

Let him come here, and kiss me on the mouth,
And have his will!
Love dead and dry as summer in the South
When winds are still,
And all the leafage shrivels in the heat!
Let him come here and linger at my feet
Till he grow weary with the over-sweet,
And die, or kill.

FROM "THE BIRTH OF GALAHAD"

YLEN'S SONG

And if he should come again
In the old glad way,
I should smile and take his hand.
What were there to say?

I should close my eyes and smile,
And my soul would be
Like the peace of summer noons
Beside the sea.

FROM "TALIESIN: A MASQUE"

Voices of Unseen Spirits

HERE falls no light of sun nor stars;
No stir nor striving here intrudes;
No moan nor merry-making mars
The quiet of these solitudes.

Submerged in sleep, the passive soul
Is one with all the things that seem;
Night blurs in one confusëd whole
Alike the dreamer and the dream.

O dwellers in the busy town!
For dreams you smile, for dreams you weep.
Come out, and lay your burdens down!
Come out; there is no God but Sleep.

Sleep, and renounce the vital day;
For evil is the child of life.
Let be the will to live, and pray
To find forgetfulness of strife.

Beneath the thicket of these leaves
No light discriminates each from each.
No Self that wrongs, no Self that grieves,
Hath longer deed nor creed nor speech.

Sleep on the mighty Mother's breast!
Sleep, and no more be separate!
Then, one with Nature's ageless rest,
There shall be no more sin to hate.

Taliesin

Spirits of Sleep,
That swell and sink
In the sea of Being
Like waves on the deep,
Forming, crumbling,
Fumbling, and tumbling
Forever, unseeing,
From brink to brink!

Perishing voices,
That call and call
From the coves of dream
With hollow noises!
I hear the sweep
Of the tides of sleep,
The ocean stream
Where the ages fall.

But not for these
Will I let me die,
Though my heart remembers
The calling seas;
For the cycles fought
Till form was wrought
And Might had members
And I was I.

Yet still to you,
O Dreams, I turn;
Not with a prayer
But a bidding to do!
I surmount and subdue you;
Not without you but through you
I shall forge and fare
To the chosen bourne.

Voices

We are ware of a will
Cries "Peace, be still!"
And our waters cease
To a troubled peace.

Taliesin

Lo, star upon star!
They dwell alone
Sirius, Altair,
Algebar!
Their ways are asunder, —
Aloof, in thunder
They march and flare
From zone to zone.

But the formless ether
Far and far
Enfolds their places.
Therein together
At one they sweep
From deep to deep,
And over its spaces
Star calls to star.

Through its waves they reach
Beyond their spheres
To their fellow fires.
Each yearns to each,
And the straight wills swerve
To a yielding curve,
And a moth's desires
Deflect the years.

And with urge on urge
Of the rippling wave
Light speeds through space;
The domes emerge;
And the halls of Night
Behold each light
Reveal his face
To the vast conclave.

The centred Soul
By these is known.
Its will it wreaks
At its own control;
But dumb, unseeing,
The sea of Being
Washes the peaks
Where it strives alone.

Voices

As the dawn awaits
The recoiling gates
Of the eastern air,
We are calm and hear.

Julie Mathilde Lippmann

LOVE AND LIFE

"Give me a fillet, Love," quoth I,
"To bind my Sweeting's heart to me,
So ne'er a chance of earth or sky
Shall part us ruthlessly:
A fillet, Love, but not to chafe
My Sweeting's soul, to cause her pain;
But just to bind her close and safe
Through snow and blossom and sun and rain:
A fillet, boy!"
Love said, "Here's joy."

"Give me a fetter, Life," quoth I,
"To bind to mine my Sweeting's heart,
So Death himself must fail to pry
With Time the two apart:
A fetter, Life, that each shall wear,
Whose precious bondage each shall know.
I prithee, Life, no more forbear —
Why dost thou wait and falter so?
Haste, Life — be brief!"
Said Life: — "Here 's grief."

STONE WALLS

Along the country roadside, stone on stone,
Past waving grain-field, and near broken stile,
The walls stretch onward, an uneven pile,
With rankling vines and lichen overgrown:
So stand they sentinel. Unchanged, alone,
They 're left to watch the seasons' passing slow:
The summer's sunlight or the winter's snow,
The spring-time's birdling, or the autumn's moan.
Who placed the stones now gray with many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache,
The eyes grow dim with all their weight of tears?
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears
Are lost like shadows in the morning-break.

THE PINES

Throughout the soft and sunlit day
The pennoned pines, in strict array,
Stand grim and silent, gaunt and gray.

But when the blasts of winter keen,
They whisper each to each, and lean
Like comrades with a bond between.

And seeing them deport them so,
One almost thinks they seek to show
How mortal-like mere trees may grow.

For men, in peace time, stand aloof,
One from the other, asking proof
Of lineage and race and roof.

But let the blast of battle call, —
Lo! they 're unquestioning comrades all,
Who side by side will stand or fall.

Mark A. De Wolfe Howe

THE TRAVELLERS

THEY made them ready and we saw them go
Out of our very lives;
Yet this world holds them all,
And soon it must befall
That we shall know
How this one fares, how that one thrives;
And one day — who knows when?
They shall be with us here again.

Another traveller left us late
Whose life was as the soul of ours;
A stranger guest went with him to the gate,
And closed it breathing back a breath of flowers.
And what the eyes we loved now look upon,
What industries the hands employ,
In what new speech the tongue hath joy,
We may not know — until one day,
And then another, as our toil is done,
The same still guest shall visit us,
And one by one
Shall take us by the hand and say,
"Come with me to the country marvellous,
Where he has dwelt so long beyond your sight.
'T were idle waiting for his own return
That ne'er shall be; face the perpetual light,
And with him learn
Whate'er the heavens unfold of knowledge infinite."
Each after each then shall we rise,
And follow through the stranger's secret gate,
And we shall ask and hear, beyond surmise,
What glorious life is his, since desolate
We stood about the bed
Where our blind eyes looked down on him as dead.

DISTINCTION

THE village sleeps, a name unknown, till men
With life-blood stain its soil, and pay the due
That lifts it to eternal fame, — for then
'T is grown a Gettysburg or Waterloo.

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE"

"WHOM the gods love die young;" — if gods ye be,
Then generously might ye have spared to us
One from your vast unnumbered overplus,
One youth we loved as tenderly as ye.

Madison Cawein

PROEM

THERE is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that 's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird. —
If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say these with,
My soul would sing of beauty and myth
In a rhyme and a metre that none before
Have sung in their love, or dreamed in their lore,
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

THE RAIN-CROW

CAN freckled August, — drowsing warm and blonde
Beside a wheat-shock in the white-topped mead,
In her hot hair the oxeyed daisies wound, —
O bird of rain, lend aught but sleepy heed
To thee? when no plumed weed, no feather'd seed

Blows by her; and no ripple breaks the pond,
That gleams like flint between its rim of grasses,
Through which the dragonfly forever passes
Like splintered diamond.

Drouth weights the trees, and from the farmhouse eaves
The locust, pulse-beat of the summer day,
Throbs; and the lane, that shambles under leaves
Limp with the heat — a league of rutty way —
Is lost in dust; and sultry scents of hay
Breathe from the panting meadows heaped with sheaves.
Now, now, O bird, what hint is there of rain,
In thirsty heaven or on burning plain,
That thy keen eye perceives?

But thou art right. Thou prophesiest true.
For hardly hast thou ceased thy forecasting,
When, up the western fierceness of scorched blue,
Great water-carrier winds their buckets bring
Brimming with freshness. How their dippers ring
And flash and rumble! lavishing dark dew
On corn and forestland, that, streaming wet,
Their hilly backs against the downpour set,
Like giants vague in view.

The butterfly, safe under leaf and flower,
Has found a roof, knowing how true thou art;
The bumble-bee, within the last half-hour,
Has ceased to hug the honey to its heart;
While in the barnyard, under shed and cart,
Brood-hens have housed. — But I, who scorned thy power,
Barometer of the birds, — like August there, —
Beneath a beech, dripping from foot to hair,
Like some drenched truant, cower.

TO A WIND-FLOWER

Teach me the secret of thy loveliness,
That, being made wise, I may aspire to be
As beautiful in thought, and so express
Immortal truths to earth's mortality;
Though to my soul ability be less
Than 't is to thee, O sweet anemone.

Teach me the secret of thy innocence,
That in simplicity I may grow wise,
Asking from Art no other recompense
Than the approval of her own just eyes;
So may I rise to some fair eminence,
Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.

Teach me these things, through whose high knowledge, I, —
When Death hath poured oblivion through my veins,
And brought me home, as all are brought, to lie
In that vast house, common to serfs and Thanes, —
I shall not die, I shall not utterly die,
For beauty born of beauty — *that* remains.

DEATH

Through some strange sense of sight or touch
I find what all have found before,
The presence I have feared so much,
The unknown's immaterial door.

I seek not and it comes to me;
I do not know the thing I find:
The fillet of fatality
Drops from my brows that made me blind.

Point forward now or backward, light!
The way I take I may not choose:
Out of the night into the night,
And in the night no certain clews.

But on the future, dim and vast,
And dark with dust and sacrifice,
Death's towering ruin from the past
Makes black the land that round me lies.

THE SOUL

An heritage of hopes and fears
And dreams and memory,
And vices of ten thousand years
God gives to thee.

A house of clay, the home of Fate,
Haunted of Love and Sin,
Where Death stands knocking at the gate
To let him in.

THE CREEK-ROAD

Calling, the heron flies athwart the blue
That sleeps above it; reach on rocky reach
Of water sings by sycamore and beech,
In whose warm shade bloom lilies not a few.
It is a page whereon the sun and dew
Scrawl sparkling words in dawn's delicious speech;
A laboratory where the wood-winds teach,
Dissect each scent and analyze each hue.
Not otherwise than beautiful, doth it
Record the happenings of each summer day;
Where we may read, as in a catalogue,
When passed a thresher; when a load of hay;
Or when a rabbit; or a bird that lit;
And now a barefoot truant and his dog.

KU KLUX

We have sent him seeds of the melon's core,
And nailed a warning upon his door;
By the Ku Klux laws we can do no more.

Down in the hollow, mid crib and stack,
The roof of his low-porched house looms black,
Not a line of light at the doorsill's crack.

Yet arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide!
And for a word too much men oft have died.

The clouds blow heavy towards the moon.
The edge of the storm will reach it soon.
The killdee cries and the lonesome loon.
The clouds shall flush with a wilder glare
Than the lightning makes with its angled flare,
When the Ku Klux verdict is given there.

In the pause of the thunder rolling low,
A rifle's answer — who shall know
From the wind's fierce hurl and the rain's black blow?

Only the signature written grim
At the end of the message brought to him, —
A hempen rope and a twisted limb.

So arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide!
And for a word too much men oft have died.

QUATRAINS

THE WIND IN THE PINES

When winds go organing through the pines
On hill and headland, darkly gleaming,
Meseems I hear sonorous lines
Of Iliads that the woods are dreaming.

OPPORTUNITY

Behold a hag whom Life denies a kiss
As he rides questward in knight-errant-wise;
Only when he hath passed her is it his
To know, too late, the Fairy in disguise.

COMRADERY

With eyes hand-arched he looks into
The morning's face, then turns away
With schoolboy feet, all wet with dew,
Out for a holiday.

The hill brook sings, incessant stars,
Foam-fashioned, on its restless breast;
And where he wades its water-bars
Its song is happiest.

A comrade of the chinquapin,
He looks into its knotted eyes
And sees its heart; and, deep within,
Its soul that makes him wise.

The wood-thrush knows and follows him,
Who whistles up the birds and bees;
And round him all the perfumes swim
Of woodland loam and trees.

Where'er he pass, the supple springs'
Foam-people sing the flowers awake;
And sappy lips of bark-clad things
Laugh ripe each fruited brake.

His touch is a companionship;
His word, an old authority:
He comes, a lyric at his lip,
Unstudied Poesy.

FLIGHT

The song-birds? are they flown away?
The song-birds of the summer-time,
That sang their souls into the day,
And set the laughing days to rhyme? —
No catbird scatters through the hush
The sparkling crystals of its song;
Within the woods no hermit-thrush
Trails an enchanted flute along,
A sweet assertion of the hush.

All day the crows fly cawing past;
The acorns drop; the forests scowl:
At night I hear the bitter blast
Hoot with the hooting of the owl.
The wild creeks freeze; the ways are strewn
With leaves that rot: beneath the tree
The bird, that set its toil to tune,
And made a home for melody,
Lies dead beneath the death-white moon.

DIRGE

What shall her silence keep
Under the sun?
Here, where the willows weep
And waters run;
Here, where she lies asleep,
And all is done.

Lights, when the tree-top swings;
Scents that are sown;
Sounds of the wood-bird's wings;
And the bee's drone:
These be her comfortings
Under the stone.

What shall watch o'er her here
When day is fled?
Here, when the night is near
And skies are red;
Here, where she lieth dear
And young and dead.

Shadows, and winds that spill
Dew, and the tune
Of the wild whippoorwill,
And the white moon, —
These be the watchers still
Over her stone.

John Bennett

SONGS FROM "MASTER SKY-LARK"

THE SKY-LARK'S SONG

Hey, laddie, hark, to the merry, merry lark;
How high he singeth clear:
Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!
Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!

Ring, ting! it is the merry spring-time;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly lolly, oh, to live is to be jolly,
When spring-time cometh with the summer at her heels!

God bless us all, my jolly gentlemen!
We 'll merry be to-day;
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!

Ring, ting! it is the merry spring-time,
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly lolly, oh, to live is to be jolly,
When spring-time cometh with the summer at her heels!

THE SONG OF THE HUNT

(OLD WARWICKSHIRE)

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up;
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!
The wild birds sing,
The dun deer fling,
The forest aisles with music ring!
Tantara, tantara, tantara!

Then ride along, ride along,
Stout and strong!
Farewell to grief and care;
With a rollicking cheer
For the high dun deer
And a life in the open air!
Tantara, the hunt is up, lads;
Tantara, the bugles bray!
Tantara, tantara, tantara,
Hio, hark away!

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR, TO-DAY!

IF there be graveyards in the heart
From which no roses spring,
A place of wrecks and old gray tombs
From which no birds take wing,
Where linger buried hopes and dreams
Like ghosts among the graves,
Why, buried hopes are dismal things,
And lonely ghosts are knaves!

If there come dreary winter days,
When summer roses fall
And lie, forgot, in withered drifts
Along the garden wall;
If all the wreaths a lover weaves
Turn thorns upon the brow, —
Then out upon the silly fool
Who makes not merry now!

For if we cannot keep the past,
Why care for what 's to come?
The instant's prick is all that stings,
And then the place is numb.
If Life 's a lie and Love 's a cheat,
As I have heard men say,
Then here 's a health to fond deceit —
God bless you, dear, to-day!

HER ANSWER

TO-DAY, dear heart, but just to-day,
The sunshine over all,
The roses crimsoning the air
Along the garden wall!
Then let the dream and dreamer die;
Whate'er shall be, shall be —
To-day will still be thine and mine
To all eternity.

And oh, there is no glory, dear,
When all the world is done,
There is no splendor lasteth out
The sinking of the sun;
There is no thing that lasts, not one,
When we have turned to clay,
But this: *you loved me* — all the rest
Fades with the world away.

So little while, so little while
This world doth last for us,
There is no way to keep it, dear,
But just to spend it thus.
There is no hand may stop the sand
From flowing fast away
But his who turns the whole glass down
And dreams 't is all to-day.

Edward Lucas White

THE LAST BOWSTRINGS

THEY had brought in such sheafs of hair,
And flung them all about us there
In the loud noonday's heat and glare:
Gold tresses, far too fine to wind,
And brown, with copper curls entwined,
And black coils, black as all my mind.

In the low, stifling armory,
Whence we could hear, but might not flee,
The roar of that engirdling sea,
Whose waves were helmet-crests of foes,
Winding the cords we sat, in rows,
Beside a mound of stringless bows.

Since the first hill-scouts panted in,
Before siege-fires and battle din
Filled night and day, and filled within
Our hearts and brains with flame and sound,
We had sat, huddled on the ground,
Our tears hot on the cords we wound.

We knew, when the first tidings came,
That not the gods from death or shame
Could save us, fighting clothed in flame.
The mid-sea's marshalled waves are few
Beside the warriors, girt with blue,
The gorged hill-passes then let through.

Their spears shook like ripe, standing corn,
Gold lakes that on the plains are born,
And nod to greet the golden morn;
After these years the earth yet reels,
And after snows and showers feels
The deluge of their chariot wheels.

Against our walls their flood was dammed,
Within which, till each porch was jammed,
Farm-folk and fisher-folk were crammed;
Heaped stones inside the gates were piled,
While all above us, calm and mild,
In bitter scorn the heavens smiled.

Our men dwelt on the walls and towers,
From over which, for endless hours,
The hissing arrows flew in showers;
The sling-stones, too, came crashing down,
As though the gods of far renown
Hurled thunderbolts into the town.

Where the hung temples showed their lights,
Some women prayed upon the heights;
Some stole about throughout the nights, —
Who bore the warriors food by day, —
Gleaning the arrows as they lay
That they might hurtle back to slay.

And where the rooms were heaped with stores,
Because the stringless bows were scores,
We were shut in with guarded doors;
All day at hurried toil we kept,
And when the darkness on us crept
We lay, each in her place, and slept.

Quick as we worked, we could not make
Strings fast as bowmen came to take
Fresh bows; and oh, the grinding ache
Of hearts and fingers: maid and slave
And princess, we toiled on to save
Home that already was our grave.

Six days we wound the cords with speed;
Naught else from us had any heed,
For bitter was our rage and need.
At last, upon the seventh day,
Into the fury of the fray
They called our very guard away.

No food was brought us. Faint with thirst,
What wonder was it if, at first,
Some wailed that the town gates were burst?
If, later, to the last embraces
Of child or mother, from their places
Some slunk away with ashen faces?

I cursed them through the door unbarred;
I vowed I would not move a yard,
Lest some one man of ours, pressed hard,
Might be left weaponless alone.
Until I died or turned to stone,
I would wind, were the hair mine own.

A sudden shiver shook my frame,
I looked up with my face aflame;
But oh, no tongue has any name
For the despair I saw enthroned
In my love's eyes, all purple-zoned!
I smiled to greet him, and I groaned.

He buckled on a fresh cuirass, —
His own was but a tattered mass
Of gory thongs. I saw him pass
Out of the portal; with good-byes
And blessings filled, and yearning sighs,
For the last time I saw his eyes.

Each moment, all my blood areel,
I felt the thrust of deadly steel
I knew his body soon must feel.
My heart was choked with prayerful speech;
The high, deaf gods were out of reach,
My eyes dry as a noonday beach.

More cowards left. Few now remained.
Still at our task we strove and strained

With bleeding hands, and iron-brained;
And still my fingers all were fleet,
Though in my temples burned and beat
The murmur of the stunning heat.

There rushed in for fresh arms just then
Some of our allies, — small, dark men;
It slowly dawned upon my ken
That one, who by a spear-heap kneeled,
Fierce-browed and grimy from the field,
Carried my brother's painted shield.

My heart beat in long, tearing throbs;
Sharp torch-lights stormed my eyes in mobs,
And my breath came in rasping sobs;
The tears from both my cheeks I wrung;
So wet my hands were that they clung
Slipping along the cord I strung.

Mutely we toiled until my maid,
Her lips tense as the strands she laid,
Grew wan; her deft, quick fingers strayed:
Then she pitched forward with a groan,
And lay, white, motionless, and prone.
I wound on hastily, alone.

Harsh and unevenly outside
Shields clanged. Men called, and cursed, and cried;
And when again the latch was tried
My knife lay somewhere on the floor.
Alas! I found it not before
Three armored foemen burst the door.

GENIUS

He cried aloud to God: "The men below
Are happy, for I see them come and go,
Parents and mates and friends, paired, clothed with love;
They heed not, see not, need not me above, —
I am alone here. Grant me love and peace,
Or, if not them, grant me at least release."

God answered him: "I set you here on high
Upon my beacon-tower, you know not why.
Your soul-torch by the cruel gale is blown,
As desperate as your aching heart is lone.
You may not guess but that it shines in vain,
Yet, till it is burned out, you must remain."

Martha Gilbert Dickinson

REALITY

These are my scales to weigh reality, —
A dream, a chord, a longing, love of Thee.
Real as the violets of April days,
Or those soft-hid in unfrequented ways;
Real as the noiseless tune to which we tread
The measure we by life's old song are led;
Real as man's wonder what his soul may be, —
A guest for time or for eternity.
Real as the ocean, seen, alas! no more,
Whose tide still beats along my heart's inshore.
These are my scales to weigh reality, —
A chord, a dream, a longing, love of Thee!

A PRIEST'S PRAYER

Over the dim confessional cried
Father Amatus, — cloistered young, —
Dropping his rosary by his side,
Careless where his crucifix swung:

"I have been priest since — an endless when!
Sat by the living, consoled the dead,
Fasted and prayed for women and men,
Fed the poor with my daily bread.

"The wind blows cold, — how the snowflakes creep!
I will sin one sin, ere past recall,
Lest life should faint in this pallid sleep:
Kiss me, Jessica! Once for all."

FORGIVENESS LANE

Forgiveness Lane is old as youth,
You cannot miss your way;
'T is hedged with flowering thorn forsooth
Where white doves fearless stray.

You must walk gently with your Love,
Frail blossoms dread your feet —
And bloomy branches close above
Make heaven near and sweet.

Some lovers fear the stile of pride
And turn away in pain —
But more have kissed where white doves hide
And blessed Forgiveness Lane!

SEPARATION

THERE be many kinds of parting — yes, I know
Some with fond, grieving eyes that overflow,
Some with brave hands that strengthen as they go;
Ah yes, I know — I know.

But there be partings harder still to tell,
That fall in silence, like an evil spell,
Without one wistful message of farewell;
Ah yes, too hard to tell.

There is no claiming of one sacred kiss, —
One token for the days when life shall miss
A spirit from the world of vanished bliss;
Ah no — not even this.

There is no rising ere the birds have sung
Their skyward songs, to journey with the sun, —
Nor folded hands to show that life is done;
Ah no, for life is young.

There are no seas, no mountains rising wide,
No centuries of absence to divide, —
Just soul-space, standing daily side by side;
Ah, wiser to have died.

Hands still clasp hands, eyes still reflect their own; —
Yet had one over universes flown,
So far each heart hath from the other grown,
Alone were less alone.

UNANSWERED

I WANTED you when skies were red,
And now the sky is gray;
I thought of you when shadows fled —
Now falls the end of day.

I called you when the hills were flame,
And now the hills are bare;
I sought you when the snowflakes came,
And now the swallows pair!

HER MUSIC

IT trembled off the keys, — a parting kiss
So sweet, — the angel slept upon his sword
As through the gate of Paradise we swept, —
Partakers of creation's primal bliss!
— The air was heavy with the breath
Of violets and love till death. —
Forgetful of eternal banishment —
Deep down the dusk of passion-haunted ways,
Lost in the dreaming alchemies of tone, —
Drenched in the dew no other wings frequent,
— Our thirsting hearts drank in the breath
Of violets and love in death. —
There was no world, no flesh, no boundary line, —
Spirit to spirit, — chord and dissonance,
Beyond the jealousy of space or time
Her life in one low cry broke over mine!
— The waking angel drew a shuddering breath
Of violets and love and death.

HEAVEN

ONLY to find Forever, blest
By thine encircling arm;
Only to lie beyond unrest
In passion's dreamy calm!

Only to meet and never part,
To sleep and never wake, —
Heart unto heart and soul to soul,
Dead for each other's sake.

Walter Malone

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE

FAR, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the weeds in purple gowns;

He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
With pink and purple morning-glory blooms;
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away, —
The lovely summer songsters that have fled.

And lonesome in a haunt of withered vines,
Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished kingdom pines,
And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October wooes her to remain
Within the palace of his scarlet bowers, —
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
And weep no more above her faded flowers.

At last November, like a conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with blazes red as blood, —
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a King resigned to fate,
Dies in his forests with their sunset fire.

HE WHO HATH LOVED

He who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain,
And worn the royal purple of a king;
Hath shrunk beneath the icy Winter's sting,
Then revelled in the golden Summer's reign;
He hath within the dust and ashes lain,
Then soared o'er mountains on an eagle's wing;
A hut hath slept in, worn with wandering,
And hath been lord of castle-towers in Spain.
He who hath loved hath starved in beggar's cell,
Then in Aladdin's jewelled chariot driven;
He hath with passion roamed a demon fell,
And had an angel's raiment to him given;
His restless soul hath burned with flames of hell,
And winged through ever-blooming fields of heaven.

John Jerome Rooney

JOINED THE BLUES

Says Stonewall Jackson to "Little Phil:"
"Phil, have you heard the news?
Why, our 'Joe' Wheeler — 'Fighting Joe' — has gone and joined the blues.

"Ay, no mistake — I saw him come — I heard the oath he took —
And you 'll find it duly entered up in yon great Record Book.

"Yes, 'Phil,' it is a change since then (we give the Lord due thanks)
When 'Joe' came swooping like a hawk upon your Sherman's flanks!

"Why, 'Phil,' you knew the trick yourself — but 'Joe' had all the points —
And we 've yet to hear his horses died of stiff or rusty joints!

"But what of that? — the deed I saw to-day in yonder town

Leads all we did and all 'Joe' did in troopings up and down;

"For, 'Phil,' that oath shall be the heal of many a bleeding wound,
And many a Southland song shall yet to that same oath be tuned!

"The oath 'Joe' swore has done the work of thrice a score of years —
Ay, more than oath — he swore away mistrust and hate and tears!"

"Yes, yes," says "Phil," "he was, indeed, a right good worthy foe,
And well he knew, in those fierce days, to give us blow for blow.

"When 'Joe' came round to pay a call — the commissaries said —
Full many a swearing, grumbling 'Yank' went supperless to bed:

"He seemed to have a pesky knack — so Sherman used to say —
Of calling, when he should by rights be ninety miles away!

"Come, Stonewall, put your hand in mine, — 'Joe''s sworn old Samuel's oath —
We're never North or South again — he kissed the Book for both!"

THE HOMING

ADMIRAL, Admiral, sailing home —
Sailing home through the far, dim seas,
Know you the sound that over the foam
Rises and sinks in the sunset breeze?

Know you the thrill and know you the start
That pulses and runs through the wind and the spray,
Pulses and runs from a nation's heart
To meet you and greet you over the way?

Not for the might of your guns alone,
Thundering doom by the Eastern gate;
Not for the bugle of victory blown, —
Not for these do we watch and wait!

The glory is sweet — ay, sweet to the soul
Of a people proud in the pride of youth,
But sweeter to know, as the seasons roll,
Our men, as of old, are men in truth!

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

A CHEER and salute for the Admiral, and here 's to the Captain bold,
And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds of might are told!
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when the great shells roar and screech —
And never they fear when the foe is near to practice what they preach:
But off with your hat and three times three for Columbia's true-blue sons,
The men below who batter the foe — the men behind the guns!

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing into port once more,
When, with more than enough of the "green-backed stuff," they start for their leave-o'-shore;
And you 'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps who loll along the street
Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "mustache" to eat —
Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and fairly stuns
The modest worth of the sailor boys — the lads who serve the guns.

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells the fight is on,
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships of "Yank" and "Don,"
Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting shell,
And the very air is a mad Despair in the throes of a living hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the midday suns,
You 'll find the chaps who are giving the raps — the men behind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow
that they loose from their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word
their fierce ten-incher saith!
The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake with the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches for his spoil —
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men behind the guns!

WHERE HELEN COMES

WHERE Helen comes, as falls the dew,
Where Helen comes Peace cometh too!
From out the golden, western lands,
White lilies blooming in her hands,
A light of beauty in her face,
She passeth on with nameless grace.
Before her fly the shades of life —
The darkling, wheeling bats of strife —
They flee her very garments' stir,
And greater fear the soul of her;
For hath she not the magic touch —
The sesame of loving much?
Where'er her morning footsteps pass
The daisies sing unto the grass;
Soft whispers full of praises sweet
Her evening presence rise to greet,
And if she go through deserts bare
The angels of the heart are there:
They find no spot to weave their spells
So fair as that where Helen dwells!
Where Helen comes, as falls the dew,
Where Helen comes Peace cometh too!

THE RÁHAT

UPON Nirwána's brink the ráhat stood;
Beneath him rolled the Ocean of the All:
Responsive flowed the current of his blood
To meet the tidal call —

Save one red drop within his mortal veins
Wherein the image of Zuleika shone;
He gazed a moment on Nirwána's gains —
And Earthward he was gone!

A BEAM OF LIGHT

A BEAM of light, from the infinite depths of the midnight sky,
Painted with infinite love a star in a convict's eye;
When, lo! the ghosts of his sins were afraid and fled with a curse,
And the soul of the man walked free in the fields of the universe!

Anne Reeve Aldrich

A SONG ABOUT SINGING

O NIGHTINGALE, the poet's bird,
A kinsman dear thou art,
Who never sings so well as when
The rose-thorns bruise his heart.

But since thy agony can make
A listening world so blest,
Be sure it cares but little for
Thy wounded, bleeding breast!

IN NOVEMBER

BROWN earth-line meets gray heaven,
And all the land looks sad;
But Love 's the little leaven
That works the whole world glad.
Sigh, bitter wind; lower, frore clouds of gray:
My Love and I are living now in May!

MUSIC OF HUNGARY

MY body answers you, my blood
Leaps at your maddening, piercing call.
The fierce notes startle, and the veil
Of this dull present seems to fall.
My soul responds to that long cry;
It wants its country, Hungary!

Not mine by birth. Yet have I not
Some strain of that old Magyar race?
Else why the secret stir of sense

At sight of swarthy Tzigane face,
That warns me: "Lo, thy kinsmen nigh."
All's dear that tastes of Hungary.

Once more, O let me hear once more
The passion and barbaric rage!
Let me forget my exile here
In this mild land, in this mild age;
Once more that unrestrained wild cry
That takes me to my Hungary!

They listen with approving smile,
But I, O God, I want my home!
I want the Tzigane tongue, the dance,
The nights in tents, the days to roam.
O music, O fierce life and free,
God made my soul for Hungary!

A CROWNED POET

In thy coach of state
Pass, O King, along:
He no envy feels
To whom God giveth song.

Starving, still I smile,
Laugh at want and wrong:
He is fed and crowned
To whom God giveth song.

Better than all pomps
That to rank belong, —
One such dream as his
To whom God giveth song.

Let us greet, O King,
As we pass along:
He, too, is a king
To whom God giveth song.

LOVE'S CHANGE

I went to dig a grave for Love,
But the earth was so stiff and cold
That, though I strove through the bitter night,
I could not break the mould.

And I said: "Must he lie in my house in state,
And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
With that awful change in his face?"

FRATERNITY

I ask not how thy suffering came,
Or if by sin, or if by shame,
Or if by Fate's capricious rulings:
To my large pity all's the same.

Come close and lean against a heart
Eaten by pain and stung by smart;
It is enough if thou hast suffered, —
Brother or sister then thou art.

We will not speak of what we know,
Rehearse the pang, nor count the throe,
Nor ask what agony admitted
Thee to the Brotherhood of Woe.

But in our anguish-darkened land
Let us draw close, and clasp the hand;
Our whispered password holds assuagement, —
The solemn "Yea, I understand!"

RECOLLECTION

How can it be that I forget
The way he phrased my doom,
When I recall the arabesques
That carpeted the room?

How can it be that I forget
His look and mien that hour,
When I recall I wore a rose,
And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget
Those words that were the last,
When I recall the tune a man
Was whistling as he passed?

These things are what we keep from life's
Supremest joy or pain;
For Memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain.

APRIL — AND DYING

Green blood fresh pulsing through the trees,
Black buds, that sun and shower distend;
All other things begin anew,
But I must end.

Warm sunlight on faint-colored sward,
Warm fragrance in the breezes' breath;
For other things are heat and life,
For me is death.

A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

DEATH AT DAYBREAK

I SHALL go out when the light comes in —
There lie my cast-off form and face;
I shall pass Dawn on her way to earth,
As I seek for a path through space.

I shall go out when the light comes in;
Would I might take one ray with me!
It is blackest night between the worlds,
And how is a soul to see?

THE ETERNAL JUSTICE

THANK God that God shall judge my soul, not man!
I marvel when they say,
"Think of that awful Day
No pitying fellow-sinner's eyes shall scan
With tolerance thy soul,
But His who knows the whole,
The God whom all men own is wholly just."
Hold thou that last word dear,
And live untouched by fear.
He knows with what strange fires He mixed this dust.
The heritage of race,
The circumstance and place
Which make us what we are — were from His hand,
That left us, faint of voice,
Small margin for a choice.
He gave, I took: shall I not fearless stand?
Hereditary bent
That hedges in intent
He knows, be sure, the God who shaped thy brain.
He loves the souls He made;
He knows His own hand laid
On each the mark of some ancestral stain.
Not souls severely white,
But groping for more light,
Are what Eternal Justice here demands.
Fear not: He made thee dust;
Cling to that sweet word — "Just;"
All's well with thee if thou art in just hands.

Herbert Bates

PRAIRIE

ACROSS the sombre prairie sea
The dark swells billow heavily.
Are the looming ridges near or far
That heave to the smooth horizon-bar?

The russet reach of grassy roll
Sickens the heart and numbs the soul;
The thin wind gives no air for breath;
The stillness is the pause of death.

This width was never shaped to be
The home of man's mortality,
A breathless vacuum of peace,
Where life's spent ripples spread and cease.

No end, no source, its spaces know;
Wide as the sea's perpetual flow
Is its dead stand — dull wall on wall
Of sullen waves unspiritual.

God give me but in dream to come
Back to the pine-clad hills of home,
Back to the old eternity
Of placid, all-consoling sea.

THE HEAVENS ARE OUR RIDDLE

The heavens are our riddle; and the sea,
Forested earth, the grassy rustling plain,
Snows, rains, and thunders. Yea, and even we
Before ourselves stand ominous. In vain!
The stars still march their way, the sea still rolls,
The forests wave, the plain drinks in the sun,
And we stand silent, naked, — with tremulous souls, —
Before our unsolved selves. We pray to one
Whose hand should help us. But we hear no voice;
Skies clear and darken; the days pale and pass,
Nor any bids us weep or bids rejoice.
Only the wind sobs in the shrivelling grass, —
Only the wind, — and we with upward eyes
Expectant of the silence of the skies.

John Russell Hayes

FROM "THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN"

Fair is each budding thing the garden shows,
From spring's frail crocus to the latest bloom
Of fading autumn. Every wind that blows
Across that glowing tract sips rare perfume
From all the tangled blossoms tossing there; —
Soft winds, they fain would linger long, nor any farther fare.

The morning-glories ripple o'er the hedge
And fleck its greenness with their tinted foam;
Sweet wilding things, up to the garden's edge
They love to wander from their meadow home,
To take what little pleasure here they may
Ere all their silken trumpets close before the warm midday.

The larkspur lifts on high its azure spires,
And up the arbor's lattices are rolled
The quaint nasturtium's many-colored fires;
The tall carnation's breast of faded gold
Is striped with many a faintly-flushing streak,
Pale as the tender tints that blush upon a baby's cheek.

The old sweet-rocket sheds its fine perfumes;
With golden stars the coreopsis flames;
And here are scores of sweet old-fashioned blooms
Dear for the very fragrance of their names, —
Poppies and gillyflowers and four-o'clocks,
Cowslips and candytuft and heliotrope and hollyhocks,

Harebells and peonies and dragon-head,
Petunias, scarlet sage, and bergamot,
Verbenas, ragged-robins, soft gold-thread,
The bright primrose and pale forget-me-not,
Wall-flowers and crocuses and columbines,
Narcissus, asters, hyacinths, and honeysuckle vines,

Foxgloves and marigolds and mignonette,
Dahlias and lavender and damask rose.
O dear old flowers, ye are blooming yet, —
Each year afresh your lovely radiance glows:
But where are they who saw your beauty's dawn?
Ah, with the flowers of other years they long ago have gone!

They long have gone, but ye are still as fair
As when the brides of eighty years ago
Plucked your soft roses for their waving hair,
And blossoms o'er their bridal-veils to strow.

Alas, your myrtle on a later day
Marked those low mounds where 'neath
the willows' shade at last they lay!

Beside the walk the drowsy poppies sway,
More deep of hue than is the reddest
rose,
And dreamy-warm as summer's midmost
day:
Proud, languorous queens of slumberous
repose —
Within their little chalices they keep
The mystic witchery that brings mild, pur-
ple-lidded sleep.

Drowse on, soft flowers of quiet after-
noons, —
The breezes sleep beneath your lulling
spell;
In dreamy silence all the garden swoons,
Save where the lily's aromatic bell
Is murmurous with one low-humming
bee,
As oozy honey-drops are pilfered by that
filcher wee.

. . . . . .

And now is gone the dreamy after-
noon, —
The sun has sunk below yon western
height;
The pallid silver of the harvest-moon
Floods all the garden with its soft, weird
light.
The flowers long since have told their
dewy beads,
And naught is heard except the frogs'
small choir in distant meads.

Dora Read Goodale

THE FLIGHT OF THE HEART

The heart soars up like a bird
From a nest of care;
Up, up to a larger sky,
To a softer air.
No eye can measure its flight
And no hand can tame;
It mounts in beauty and light,
In music and flame.
Of all the changes of Time
There is none like this;
The heart soars up like a bird
At the stroke of bliss.

The heart soars up like a bird,
But its wings soon tire;
Enough of rapture and song,
The cloud and the fire!
Its look, the look of a king —
Of a slave, its birth,
The poor, tired, impotent thing
Sinks back to the earth.
And the mother spreads her lap,
And she lulls its pain:
"Oh, thou who sighed for the sun,
Art thou mine again?"

THE SOUL OF MAN

Say, in a hut of mean estate
A light just glimmers and then is gone,
Nature is seen to hesitate, —
Put forth and then retract her pawn;

Say, in the alembic of an eye
Haughty is mixed with poor and low;
Say, Truth herself is not so high
But Error laughs to see her so;

Say, all that strength failed in its trust;
Say, all that wit crept but a span;
Say, 't is a drop spilled in the dust, —
And then say *brother* — then say *man!*

THE JUDGMENT

Thou hast done evil
And given place to the devil;
Yet so cunningly thou concealest
The thing which thou feelest,
That no eye espieth it,
Satan himself denieth it.
Go where it chooseth thee,
There is none that accuseth thee;
Neither foe nor lover
Will the wrong uncover;
The world's breath raiseth thee,
And thy own past praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this:
At quick of thy being
Is an eye all-seeing,

The snake's wit evadeth not,
The charmed lip persuadeth not;
So thoroughly it despiseth
The thing thy hand prizeth,
Though the sun were thy clothing,
It should count thee for nothing.
Thine own eye divineth thee,
Thine own soul arraigneth thee;
God himself cannot shrive thee
Till that judge forgive thee.

Joseph Russell Taylor

THE FLUTE

Puffed up with luring to her knees
The rabbits from the blackberries,
Quaint little satyrs, and shy and mute,
That limped reluctant to the flute,
She needs must seek the forest's womb
And pipe up tigers from green gloom.

Grouped round the dreaming oaten quill
Those sumptuous savages were still,
Rich spectral beasts that feared to stir,
And haughty and wistful gazed on her,
And swayed their sleepy masks in time
And growled a drowsy under-rhyme.

Tune done, that agile fancy stopped,
The lingering notes in mid-air dropped;
The flute stole from her parted kiss,
Her cheeks for sorcery burned with bliss.
Then grew a deadly muttering there;
And sudden yellow eyes aglare
Blazed furious over wrinkled lips
And teeth on her. Her finger-tips
Trembled a little as they woke
The second tune beneath the oak,
A lilt that charmed and lulled to mute
The uneasy soul within the brute.

And all that warbling ecstasy
Was winged with terror, and daintily
Ceased on the wild and tragic face
And desperate huddle of her grace:
For with the hush began to gride
Their sullen, soulless, evil-eyed,
Intolerable rage, blown hot
Upon her. The third tune was caught
With trouble from unuttered air:
And still as autumn they sat there.

The breathless seventh tune died out
Like withered laughter: all about
The frantic silence ran a race.
She stirred, she moaned, she crawled a space.
There leaped a vast and thunderous roar;
A huge heart-shaking tumult tore
About the oak. Filing away,
They trod the stained flute where it lay.

THE VEERY-THRUSH

Blow softly, thrush, upon the hush
That makes the least leaf loud,
Blow, wild of heart, remote, apart
From all the vocal crowd,
Apart, remote, a spirit note
That dances meltingly afloat,
Blow faintly, thrush!
And build the green-hid waterfall
I hated for its beauty, and all
The unloved vernal rapture and flush,
The old forgotten lonely time,
Delicate thrush!
Spring's at the prime, the world's in chime,
And my love is listening nearly;
O lightly blow the ancient woe,
Flute of the wood, blow clearly!
Blow, she is here, and the world all dear,
Melting flute of the hush,
Old sorrow estranged, enriched, sea-changed,
Breathe it, veery-thrush!

Arthur Colton

A SONG WITH A DISCORD

Though Winter come with dripping skies,
And laden winds and strong,
Yet I 'll read summer in her eyes
Whose voice is summer's song.

Who grieves because the world is old,
Or cares how long it last,

If no gray threads are in our gold,
The shade our marbles cast,

How, creeping near, we may not see?
Time's heirs are Love and I,
And spend our minted days — Ah, me!
For anything they 'll buy.

TO FAUSTINE

Sometime, it may be, you and I
In some deserted yard will lie
Where Memory fades away;
Caring no more for Love his dreams,
Busy with new and alien themes,
The saints and sages say.

But let our graves be side by side,
So idlers may at evening tide
Pause there a moment's space:
"Ah, they were lovers who lie here;
Else why these low graves laid so near,
In this forgotten place?"

Philip Henry Savage

MORNING

Not least, 't is ever my delight
To drink the early morning light;
To take the air upon my tongue
And taste it while the day is young.
So let my solace be the breath
Of morning, when I move to death.

SILKWEED

Lighter than dandelion down,
Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
The silkweed goes a-gypsying.

Too fair to fly in autumn's rout,
All winter in the sheath it lay;
But now, when spring is pushing out,
The zephyr calls, "Away! away!"

Through mullein, bramble, brake, and fern,
Up from their cradle-spring they fly,
Beyond the boundary wall to turn
And voyage through the friendly sky.

Softly, as if instinct with thought,
They float and drift, delay and turn;
And one avoids and one is caught
Between an oak-leaf and a fern.

And one holds by an airy line
The spider drew from tree to tree;
And if the web is light and fine,
'T is not so light and fine as he!

And one goes questing up the wall
As if to find a door; and then,
As if he did not care at all,
Goes over, and adown the glen.

And all in airiest fashion fare
Adventuring, as if, indeed,
'T were not so grave a thing to bear
The burden of a seed!

SOLITUDE

As one advances up the slow ascent
Along the pathway in the woods, the trees
Change aspect, nor alone in this, but change
In stature and in power till Solitude
Seems cut out of the ancient forest. Here
Was Solitude! where man had lived of old,
Loved, serving God, and built himself a home.
Man smooths an acre on the rolling earth,
Turns up the mould and reaps the gifts of God;
Plucks down the apple from the tree, the tree
From empire in the forest, builds a home;
Turns for a bout among his brothers, wins
A sister to his wife and gets an heir;
And then as here in Solitude departs
And leaves small mark behind. The place is rare
In this high epic of the human life.
Where wildness has been wilderness shall be,

But give God time; and life is but a span,
Nine inches, while before it and behind
Stretches the garden of the cosmic gods;
For after London, England shall be wild,
And none can thaw the iceberg at the pole.
In Solitude one sees the winding trace
Of what has been a road, a block of stone
Footworn, that lies along the dim pathway
Before one old foundation; and the rest
Is freaks of grass among the rising growth
Of birch and maple that another year
Shall see almost a forest.

INFINITY

I DARE not think that thou art by, to stand
And face omnipotence so near at hand!
When I consider thee, how must I shrink;
How must I say, I do not understand,
I dare not think!

I cannot stand before the thought of thee,
Infinite Fulness of Eternity!
So close that all the outlines of the land
Are lost, — in the inflowing of thy sea
I cannot stand.

I think of thee, and as the crystal bowl
Is broken, and the waters of the soul
Go down to death within the crystal sea,
I faint and fail when (thou, the perfect whole)
I think of thee.

Barrett Eastman

RICHARD SOMERS

His body lies upon the shore,
Afar from his beloved land,
And over him shine tropic suns;
No more he thrills at sound of guns,
No longer, cutlass in his hand,
Cries, "Follow me!" and goes before.

Above him droop the languid trees,
Athirst and fainting with the noon;
Around him drowsy lizards crawl.
No more he hears the boatswain's call,
Nor sees the waters rock the moon,
Nor smells the keen and salty breeze.

Vain roars old Ocean in his ear,
Calling to him from mighty deeps,
Yearning for him who loved the main.
Never shall he make sail again;
Under the restless sands he sleeps,
He is at rest, he cannot hear.

But when the Trumpet sounds alarms
On that great day when all shall rise,
And earth and sea give up their dead,
Then out from his unquiet bed
Where now heroic SOMERS lies
His soul will leap to Ocean's arms!

JOY ENOUGH

INTO the caverns of the sea
Shall all at last descend,
Who now press forward gallantly
Unrecking of the end.

And no man knoweth what is there,
Nor when his time shall come
To yield his soul and take his share
With all those gone and dumb.

It may be we shall find our kin
Waiting to grasp our hands,
And lead us glorified within,
Over the shining sands;

It may be we with them shall lie,
While heaven and earth abide,
Swaying silent with sightless eye
There in the sluggish tide.

It matters nothing if to-day,
Beneath the splendid sun,
We hold to the appointed way,
Doing what must be done.

Reward? What would you? Have not we
The waves beneath us bent?
The winds about us blowing free?
Above — the firmament?

William Vaughn Moody

FROM "AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION"

1900

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

THE wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despisëd men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed, —
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvëd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose: —
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,
Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

"NO HINT OF STAIN"

We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word;
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous, —
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;

With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drainëd quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent:
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily. — O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

NATURE: THE ARTIST

Such hints as untaught Nature yields! —
The calm disorder of the sea,
The straggling splendor of the fields,
The wind's gay incivility.

O workman with your conscious plan,
Compass and square are little worth;
Copy (nay, only poets can)
The artless masonry of earth.

Go watch the windy spring's carouse,
And mark the winter wonders grow, —
The graceful gracelessness of boughs,
The careless carpentry of snow!

A PASTURE

Rough pasture where the blackberries grow! —
It bears upon its churlish face
No sign of beauty, art, or grace;
Not here the silvery coverts glow
That April and the angler know.

There sleeps no brooklet in this wild,
Smooth-resting on its mosses sleek,
Like loving lips upon a cheek
Soft as the face of maid or child, —
Just boulders, helter-skelter piled.

Ungenerous nature but endows
These acres with the stumps and stocks
Which should be trees, with rude, gray rocks;
Over these humps and hollows browse,
Daily, the awkward, shambling cows.

Here on the right a straggling wall
Of crazy, granite stones, and there
A rotten pine-trunk, brown and bare,
A mass of huge brakes, rank and tall, —
The burning blue sky over all.

And yet these blackberries shy and chaste!
The noisy markets know no such, —
So ripe they tumble when you touch;
Long, taper — rarer wines they waste
Than ever town-bred topers taste.

And tell me! have you looked o'erhead,
From lawns where lazy hammocks swing,
And seen such orioles on the wing?
Such flames of song that flashed and fled?
Well, maybe — I'm not city-bred.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

LUKE HAVERGAL

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal, —
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall, —
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The wind will moan, the leaves will whisper some, —
Whisper of her, and strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you trust her she will call.

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal —
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that 's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies —
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this, —
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is, —
Bitter, but one that faith can never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this —
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, — for the winds are tearing them away, —
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
But go ! and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal —
Luke Havergal.

BALLADE OF DEAD FRIENDS

As we the withered ferns
By the roadway lying,
Time, the jester, spurns
All our prayers and prying —
All our tears and sighing,
Sorrow, change, and woe —
All our where-and-whying
For friends that come and go.

Life awakes and burns,
Age and death defying,
Till at last it learns
All but Love is dying;
Love 's the trade we 're plying,
God has willed it so;
Shrouds are what we 're buying
For friends that come and go.

Man forever yearns
For the thing that 's flying.
Everywhere he turns,
Men to dust are drying, —
Dust that wanders, eying
(With eyes that hardly glow)
New faces, dimly spying
For friends that come and go.

ENVOY

And thus we all are nighing
The truth we fear to know:
Death will end our crying
For friends that come and go.

THE CLERKS

I DID not think that I should find them there
When I came back again; but there they stood,
As in the days they dreamed of when young blood
Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.
Be sure, they met me with an ancient air, —
And, yes, there was a shop-worn brotherhood
About them; but the men were just as good,
And just as human as they ever were.
And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears ?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tiering the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years.

THE PITY OF THE LEAVES

VENGEFUL across the cold November moors,
Loud with ancestral shame there came the bleak,
Sad wind that shrieked, and answered with a shriek,
Reverberant through lonely corridors.
The old man heard it; and he heard, perforce,
Words out of lips that were no more to speak —
Words of the past that shook the old man's cheek

Like dead, remembered footsteps on old floors.
And then there were the leaves that plagued him so!
The brown, thin leaves that on the stones outside
Skipped with a freezing whisper. Now and then
They stopped, and stayed there — just to let him know
How dead they were; but if the old man cried,
They fluttered off like withered souls of men.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

Caroline Duer

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

(MARCH 15, 1889)

We were ordered to Samoa from the coast of Panama,
And for two long months we sailed the unequal sea,
Till we made the horseshoe harbor with its curving coral bar,
Smelt the good green smell of grass and shrub and tree.
We had barely room for swinging with the tide —
There were many of us crowded in the bay:
Three Germans, and the English ship, beside
Our three — and from the Trenton where she lay,
Through the sunset calms and after,
We could hear the shrill, sweet laughter
Of the children's voices on the shore at play.

We all knew a storm was coming, but, dear God! no man could dream
Of the furious hell-horrors of that day:
Through the roar of winds and waters we could hear wild voices scream —
See the rocking masts reel by us through the spray.
In the gale we drove and drifted helplessly,
With our rudder gone, our engine-fires drowned,
And none might hope another hour to see;
For all the air was desperate with the sound
Of the brave ships rent asunder —
Of the shrieking souls sucked under,
'Neath the waves, where many a good man's grave was found.

About noon, upon our quarter, from the deeper gloom afar,
Came the English man-of-war Calliope.
"We have lost our anchors, comrades, and, though small the chances are,
We must steer for safety and the open sea."
Then we climbed aloft to cheer her as she passed
Through the tempest and the blackness and the foam:

"Now, God speed you, though the shout should be our last,
Through the channel where the maddened breakers comb,
Through the wild sea's hill and hollow,
On the path we cannot follow,
To your women and your children and your home."

Oh! remember it, good brothers. We two people speak one tongue,
And your native land was mother to our land;
But the head, perhaps, is hasty when the nation's heart is young,
And we prate of things we do not understand.
But the day when we stood face to face with death,
(Upon whose face few men may look and tell),
As long as you could hear, or we had breath,
Four hundred voices cheered you out of hell!
By the will of that stern chorus,
By the motherland which bore us,
Judge if we do not love each other well.

A PORTRAIT

A MAN more kindly, in his careless way,
Than many who profess a higher creed;
Whose fickle love might change from day to day,
And yet be faithful to a friend in need;
Whose manners covered, through life's outs and ins,
Like charity, a multitude of sins.

A man of honor, too, as such things go;
Discreet and secret — qualities of use —
Selfish, but not self-conscious, generous, slow
To anger, but most ready in excuse.
His wit and cleverness consisted not
So much in what he said as what he got.

His principles one might not quite commend,
And they were much too simple to mistake:
Never to turn his back upon a friend,
Never to lie, but for a woman's sake,
To take the sweets that came within his way,
And pay the price if there were price to pay.

Idle, good-looking, negatively wise,
Lazy in action, plausible in speech;
Favor he found in many women's eyes,
And valued most that which was hard to reach.
Few are both true and tender, and he grew,
In time, a little tenderer than true.

Knowing much evil, half-regretting good,
As we regret a childish impulse — lost,
Wearied with knowledge best not understood,
Bored with the disenchantment that it cost;
But, in conclusion, with no failings hid:
A gentleman, no matter what he did.

A WORD TO THE WISE

IF wisdom's height is only disenchantment,
As say the cynics of a certain school,
And sages grow more sad in their advancement,
Then folly is the wisdom of the fool.

Since fools know happiness through lack of knowledge,
And see things fair because they shut their eyes,
Then any one can tell, who's been to college,
That wisdom is the folly of the wise.

Alice Duer Miller

SONG

THE light of spring
On the emerald earth,
A man, a maid,
And a mood of mirth,
A foolish jest,

That a smile amends —
It took no more
To make us friends.

An evening breeze,
The year in bloom,
Lips quickly met
In the garden's gloom;
The trees about us,
The stars above —
It took no more
To teach us love.

Frost in the air —
The air like wine —
Go you your way,
And I'll go mine.
Lightly we part
Who lightly met —
What more is needed,
When both forget?

A SONNET

Dear, if you love me, hold me most your friend,
Chosen from out the many who would bear
Your gladness gladly — heavily your care;
Who best can sympathize, best comprehend,
Where others fail; who, breathless to the end,
Follows your tale of joy or of despair.
Hold me your counsellor, because I dare
To lift my hand to guide you, that I lend
My love to help you. And I would you knew
That I am fair enough to win men's hearts,
If so I willed; yet honor me above
All other women, since I am too true
To trap you with my sex's smaller arts.
Deem me all these, but love me as your love.

Edward A. U. Valentine

HELEN

She sits within the white oak hall,
Hung with the trophies of the chase —
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark-haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexile flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escaloped pine-cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;
And by a gentle accolade
A squire to languid silence made,
I lean upon my palms, with eyes
O'er which a rack of fancy flies,
While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and, lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without,
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

THE SPIRIT OF THE WHEAT

Such times as windy moods do stir
The foamless billows of the wheat,
I glimpse the floating limbs of her
In instant visions melting sweet.

A milky shoulder's dip and gleam,
Or arms that clasp upon the air,
An upturned face's rosy dream,
Half blinded by the sunlit hair.

A haunting mermaid mid the swell
  And rapture of that summer sea;
A siren of elusive spell,
  Born of the womb of mystery, —

That, airy-limbed, swims fancy free,
  Glad in the summer's perfect prime,
Full-veined with life's felicity
  And faith that knows no winter-time.

At eve, when firefly lustre burns
  On that green flood like mirrored stars,
Against the hush her faint voice yearns,
  Breathed to a light harp's happy bars.

Till sinks at last in sunset slow
  Midsummer's long, luxurious day,
And amber-red the ripe waves glow,
  Ah, then it is she slips away!

For with the blighting dog-star's blaze,
  The reapers wade within the wheat,
And as they work in harvest ways,
  What amorous sights their vision cheat!

For lo, upon some eddying wash
  Or hollow of the wind-swept grain,
Her wafted fingers foam-like flash,
  Her laughing body drifts amain.

It is the sylph's divine farewell;
  A sighing ebbs along the wheat;
Borne onward by a golden swell,
  She fades into the wrinkling heat.

Alice Archer (Sewall) James

SINFONIA EROICA[1]

He comes, the happy warrior,
  The wind has blown him on!
He is great and terrible and sweet,
  From flaming hair to rapid feet.
His presence strides the earth full-armed, complete.

Oh, underneath his helmet-rim
  The crowded lilies lie.
From some Elysian feast he comes,
  Struck with the passion of the drums,
And fragrant from the feast, behold, he comes!

He holds all morning in his face,
  All fury and all fire.
His panting heart bursts with disdain
  Of all that hinders him from pain;
And mine with longing that he might remain.

THE BUTTERFLY[1]

I am not what I was yesterday,
  God knows my name.
I am made in a smooth and beautiful way,
  And full of flame.

The color of corn are my pretty wings,
  My flower is blue.
I kiss its topmost pearl, it swings
  And I swing too.

I dance above the tawny grass
  In the sunny air,
So tantalized to have to pass
  Love everywhere.

O Earth, O Sky, you are mine to roam
  In liberty.
I am the soul and I have no home, —
  Take care of me.

For double I drift through a double world
  Of spirit and sense;
I and my symbol together whirled
  From who knows whence?

There's a tiny weed, God knows what good, —
  It sits in the moss.
Its wings are heavy and spotted with blood
  Across and across.

I sometimes settle a moment there,
  And I am so sweet,
That what it lacks of the glad and fair
  I fill complete.

The little white moon was once like me;
  But her wings are one.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

Or perhaps they closëd together be
As she swings in the sun.

When the clovers close their three green wings
Just as I do,
I creep to the primrose heart of things,
And close mine, too.

And then wide opens the candid night,
Serene and intense;
For she has, instead of love and light,
God's confidence.

And I watch that other butterfly,
The one-winged moon,
Till, drunk with sweets in which I lie,
I dream and swoon.

And then when I to three days grow,
I find out pain.
For swift there comes an ache, — I know
That I am twain.

And nevermore can I be one
In liberty.

O Earth, O Sky, your use is done,
Take care of me.

PROCESSIONAL[1]

My love leads the white bulls to sacrifice.
He is white, and he leans against their folded necks.
Blue is the sky behind them, and the dust from the highway yellows his ivory limbs.
He leans and moves, restraining, yet drawn on by tossing heads.
He feels the festal music; rapid and strong are his arms and breast;
Yet from his waist beneath, loose and slow is his resting pace,
Flowers are in his hair, and he is fair.
He thinks he is but strong; he can overcome,
And his mind sees only the impatient horns;
But my heart sees his slimness, and would care for him like a mother.
My love leads the white bulls to sacrifice.

Stephen Crane

THE PEAKS

In the night
Gray, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God alone.
"O Master, that movest the wind with a finger,
Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
Grant that we may run swiftly across the world
To huddle in worship at Thy feet."

In the morning
A noise of men at work came the clear blue miles,
And the little black cities were apparent.
"O Master, that knowest the meaning of raindrops,
Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
Give voice to us, we pray, O Lord,
That we may sing Thy goodness to the sun."

In the evening
The far valleys were sprinkled with tiny lights.
"O Master,
Thou that knowest the value of kings and birds,
Thou hast made us humble, idle, futile peaks.
Thou only needest eternal patience;
We bow to Thy wisdom, O Lord —
Humble, idle, futile peaks."

In the night
Gray, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God alone.

'SCAPED

Once I knew a fine song,
— It is true, believe me, —
It was all of birds,
And I held them in a basket;
When I opened the wicket,
Heavens! they all flew away.
I cried, "Come back, Little Thoughts!"
But they only laughed.
They flew on
Until they were as sand
Thrown between me and the sky.

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers.

THE BLACK RIDERS

BLACK riders came from the sea.
There was clang and clang of spear and shield,
And clash and clash of hoof and heel,
Wild shouts and the wave of hair
In the rush upon the wind:
Thus the ride of sin.

WHY?

BEHOLD, the grave of a wicked man,
And near it, a stern spirit.

There came a drooping maid with violets,
But the spirit grasped her arm.
"No flowers for him," he said.
The maid wept:
"Ah, I loved him."
But the spirit, grim and frowning:
"No flowers for him."

Now, this is it —
If the spirit was just,
Why did the maid weep ?

THE WAYFARER

THE wayfarer,
Perceiving the pathway to truth,
Was struck with astonishment.
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha," he said,
"I see that none has passed here
In a long time."
Later he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.
"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other roads."

CONTENT

A YOUTH in apparel that glittered
Went to walk in a grim forest.
There he met an assassin
Attired all in garb of old days;
He, scowling through the thickets,
And dagger poised quivering,
Rushed upon the youth.
"Sir," said this latter,
"I am enchanted, believe me.
To die thus,
In this mediæval fashion,
According to the best legends;
Ah, what joy!"
Then took he the wound, smiling,
And died, content.

ANCESTRY

ONCE I saw mountains angry,
And ranged in battle-front.
Against them stood a little man;
Ay, he was no bigger than my finger.
I laughed, and spoke to one near me,
"Will he prevail?"
"Surely," replied this other;
"His grandfathers beat them many times."
Then did I see much virtue in grandfathers, —
At least, for the little man
Who stood against the mountains.

THE VIOLETS

THERE was a land where lived no violets.
A traveller at once demanded: "Why?"
The people told him:
"Once the violets of this place spoke thus:
'Until some woman freely gives her lover
To another woman
We will fight in bloody scuffle.'"
Sadly the people added:
"There are no violets here."

I EXPLAIN

I EXPLAIN the silvered passing of a ship at night,
The sweep of each sad lost wave,
The dwindling boom of the steel thing's striving,
The little cry of a man to a man,
A shadow falling across the grayer night,
And the sinking of the small star;

Then the waste, the far waste of waters,
And the soft lashing of black waves
For long and in loneliness.

Remember, thou, O ship of love,
Thou leavest a far waste of waters,
And the soft lashing of black waves
For long and in loneliness.

Herbert Bashford

THE ARID LANDS

THESE lands are clothed in burning weather,
These parched lands pant for God's cool rain;
I look away where strike together
The burnished sky and barren plain.

I look away; no green thing gladdens
My weary eye — no flower, no tree,
Naught save the earth, the sage-brush saddens
The scorched, gray earth that sickens me.

Oh for the pines, where the sweet wind revels!
The ringing laugh of the crystal creek!
Alas, gaunt Hunger haunts these levels,
And Thirst goes wandering wan and weak.

No shadow falls where swiftly passes
The gray coyote's noiseless feet,
No song of bird, no hint of grasses —
The home of Silence and of Heat!

BY THE PACIFIC

FROM this quaint cabin window I can see
The strange, vague line of ghostly driftwood, though
No ray of silver moon or soft star-glow
Steals through the summer night's solemnity.
Pale forms drive landward and wild figures flee
Like spectres up the shore; I hear the slow,
Firm tread of marching billows which I know
Will walk beside the years that are to be.
Sweet, gentle sleep is banished from mine eyes;
I lie and think of wrecks until the sobs
And groans of drowning sailors, lost at sea,
Come mingled with the gray gulls' plaintive cries
And those tumultuous, incessant throbs —
The heavy heart-beats of Eternity.

NIGHT IN CAMP

FIERCE burns our fire of driftwood; overhead
Gaunt maples lift long arms against the night;
The stars are sobbing, — sorrow-shaken, white,
And high they hang, or show sad eyes grown red
With weeping for their queen, — the moon, just dead.
Black shadows backward reel when tall and bright
The broad flames stand and fling a golden light
On mats of soft green moss around us spread.
A sudden breeze comes in from off the sea,
The vast, old forest draws a troubled breath,
A leaf awakens; up the shore of sand
The slow tide, silver-lipped, creeps noiselessly;
The campfire dies; then silence deep as death;
The darkness pushing down upon the land.

MORNING IN CAMP

A BED of ashes and a half-burned brand
Now mark the spot where last night's campfire sprung
And licked the dark with slender, scarlet tongue;
The sea draws back from shores of yellow sand,
Nor speaks lest he awake the sleeping land.
Tall trees grow out of shadows; high among
Their sombre boughs one clear, sweet song is sung,
In deep ravine by drooping cedars spanned,
All drowned in gloom; a flying pheasant's whirr
Rends morning's solemn hush; gray rabbits run
Across the clovered glade, while far away
Upon the hills each huge, expectant fir
Holds open arms in welcome to the sun —
Great, pulsing heart of bold, advancing day!

QUATRAINS

MOUNT RAINIER

LONG hours we toiled up through the solemn wood
Beneath moss-banners stretched from tree to tree;
At last upon a barren hill we stood
And, lo, above loomed Majesty!

ALONG SHORE

WHAT wondrous sermons these seas preach to men!
What lofty pinnacles they seek to climb!
How old and bent they are, yet strong as when
They rocked the infant Time!

SUNSET

LIKE some huge bird that sinks to rest,
The sun goes down — a weary thing —
And o'er the water's placid breast
It lays a scarlet, outstretched wing.

Rupert Hughes

FOR DECORATION DAY

I

1861–1865

BUT do we truly mourn our soldier dead,
Or understand at all their precious fame —
We that were born too late to feel the flame
That leapt from lowly hearths, and grew, dispread,
And, like a pillar of fire, our armies led?
Or you that knew them — do the long years tame
The memory-anguish? Are they more than name?
Oh, let no stinted grief profane their bed!
Let tears bedew each wreath that decks the lawn
Of every grave! and raise a solemn prayer
That their battalioned souls be joined to fare
Dim roads, beyond the trumpets of the dawn,
Yet perfumed, somehow, by our flowers that heap
The peaceful barracks where their bodies sleep.

II

1898–1899

AND now the long, long lines of the Nation's graves
Grow longer; and the venerate slopes reveal
The fresh spring turf gashed thick with tombs to seal
Away another army of our braves.
So hang black garlands from the architraves
Of all the capitols. The dying peal
Of bugles wails their final Taps. So kneel
And give the dead the due their virtue craves.
Thank God, the olden sinew still is bred;
The milk of American mothers still is sweet;
The sword of Seventy-six is sharp and bright;
The Flag still floats unblotted with defeat!
But ah the blood that keeps its ripples red,
The starry lives that keep its field alight;
The pangs of women and the tears they 've bled

The Lord enlarge our spirits till we feel
The greatness of these spirits upward fled.
A kind of genius it has been that fed
Them strength to be, above all passions, leal.
They put aside the velvet for the steel,
Left love, and hope, and ease at home; and sped
To the wilderness of war and every dread.
Their blood is mortar for our commonweal;
Their deeds its decoration and its boast.
So mix with dirges, triumph; smiles, with tears.
Make sorrow perfect with exultant pride —
Our vanished armies have not truly died;

They march to-day before the heavenly host;
And history's veterans raise a storm of cheers,
As the Yankee troops — with glory armed and shod —
In Grand Review swing past the throne of God.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

A CORN-SONG

On the wide veranda white,
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is lowly burning;
And his dreamy thoughts are drowned
In the softly flowing sound
Of the corn-songs of the field-hands slow returning.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Though the halting steps be labored, slow, and weary;
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn-song rises ever loud and cheery.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

To the master in his seat,
Comes the burden, full and sweet,
Of the mellow minor music growing clearer,
As the toilers raise the hymn,
Thro' the silence dusk and dim,
To the cabin's restful shelter drawing nearer.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by,
As he listens to the echoes low-replying,
To the music's fading calls,
As it faints away and falls
Into silence, deep within the cabin dying.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

She told the story, and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
Command and prophecy were in the tone,
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
And blest be she who in our weakness came —
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom and herself to fame.

RETORT

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
"Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art,
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart;"
And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
The light gleamed soft on her raven hair;

And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air:
"Thou art worse than a fool, O head!"

ON THE ROAD

I 's boun' to see my gal to-night —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
But when I does git to yo' do'
Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watch-dog would n't howl —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evaht'ing bofe right an' lef',
Seem p'in'tly lak hit put itse'f
In shape to skeer me half to def —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so 's I won't be feared —
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I 's kin' o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you 'll jes' say you 's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

HYMN

O LI'L' lamb out in de col',
De Mastah call you to de fol',
O li'l' lamb!

He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,
O li'l' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
O li'l' lamb!
He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
O li'l' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
He want you walkin' by his side,
O li'l' lamb!
He know you weak, he know you so';
But come, don' stay away no mo',
O li'l' lamb!

An' af' ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah —
Sweet li'l' lamb!
He answah f'om de brambles thick,
"O Shepud, I 's a-comin' quick" —
O li'l' lamb!

A DEATH SONG

LAY me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I 's a-layin' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool,
Whah de little birds in spring
Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road;
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I 's layin' 'mong de t'ings I 's allus knowed.

Mary McNeil Fenollosa

SUNRISE IN THE HILLS OF SATSUMA

The day unfolds like a lotus bloom,
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
That lave night's shore.

Down bamboo-stalks the sunbeams slide,
Darting like glittering elves at play,
To the thin arched grass where crickets hide
And sing all day.

The old crows caw from the camphor boughs,
They have builded there for a thousand years;
Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowse
To pipe shrill fears.

A white fox creeps to his home in the hill,
A small gray ape peers up at the sun;
Crickets and sunbeams are quarrelling still;
Day has begun.

FLYING FISH

Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea
Merge in a mist of sheen,
There started a vision of silver things,
A leap and a quiver, a flash of wings
The sky and the sea between.

Is it of birds from the blue above,
Or fish from the depths that be?
Or is it the ghosts
In silver hosts
Of birds that were drowned at sea?

MIYOKO SAN

Snare me the soul of a dragon-fly,
The jewelled heart of a dew-tipped spray,
A star's quick eye,
Or the scarlet cry
Of a lonely wing on a dawn-lit bay.
Then add the gleam of a golden fan,
And I will paint you Miyoko San.

Find me the thought of a rose, at sight
Of her own pale face in a fawning stream,
The polished night
Of a crow's slow flight,
And the long, sweet grace of a willow's dream.
Then add the droop of a golden fan,
And I will paint you Miyoko San.

Lure me a lay from a sunbeam's throat,
The chant of bees in a perfumed lair,
Or a single note
Gone mad to float
To its own sweet death in the upper air.
Then add the click of a golden fan,
And I have painted Miyoko San.

A DRIFTING PETAL

If I, athirst by a stream, should kneel
With never a blossom or bud in sight,
Till down on the theme of its liquid night
The moon-white tip of a sudden keel,
A fairy boat,
Should dawn and float
To my hand, as only the Gods deserve,
The cloud-like curve,
The loosened sheaf,
The ineffable pink of a lotus leaf, —
I should know, I should feel, that far away
On the dimpled rim of a brighter day
A thought had blossomed, and shaken free
One sheath of its innermost soul for me.

YUKI

When cherry flowers begin to blow
With Yuki's face beneath them,
The richest petals lose their glow,
And small buds haste to sheath them.

When blue wistaria hangs its head
And Yuki leans above it,

The swallow flits discomforted, —
With none to see or love it.

When lotus blossoms open wide,
And beckon men to dreaming,
My Yuki smiles, — and all their pride
Is but a perfumed seeming.

When snow is white on moat and tree
And crusts each bamboo feather,
My Yuki lifts her eyes to me, —
'T is all I know of weather.

MORNING FANCY

O LET me die a-singing!
O let me drown in light!
Another day is winging
Out from the nest of night.

The morning-glory's velvet eye
Brims with a jewelled bead.
To-day my soul 's a dragon-fly,
The world a swaying reed.

Grace Ellery Channing-Stetson

ENGLAND

WHO comes to England not to learn
The love for her his fathers bore,
Breathing her air, can still return
No kindlier than he was before.
In vain, for him, from shore to shore
Those fathers strewed an alien strand
With the loved names that evermore
Are native to our ear and land.

Who sees the English elm-trees fling
Long shadows where his footsteps pass,
Or marks the crocuses that spring
Sets starlike in the English grass,
And sees not, as within a glass,
New England's loved reflection rise, —
Mists darker and more dense, alas!
Than England's fogs are in his eyes.

And who can walk by English streams,
Through sunny meadows gently led,
Nor feel, as one who lives in dreams,
The wound with which his fathers bled, —
The homesick tears which must, unshed,
Have dimmed the brave, unfaltering eyes
That saw New England's elms outspread
Green branches to her loftier skies?

How dear to exiled hearts the sound
Of little brooks that run and sing!
How dear, in scanty garden ground,
The crocus calling back the spring
To English hearts remembering!
How dear that aching memory
Of cuckoo cry and lark's light wing!
And for their sake how dear to me!

Who owns not how, so often tried,
The bond all trial hath withstood;
The leaping pulse, the racial pride
In more than common brotherhood;
Nor feels his kinship like a flood
Rise blotting every dissonant trace, —
He is not of the ancient blood!
He is not of the Island race!

WAR

THE great Republic goes to war,
But spring still comes as spring has done,
And all the summer months will run
Their summer sequence as before;
And every bird will build its nest,
The sun sink daily in the west,
And rising eastward bring new day
In the old way.
But ah, those dawns will have a light,
Those western skies burn golden bright,
With what a note the birds will sing,
And winter's self be turned to spring
Than any springtime sweeter far,
When once again, calm entering,
The great Republic comes from war!

JUDGMENT

A DEAD Soul lay in the light of day,
Desperate, wan, it had passed;

Oft foiled, it had toiled on its upward way,
Till it perished, spent, aghast,
After a thousand defeats the prey
Of its conquering sin at last.

Said a stranger: — "Lo, how in shame and woe
Is Satan's seal ever set!"
Laughed a foe: — "Doth the carrion lie so low?
Death and a coward well met."
Said a friend: — "His strength was great, I know,
But his weakness was stronger yet."

Moaned his love unwed: — "Peace to the dead;
And as God shall forgive — let be!"
But an angel spread o'er the prostrate head
His wings in humility;
As he gazed: — "Be praised, great God," he said,
"For a glorious victory!"

A SONG OF ARNO

It is the hour when Arno turns
Her gold to chrysoprase;
When each low-hanging star outburns
Its faint, mysterious rays,
As from the prison of faery urns
Which faery hands upraise.

It is the hour when life 's constraint
A moment's ease is given;
When Earth is like a holy saint,
Stilled, sanctified, and shriven,
And the deep-breathing heart grows faint
To be so near to Heaven.

Guy Wetmore Carryl

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN[1]

(NEW YORK HARBOR, AUGUST 20, 1898)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging,
o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'T is the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go, —
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,

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To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait: —
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

THE SYCOPHANTIC FOX AND THE GULLIBLE RAVEN[1]

A RAVEN sat upon a tree,
And not a word he spoke, for
His beak contained a piece of Brie,
Or, maybe, it was Roquefort:
We 'll make it any kind you please —
At all events, it was a cheese.

Beneath the tree's umbrageous limb
A hungry fox sat smiling;
He saw the raven watching him,
And spoke in words beguiling:
"*J'admire*," said he, "*ton beau plumage*,"
(The which was simply persiflage).

Two things there are, no doubt you know,
To which a fox is used, —
A rooster that is bound to crow,
A crow that 's bound to roost,
And whichsoever he espies
He tells the most unblushing lies.

"Sweet fowl," he said, "I understand
You 're more than merely natty:
I hear you sing to beat the band
And Adelina Patti.
Pray render with your liquid tongue
A bit from 'Götterdämmerung.'"

This subtle speech was aimed to please
The crow, and it succeeded:
He thought no bird in all the trees
Could sing as well as he did.
In flattery completely doused,
He gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

But gravitation's law, of course,
As Isaac Newton showed it,
Exerted on the cheese its force,
And elsewhere soon bestowed it.
In fact, there is no need to tell
What happened when to earth it fell.

I blush to add that when the bird
Took in the situation
He said one brief, emphatic word,
Unfit for publication.
The fox was greatly startled, but
He only sighed and answered "Tut!"

THE MORAL is: A fox is bound
To be a shameless sinner.
And also: When the cheese comes round
You know it 's after dinner.
But (what is only known to few)
The fox is after dinner, too.

Mildred Howells

ROMANCE

DOWN from a sunken doorstep to the road,
Through a warm garden full of old-time flowers,
Stretches a pathway, where the wrinkled toad
Sits lost in sunlight through long summer hours.

Ah, little dream the passers in the street
That there, a few yards from the old house door,
Just where the apple and the pear trees meet,
The noble deeds of old are lived once more! —

That there, within the gold-lit wavering shade,
To Joan of Arc angelic voices sing,

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And once again the brave inspired maid
Gives up her life for France and for her king.

Or, now no more the fields of France are seen,
They change to England's rougher, colder shore,
Where rules Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen,
Or where King Arthur holds his court once more.

The stupid village folk they cannot see;
Their eyes are old, and as they pass their way,
It only seems to them beneath the tree
They see a little dark-eyed girl at play.

A MORAL IN SEVRES

Upon my mantel-piece they stand,
While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
She glances back with bashful eyes.

The china Shepherdess is fair,
The Shepherd's face denotes a heart
Burning with ardor and despair.
Alas, they stand so far apart!

And yet, perhaps, if they were moved,
And stood together day by day,
Their love had not so constant proved,
Nor would they still have smiled so gay.

His hand the Shepherd might have kissed
The match-box Angel's heart to win;
The Shepherdess, his love have missed,
And flirted with the Mandarin.

But on my mantel-piece they stand,
While all its length between them lies;
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,
She glances back with bashful eyes.

DOWN A WOODLAND WAY

As I was strolling down a woodland way,
I met fair Spring, a garland on her arm;
She stood a moment gazing in dismay,
Then turned and fled away in swift alarm.

And as I strove to follow her swift flight
Along the way that I had seen her pass,
No trace of her remained to meet my sight
Save three wild violets among the grass.

George Cabot Lodge

A SONG OF THE WAVE

This is the song of the wave! The mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound.
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, the white-maned steed of the Tempest,
Whose veins are swollen with life,
In whose flanks abide the four winds,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave! The dawn leaped out of the sea
And the waters lay smooth as a silver shield,
And the sun-rays smote on the waters like a golden sword.
Then a wind blew out of the morning
And the waters rustled,
And the wave was born!

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the noon,
And the white sea-birds like driven foam
Winged in from the ocean that lay beyond the sky;
And the face of the waters was barred with white,
For the wave had many brothers,
And the wave leaped up in its strength
To the chant of the choral air:
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the sunset
And the west was lurid as Hell;
The black clouds closed like a tomb, for the sun was dead.

Then the wind smote full as the breath of God,
And the wave called to its brothers,
"This is the crest of life!"

This is the song of the wave, that rises to fall,
Rises a sheer green wall like a barrier of glass
That has caught the soul of the moonlight,
Caught and prisoned the moonbeams.
And its edge is frittered with blossoms of foam —
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, of the wave that falls,
Wild as a burst of day-gold blown through the colors of morning;
It shivers in infinite jewels, in eddies of wind-driven foam
Up the rumbling steep of sand.
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, that died in the fulness of life.
The prodigal this, that lavished its largess of strength
In the lust of attainment.
Aiming at things for Heaven too high,
Sure in the pride of life, in the richness of strength.
So tried it the impossible height, till the end was found:
When ends the soul that yearns for the fillet of morning stars —
The soul in the toils of the journeying worlds,
Whose eye is filled with the Image of God —
And the end is death!

YOUTH

If I must die,
The earth is inarticulate to sing
The dirge I crave:
The sorrow of the murmur-laden wave,
The sea-born wind complaining 'neath the sky,
And round my head the waters' silver ring.

If I must live,
And feel the ashes of oblivion
About my soul,
Let life be fearful, let me feel the whole,
Despair, and face the sunrise — if I grieve
Let it but be the tarrying of the sun.

Hildegarde Hawthorne

A SONG

Sing me a sweet, low song of night
Before the moon is risen,
A song that tells of the stars' delight
Escaped from day's bright prison,
A song that croons with the cricket's voice,
That sleeps with the shadowed trees,
A song that shall bid my heart rejoice
At its tender mysteries!

And then when the song is ended, love,
Bend down your head unto me,
Whisper the word that was born above
Ere the moon had swayed the sea;
Ere the oldest star began to shine,
Or the farthest sun to burn, —
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,
Yet newest, and sweet to learn.

MY ROSE

On a green slope, most fragrant with the spring,
One sweet, fair day I planted a red rose,
That grew, beneath my tender nourishing,
So tall, so riotous of bloom, that those
Who passed the little valley where it grew
Smiled at its beauty. All the air was sweet
About it! Still I tended it, and knew
That he would come, e'en as it grew complete.

And a day brought him! Up I led him, where
In the warm sun my rose bloomed gloriously —

Smiling and saying, "So, is it not fair?
And all for thee — all thine!" But he passed by
Coldly, and answered, "Rose? I see no rose,"
Leaving me standing in the barren vale

Alone! alone! feeling the darkness close
Deep o'er my heart, and all my being fail.

Then came one, gently, yet with eager tread,
Begging one rosebud — but my rose was dead.

Josephine Preston Peabody

PRELUDE

Words, words,
Ye are like birds.
Would I might fold you,
In my hands hold you
Till ye were warm and your feathers a-flutter;
Till, in your throats,
Tremulous notes
Foretold the songs ye would utter.

Words, words,
Ye are all birds!
Would ye might linger
Here on my finger,
Till I kissed each, and then sent you a-winging
Wild, perfect flight,
Through morn to night,
Singing and singing and singing!

WOOD-SONG

Love must be a fearsome thing
That can bind a maid
Glad of life as leaves in spring,
Swift and unafraid.

I could find a heart to sing
Death and darkness, praise or blame;
But before that name,
Heedfully, oh, heedfully
Do I lock my breast;
I am silent as a tree,
Guardful of the nest.

Ah, my passing Woodlander,
Heard you any note?
Would you find a leaf astir
From a wilding throat?
Surely, all the paths defer
Unto such a gentle quest.
Would you take the nest?
Follow where the sun-motes are!
Truly 't is a sorrow
I must bid you fare so far;
Speed you, and good-morrow!

SONNET IN A GARDEN

Dumb Mother of all music, let me rest
On thy great heart while summer days pass by;
While all the heat up-quivers, let me lie
Close gathered to the fragrance of thy breast.
Let not the pipe of birds from some high nest
Give voice unto a thought of melody,
Nor dreaming clouds afloat along the sky
Meet any wind of promise from the west.
Save for that grassy breath that never mars
The peace, but seems a musing of thine own,
Keep thy dear silence. So, embraced, alone,
Forgetful of relentless prison-bars,
My soul shall hear all songs, unsung, unknown,
Uprising with the breath of all the stars.

A CHANGELING GRATEFUL

Here they give me greeting,
House me warm within,
Break their bread and share it
With the heart of kin.

Here the ruddy hearth-light
Singes not a moth,
Gives a summer welcome
As a red rose doth.

I would leave a gift here
If I might: not I! —
Like a homeless laughter,
Vagrant wind gone by.

But while I am a glow-worm
I will shine and stay:
When I am a shadow . . .
I will creep away.

CARAVANS

WHAT bring ye me, O camels, across the southern desert,
The wan and parching desert, pale beneath the dusk?
Ye great slow-moving ones, faithful as care is faithful,
Uncouth as dreams may be, sluggish as far-off ships, —
What bring ye me, O camels?

"We bring thee gold like sunshine, saving that it warms not;
And rarest purple bring we, as dark as all the garnered
Bloom of many grape-vines; and spices subtly mingled
For a lasting savor: the precious nard and aloes;
The bitter-sweet of myrrh, like a sorrow having wings;
Ghostly breath of lilies bruised — how white they were! —
And the captive life of many a far rose-garden.
Jewels bring we hither, surely stars once fallen,
Torn again from darkness: the sunlit frost of topaz,
Moon-fire pent in opals, pearls that even the sea loves.
Webs of marvel bring we, broideries that have drunken
Deep of all life-color from a thousand lives, —
Each the royal cere-cloth of a century.
We come! What wouldst thou more?"

All this dust, these ashes, have ye brought so far?
All these days, these years, have I waited in the sun?
I would have had the wingëd Mirage of yonder desert.

RUBRIC

I'LL not believe the dullard dark,
Nor all the winds that weep,
But I shall find the farthest dream
That kisses me, asleep.

ISOLATION

O BROTHER Planets, unto whom I cry,
Know ye, in all the worlds, a gladder thing
Than this glad life of ours, this wandering
Among the eternal winds that wander by?
Ever to fly, with white star-faces set
Quenchless against the darkness, and the wet
Pinions of all the storms, — on, on alone,
With radiant locks outblown,
And sun-strong eyes to see
Into the sunless maze of all futurity!

Not ours the little measure of the years,
The bitter-sweet of summer that soon wanes,
The briefer benison of springtime rains;
Nay, but the thirst of all the living spheres,
Full-fed with mighty draughts of dark and light, —
The soul of all the dawns, the love of night,
The strength of deathless winters, and the boon
Of endless summer noon.
Look down, from star to star,
And see the centuries, — a flock of birds, afar.

Afar! But we, each one God's sentinel,
Lifting on high the torches that are His,
Look forth to one another o'er the abyss,
And cry, *Eternity, — and all is well!*
So ever journey we, and only know
The way is His, and unto Him we go.
Through all the voiceless desert of the air
Through all the star-dust there,
Where none has ever gone,
Still singing, seeking still, we wander on and on.

O brother Planets, ye to whom I cry,
Yet hath a strange dream touched me; for a cloud
Flared like a moth, within mine eyes. I bowed
My head, and, looking down through all the sky,
I saw the little Earth, far down below, —
The Earth that all the wandering winds do know.
Like some ground-bird, the small, beloved one
Fluttered about the sun.
Ah, were that little star
Only a signal-light of love for us, afar!

AFTER MUSIC

I SAW not they were strange, the ways I roam,
Until the music called, and called me thence,
And tears stirred in my heart as tears may come
To lonely children straying far from home,
Who know not how they wandered so, nor whence.

If I might follow far and far away
Unto the country where these songs abide,
I think my soul would wake and find it day,
Would tell me who I am, and why I stray, —
Would tell me who I was before I died.

A FAR-OFF ROSE

O FAR-OFF rose of long ago,
An hour of sweet, an hour of red,
To live, to breathe, and then to go
Into the dark ere June was dead!

Why say they: Roses shall return
With every year as years go on?
New springtime and strange bloom, my rose,
And alien June; but thou art gone.

Joseph Leiser

KOL NIDRA

FROM "THE DAY OF ATONEMENT"

Lo! above the mournful chanting,
Rise the fuller-sounded wailings
Of the soul's most solemn anthem.
Hark! the strains of deep Kol Nidra —
Saddest music ever mortal
Taught his lips to hymn or sound!

Not the heart of one lone mortal
Told his anguish in that strain;
All the sorrow, pain, and struggles
Of a people in despair,
Gathered from the vale of weeping,
Through the ages of distress.
'T is a mighty cry of beings
Held in bondage and affliction;
All the wailing and lamenting
Of a homeless people, roaming
O'er the plains and scattered hamlets
Of a world without a refuge,
All the sorrows, trials, bereavements, —
Loss of country, home, and people, —
In one mighty strain uniting,
Chant for every age its wail;
Make the suffering years reëcho
With the wounds and pains of yore;
Give a voice to every martyr
Ever hushed to death by pain,
Every smothered shriek of daughter
Burned upon the fagot's bier;
Bring the wander-years and exile,
Persecution's harsh assailment,
Ghetto misery and hounding,
To the ears of men to-day;
Link the dark and dreary ages
With the brighter future's glow;
Weave the past and hopeful present;
Bind the living with the sleeping,
Dust unto the dust confessing,
Even with the dead uniting,
When the soul would join with God.
. . . . . .
Slowly creep the muffled murmurs.
As the leaves and flowers, conspiring,
Steal a breeze from summer's chamber,
Hum and mumble as they stroke it,
Smooth, caress, and gently coy it,
So this murmur spreads the voices

Of the praying synagogue,
As each lip repeats the sinning
Of his selfish, godless living,
By each mutter low recounting
Every single sin and crime —
How he falsified his neighbor,
Made a stumbling-block for blindness,
Cursed the deaf, unstaid the cripple,
Played his son and daughter wrong,
Tattled of his wife's behavior,
Made his father's age a load,
Spoke belittling of his mother,
Took advantage of the stupid,
Made the hungry buy their bread,
Turned the needy from his threshold,
Clothed the naked with his bareness,
Shut the stranger from his fold,
Never begged forgiveness, pardon,
For a wrong aimed at a foe,
Never weighed the love or mercy
Of the Father of the world.
Low the lips are now repenting;
Every mutter is a sob
Ebbing from the font of being;
Conscience speaks in lowest accents,
Lest the voice cry out to men.

Who has ever heard Kol Nidra
Gushing from the breast of man,
Rising, falling, as the ocean
Lifts the waves in joy or fear.
From Time's ocean has it risen;
Every age has lent a murmur,
Every cycle built a wail;
Every sorrow ever dwelling
In the tortured heart of man,
Tears and sighs together swelling,
Answer for the pangs of ages.
'T is the voice of countless pilgrims,
Sons of Jacob, with a cry,
Moaning, sighing, grieving, wailing,
Answering in thousand voices
Fate and destiny of man,
Winning soul a consolation
For their sad allotment's creed;
Wander-song of homeless traveller,
Outcast from the ranks of men;
Echoes from the throes of mortals,
Questioning the ways of God;
Song hummed by the lonely desert,
Prompted by the heart of night,
Lisped across the sandy borders
By the desert's trailing wind;
Hymn of midnight and the silence,
Song the friendless stars intone,
Sung whene'er the tempest hurtles,
Bruits destruction to the world;
Song of every song of sorrow,
Wail for every grief and woe,
World affliction, world lamenting;
Sorrow of the lonely desert;
Sadness of a homeless people;
Anguish of a chided mortal,
Hounded, tracked, oppressed, and beaten,
Made the scourge of God on earth;
Outcry of a sinful bosom
Warring with his guilt and wrong.
'T is a saintly aspiration
Of a holy soul in prayer;
'T is the music hummed by mercy,
When the heart is touched by love.
'T is the welding of all mercy,
Love, forgiveness, in a union,
Sweeping o'er the span of ages,
Flooding earth with one majestic,
Universal hymn of woe,
As if God had willed his children
Weep in but one human strain.

Who can hear this strange Kol Nidra
Without dropping in the spell?
Lift the vestige of the present,
Link the momentary fleeting
Of the evening with the past;
Dwell a spirit in the ages,
Living in the heart of time:
Lose the sense of outer worlds,
Soul alone in endless time,
Breathing but the breath of ages.

Howard Weeden

THE BANJO OF THE PAST

You ax about dat music made
On banjos long ago,
An' wants to know why it ain't played
By niggers any mo'.

Dem banjos b'longed to by-gone days
When times an' chunes was rare,
When we was gay as children — 'case
We did n't have a care.

But when we got our freedom, we
Found projeckin' was done;
Our livin' was to make — you see,
An' dat lef' out de fun.

We learned to vote an' read an' spell,
We learned de taste ob tears —
An' when you gets dat 'sponsible,
De banjo disappears!

THE BORROWED CHILD

My chile? Lord, no, she's none o' mine;
She's des one I have tried
To put in place of Anna Jane —
My little one what died.

Dat 's long ago; no one but me
Knows even where she lies:
But in her place I 've always kept
A borrowed chile, her size.

As soon as it outgrows my chile,
I lets it go, right straight —
An' takes another in its place
To match dat Heabenly mate.

It 's took a sight o' chillin, sho',
To ease dat dull ol' pain,
An' keep de pretty likeness fresh
Of my dead Anna Jane.

Der 's more den forty years, you see,
Since she has been in Heaben,
But wid de angels years don't count —
So she 's still only seben.

Time treats us all up dere, des lak
It do white ladies here —
It teches 'em so light — one 's still
A gal at forty year!

Wilbur Underwood

THE CATTLE OF HIS HAND

All night long through the starlit air and the stillness,
Through the cool wanness of dawn and the burning of noontide,
Onward we strain with a mighty resounding of hoof-beats.

Heaven and earth are ashake with the terrible trampling;
Wild, straying feet of a vast and hastening army;
Wistful eyes that helplessly seek one another.

Hushed is the dark to hear the plaint of our lowing,
Mournful cry of the dumb-tired hearts within us,
Faint to death with thirst and the gnawing of hunger.

Day by day through the dust and heat have we thirsted;
Day by day through stony ways have we hungered;
Naught but a few bitter herbs that grew by the wayside.

What we flee that is far behind in the darkness,
Where the place of abiding for us, we know not;
Only we hark for the voice of the Master Herdsman.

Many a weary day must pass ere we hear it,
Blown on the winds, now close, now far in the distance,
Deep as the void above us and sweet as the dawn-star.

He it is who drives us and urges us always,
Faint with a need that is ever present within us,
Struggling onward and toiling one by the other.

Ever we long and cry for rest, but it comes not;
Broke are our feet and sore and bruised by the climbing;
Sharp is his goad in our quivering flanks when we falter,

And some fall down with a plaintive moaning, and perish;

But upward we strain nor stop, for the Voice comes to us,
Driving us on once more to the press and the struggle.

Then when we know His Presence the hard way lightens;
Turn we our piteous eyes to the far-stretching highway;
Struggle ahead in the dark as trusting as children.

What we flee that is far behind in the darkness,
Where the place of abiding for us, we know not;
Only we hark for the Voice — till hope fades from us.

Heaven and earth are ashake with the terrible trampling,
Wild straying feet of a vast and hastening army,
Wistful hearts that helplessly seek one another.

All night long through the star-lit air and the stillness,
Through the cool wanness of dawn and the burning of noontide,
Onward we strain with a mighty resounding of hoof-beats.

Ednah Proctor (Clarke) Hapes

TO A WILD ROSE FOUND IN OCTOBER

Thou foolish blossom, all untimely blown!
Poor jest of summer, come when woods are chill!
Thy sister buds, in June's warm redness grown,
That lit with laughter all the upland hill,

Have traceless passed; save on each thornëd stem
Red drops tell how their hearts, in dying, bled.
Theirs was the noon's rich languor, and for them
The maiden moon her haloed beauty spread;

For them the bobolink his music spilled
In bubbling streams; and well the wild bee knew
Their honeyed hearts. Now bird and bee are stilled;
Now southward swallows hurry down the blue,

Fleeing the murderous Frost that even now
Hath smote the marshes with his bitter breath,
Quenching the flames that danced on vine and bough, —
Think'st thou thy beauty will make truce with Death,
Or hold in summer's leash his loosened wrath?
See! o'er the shrunk grass trail the blackened vines;
And, hark! the wind, tracking the snow's fell path,
Snarls like a fretted hound among the pines.

The pallid sunshine fails, — a sudden gloom
Sweeps up the vale, a-thrill with boding fear.
What place for thee? Too late thy pride and bloom!
Born out of time, — poor fool, — what dost thou here?

. . . . . .

What do I here when speeds the threatening blight?
June stirred my heart, and so June is for me.
Who feels life's impulse bourgeon into light
Recks not of seasons, knows not bird nor bee.

I can but bloom, — did the June roses more?
I can but droop, — did they not also die?
The Moment is: the After or Before
Hides all from sight, — canst thou tell more than I?

What matter if to-night come swirling snow
And Death? The Power that makes, that mars, is One.
I know nor care not: when that Power bids blow,
I ope my curlëd petals to the sun.

A GOOD-BY

The wakening bugles cut the night:
"To horse! To horse! Away!"
And thine the lips that bid me go,
The eyes that bid me stay.

God make me blind for this one hour!
God make me only hear
That hurrying drum, — that cry, "They come!"
And thy "Good-by!" so near.

O eyes that hold me with your tears!
Think not your prayers I spurn:
Eyes that must for a soldier dim,
Not from a craven turn.

O lips that bid me forth to fight,
I take your challenge — so!
Where red death waits without the gates,
Thy knight, and God's, — I go!

THE DEATHLESS

What charlatans in this later day
Beat at the gates of Art!
Each with his trick of speech or brush, —
Forgetting, that apart

From all the brawling of an age,
Its feverish fantasy,
She waits, who only unto Time
The soul of Art sets free!

God's handmaid Beauty, — whose touch rounds
A dewdrop or a world, —
God-sprung when first through Chaos' night
The morning wings unfurled;

Beauty, — who still the secret gives
Whispered the ages through, —
Recurrent as the flush of dawn,
Essential as the dew.

O babblers of some surer guide! —
Knowledge goes changing by;
Caprice may bloom its little hour,
And creeds are born and die;

Still Melos on her worshippers
Looks with calm-lidded eyes;
Still Helen, though Troy sleeps in dust,
Smiles through the centuries;

Still she who gleaned on Judah's plain
Love in her sheaves doth bind;
Still, down the glades of Arden, dance
The feet of Rosalind.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

List to that bird! His song — what poet pens it?
Brigand of birds, he 's stolen every note!
Prince though of thieves — hark! how the rascal spends it!
Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat!

THE DANCER

Skin creamy as the furled magnolia bud
That stabs the dusky shadows of her hair;
Great startled eyes, and sudden-pulsing blood
Staining her cheek and throat and shoulder bare.

(*Ah Manuelita!*
Lita Pepita!
List the cachucha!
Dance! dance!)

Swaying she stands, the while one rounded arm
Draws her mantilla's folds in shy disguise,
Till in the music's subtle, quickening charm
Her trancëd soul forgets the alien eyes.

Fades the swift flush, save from the rose-soft mouth,
And all the conquering memories of Spain
Fling wide her veil; the vintage of the South
Leaps in her heart, and laughs through every vein!

(Ah Manuelita!
Star of Cordova!
Passion and innocence!
Dance! dance!)

Gone from her gaze the stage, the mimicry:
Yon painted scene? It is Cordova's walls!
The eager trumpets ring to revelry —
The banderillero cries — the toro falls!

The vision thrills to heart, to eyes, to lips;
Her castanets click out in conscious pride;
Curved throat, arched foot, and lissome-swaying hips,
The music sweeps her in its swirling tide.

Love and denial, mockery and desire,
A fountain tossing in its moody play,
Tempest of sunshine, cloud, and dew, and fire,
Dancing in joyance to the jocund day!

(Ah Manuelita!
Till the moon swoons in mist!
Till the stars dim and die!
Dance! dance!)

Soft! through the music steals a yearning strain, —
Now distant viols grieve down the drowsy night, —
Her fluttering feet are poised; then drift again,
Luring in languor, dreamy with delight.

(Ah Manuelita!
Witch of the wingëd feet!
Lead on to dream or death!
Dance! dance!)

Hushed in her heart are raptures and alarms;
Falling, as water falleth, to her knees,
She spreads the drifted foam-wreath of her arms;
The music dies in whispered ecstacies.

Frederic Ridgely Torrence

FROM "THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED LIGHTS"

THE YOUNG LOVERS

I SAW them kissing in the shade and knew
the sum of all my lore:
God gave them Youth, God gave them Love, and even God can give no more.

. . . . . .

I know not from the fading Rose with parted lips what whisper went.
I only know the Nightingale sang once again his old lament.

YOUTH AND AGE

A NIGHTINGALE once lost his voice from too much love, and he who flees
From Thirst to Wine-of-his-Desire must not forget the last — the lees.

Night is a woman vaguely veiled and made to woo, I see her now:
The newborn moon is suddenly her slender, golden, arched eyebrow.

I know a Thief who longs to steal from the moon's granary on high,
Or snatch the bunch of Pleiades from out the cornfield of the sky.

Desire's gold gates are always barred and open at no call or knock.
Age knows the only key is Pain, but Youth still thinks to force the lock.

You invalids who cannot drink much wine or love, I say to you:
"Content yourselves with laughing at the antics of the fools who do."

COMPENSATION

TELL Youth to play with Wine and Love and never bear away the scars!
I may as well tilt up the sky and yet try not to spill the stars.

Yet even for Youth's fevered blood there is a certain balm herein
This maiden's mouth: O sweet disease! and happy, happy medicine!

And, maiden, should these bitter tears you
shed be burdensome, know this:
There is a cure worth all the pain — to-
night — beneath the moon — a kiss.

Girl, when he gives you kisses twain, use
one, and let the other stay,
And hoard it; for moons die, red fades, and
you may need a kiss — some day.

One says, — "Truth's false and false is
true." Well, since I've seen this
maiden's eyes,
I'll be so false as to be true, and such a
fool as to be wise.

CARPE DIEM

When I'm in health and asked to choose
between the This and That, alas!
I all too gladly yield my throne up there
beside the Sea of Glass.

. . . . . .

Why! 'mongst all languages of earth
there's none so sweet nor yet so fine
As that one spoken daily thrice by two and
thirty teeth of mine.

Yet what have I to do with sweets like
Love, or Wine, or Fame's dear
curse?
For I can do without all things except —
except the universe.

The sieve-like cup of Earthly Joy still
foams for me with many a bead,
But I have found another wine called
Charity-without-a-Creed.

And if I want to sleep, I'll sleep more
than Religion's laws allow.
We'll have a long sleep in the grave ere-
long; and should we not learn how?

Whether my days are cooled with calm or
filled with fever's ardent taint,
I have the same blue sky as God, I have the
same God as the saint.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

The Great Sword Bearer only knows just
when He'll wound my heart, —
not I:
But since He is the one who gives the
balm, what does it signify?

If my Control should lose its hold on For-
tune's collar through some hurt,
What then? — Why then I'd simply cling
to old gray Resignation's skirt.

Of all the languages of earth in which the
human kind confer
The Master Speaker is the Tear: it is the
Great Interpreter.

Man's life is like a tide that weaves the
sea within its daily web.
It rises, surges, swells, and grows, — a pause
— then comes the evening ebb.

In this rough field of earthly life I have
reaped cause for tears enough,
Yet, after all, I think I've gleaned my
modicum of Laughing-Stuff.

Helen Hay

TO DIANE

The ruddy poppies bend and bow,
Diane! do you remember?
The sun you knew shines proudly now,
The lake still lists the breeze's vow,
Your towers are fairer for their stains,
Each stone you smiled upon remains.
Sing low — where is Diane?
Diane! do you remember?

I come to find you through the years,
Diane! do you remember?
For none may rule my love's soft fears.
The ladies now are not your peers,
I seek you through your tarnished halls,
Pale sorrow on my spirit falls,
High, low — where is Diane?
Diane! do you remember?

I crush the poppies where I tread,
Diane! do you remember?
Your flower of life, so bright, so red —
She does not hear — Diane is dead.
I pace the sunny bowers alone
Where naught of her remains but stone.
Sing low — where is Diane?
Diane does not remember.

A WOMAN'S PRIDE

I WILL not look for him, I will not hear
My heart's loud beating, as I strain to see
Across the rain forlorn and hopelessly,
Nor, starting, think 't is he that draws so near.
I will forget how tenderly and dear
He might in coming hold his arms to me,
For I will prove what woman's pride can be
When faint love lingers in the darkness drear.
I will not — ah, but should he come to-night
I think my life might break through very bliss,
This little will should so be torn apart
That all my soul might fail in golden light
And let me die; so do I long for this.
Ah, love, thine eyes! — Nay, love — Thy heart, thy heart!

LOVE'S KISS

KISS me but once, and in that space supreme
My whole dark life shall quiver to an end,
Sweet Death shall see my heart and comprehend
That life is crowned, and in an endless gleam
Will fix the color of the dying stream,
That Life and Death may meet as friend with friend
An endless immortality to blend;
Kiss me but once, and so shall end my dream.
And then Love heard me and bestowed his kiss,
And straight I cried to Death: I will not die!
Earth is so fair when one remembers this;
Life is but just begun! Ah, come not yet!
The very world smiles up to kiss the sky,
And in the grave one may forget — forget.

WAS THERE ANOTHER SPRING

WAS there another Spring than this?
I half remember, through the haze
Of glimmering nights and golden days,
A broken-pinioned birdling's note,
An angry sky, a sea-wrecked boat,
A wandering through rain-beaten ways!
Lean closer, love — I have thy kiss!
Was there another Spring than this?

DOES THE PEARL KNOW?

DOES the pearl know, that in its shade and sheen,
The dreamy rose and tender wavering green,
Are hid the hearts of all the ranging seas,
That Beauty weeps for gifts as fair as these?
Does it desire aught else when its rare blush
Reflects Aurora in the morning's hush,
Encircling all perfection can bestow,
Does the pearl know?

Does the bird know, when, through the waking dawn,
He soaring sees below the silvered lawn,
And weary men who wait to watch the day
Steal o'er the heights where he may wheel and stray?
Can he conceive his fee divine to share,
As a free, joyous peer with sun and air,
And pity the sad things that creep below,
Does the bird know?

Does the heart know, when, filled to utter brim,
The least quick throb, a sacrificial hymn
To a great god who scorns the frown of Jove,
That here it finds the awful power of love?
Think you the new-born babe in first wise sleep
Fathoms the gift the heavens have bade him keep?
Yet if this be — if all these things are so —
Does the heart know?

SIGH NOT FOR LOVE

SIGH not for love, — the ways of love are dark!
Sweet Child, hold up the hollow of your hand

And catch the sparks that flutter from the stars !
See how the late sky spreads in flushing bars !
They are dead roses from your own dear land,
Tossed high by kindly breezes; lean, and hark,
And you shall know how Morning glads her lark !

The timid Dawn, herself a little child,
Casts up shy eyes in loving worship, dear,
Is it not yet enough ? The Spring is here,
And would you weep for winter's tempest wild ?
Sigh not for love, — the ways of love are dark !

George Sidney Hellman[1]

COLERIDGE

THINE is the mystic melody,
The far-off murmur of some dreamland sea
Lifting throughout the night,
Up to the moon's mild light,
Waves silver-lustrous, silvery-white,
That beat in rhythm on the shadowy shore,
And burst in music, and are seen no more.

THE HUDSON

WHERE in its old historic splendor stands
The home of England's far-famed Parliament,
And waters of the Thames in calm content
At England's fame flow slowly o'er their sands;
And where the Rhine past vine-entwinëd lands
Courses in castled beauty, there I went;
And far to Southern rivers, flower-besprent;
And to the icy streams of Northern strands.
Then mine own native shores I trod once more,
And, gazing on thy waters' majesty,
The memory, O Hudson, came to me
Of one who went to seek the wide world o'er
For Love, but found it not. Then home turned he
And saw his mother waiting at the door.

Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

LOVE AND TIME

ACROSS the gardens of Life they go,
A strange, ill-mated pair;
By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
But hand in hand, through joy, through care,
Across the gardens of Life they go.

The one is old, and grim, and gray:
His eyes stare off, like one in dreams;
Across his breast his white locks stray;
The sands in his glass fall day by day;
Over his shoulder his scythe-blade gleams,—
And he is old, and grim, and gray.

And one is young, and bright, and fair:
The golden curls about his head
Shine as a halo; his red lips dare
The birds in song; he knows no care,
Joy in his heart is never dead, —
He lives to love and he is fair.

Hoar-headed Time was never young,
And Love on earth cannot grow old;
And yet, since first to that hand he clung —
Since first his tender song he sung,
Since first his love-tale had he told,
And to a dart his bow had strung —

Together, through ways of joy, of woe,
Though one is old and one is fair,
By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
Together, a strange, ill-mated pair,
Across the gardens of Life they go.

[1] See, also, p. 768.

WITH ROSES

In each green leaf a memory let lie:
The pain that follows on the heels of bliss
In every thorn; each waft of incense be a sigh
For love: each petal of each rose a kiss!

NIGHT-WIND

Like some great pearl from out the Orient,
Upheld by unseen hands, — in its rich weight
An offering to adorn a queen's proud state
That some dependent princeling did present, —
The moon slow rises into night's dark tent.
The pulseless air, with longings vague befreight,
Now quickens 'neath her gaze, now doth inflate
The still-poised midnight clouds in heaven pent.
With jealous haste he draws them o'er her face,
And by his right forbids all other eyes
To note her beauty and to praise her grace;
Then up on lover's wings to her he flies
Impatient for the joy of her embrace;
And to the earth are wafted down his sighs.

Additional Selections

(FROM THE BALLADRY, LYRICS, SONNETS, AND LIGHTER VERSE OF THE FINAL DECADE)

I

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett

THE COASTERS

Overloaded, undermanned,
Trusting to a lee,
Playing I-spy with the land,
Jockeying the sea —
That's the way the Coaster goes,
Through calm and hurricane:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Mexico to Maine.

O East and West! O North and South!
We ply along the shore,
From famous Fundy's foggy mouth,
From voes of Labrador;
Through pass and strait, on sound and sea,
From port to port we stand —
The rocks of Race fade on our lee,
We hail the Rio Grande.

Our sails are never lost to sight;
On every gulf and bay
They gleam, in winter wind-cloud white,
In summer rain-cloud gray.

We hold the coast with slippery grip;
We dare from cape to cape:
Our leaden fingers feel the dip
And trace the channel's shape.
We sail or bide as serves the tide;
Inshore we cheat its flow,
And side by side at anchor ride
When stormy head-winds blow.
We are the offspring of the shoal,
The hucksters of the sea;
From customs theft and pilot toll
Thank God that we are free.

Legging on and off the beach,
Drifting up the strait,
Fluking down the river reach,
Towing through the gate —
That 's the way the Coaster goes,
Flirting with the gale:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From York to Beavertail.

Here and there to get a load,
Freighting anything;
Running off with spanker stowed,
Loafing wing-a-wing —
That 's the way the Coaster goes,
Chumming with the land:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Ray to Rio Grande.

We split the swell where rings the bell
On many a shallow's edge,
We take our flight past many a light
That guards the deadly ledge;
We greet Montauk across the foam,
We work the Vineyard Sound,
The Diamond sees us running home,
The Georges outward bound;
Absecom hears our canvas beat
When tacked off Brigantine;
We raise the Gulls with lifted sheet,
Pass wing-and-wing between.

Off Monomoy we fight the gale,
We drift off Sandy Key;
The watch of Fenwick sees our sail
Scud for Henlopen's lee.
With decks awash and canvas torn
We wallow up the Stream;
We drag dismasted, cargo borne,
And fright the ships of steam.
Death grips us with his frosty hands
In calm and hurricane;
We spill our bones on fifty sands
From Mexico to Maine.

Cargo reef in main and fore,
Manned by half a crew,
Romping up the weather shore,
Edging down the Blue —
That 's the way the Coaster goes,
Scouting with the lead:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Cruz to Quoddy Head.

THOMAS FLEMING DAY

OF THE LOST SHIP

WHAT has become of the good ship Kite?
Where is her hull of chosen oak?
Who were the Victors, what the Fight?
The old Wives — whom did they invoke,
That should tell them so uncannily:

"*Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea*"?

"Trafficked with death in a cruise foredone,"
The Preachers drone to the Salem Folk,
When the Sea has swallowed up the Sun
And the white gulls glint — was it they who spoke?
Wes'-Sou'-West from the Devil's Quay:

"*Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea*"?

Of the old-time Band there 's not a man
Who has ever told how the ship went down.
Were they marked by God with the fearsome ban?
Butchered they priests in a sun-white town?
Do they harry Hell where they may be:

"*Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea*"?

Though ye searched the West to the guttering sun,
Or the East till the baffled lights burn black,
Or North to the bergs till the South be won,
The changeling shadows answer back,
And their trembling lips pale piteously:

"*Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea*"?

And when the great grim Finger becks
The whining Seas from their ancient bed,
Shall some tongue speak from the world-old wrecks
To read the log of the Thwarted Dead?
Is there never an end on the mystery:

"*Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea*"?

EUGENE RICHARD WHITE

CAMILLA

Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in rapture the pulsating strings,
And her far-away eyes are intent on the scene and the story she sings —
Singing her song of Felipe, her hero intrepid and true;
Singing his praise, and recounting what deeds for her love he would do.

See the wild race after cattle, the broncho's wide nostrils blood red;
Hear the hello of the herder, Felipe, who dashes ahead!
Hist, how the lariat sings as it flies o'er the horns of a steer!
See the wild plunge, and the horse standing firm — hear the bellow of fear!

Then on the trail of Apaches, who leads the long marches by night?
Who but Felipe would dare to press on o'er the mesa to fight?
Who but Felipe sits firm in his saddle when rifles ring out in the dark?
Coolly he levels his weapon, the bullet flies true to its mark.

Such is the song sweet Camilla is singing with gaze far-away —
Such is the song, for she knows not how long her Felipe will stay —
Knows not that lone in the waste of the sage-brush her master lies, slain —
Ah, sweet Camilla, thy songs for Felipe, the fearless, are vain!

CHARLES AUGUSTUS KEELER

THE SONG OF THE SONS OF ESAU

YE smooth-faced sons of Jacob, hug close your ingleside;
Guard well the market in its wealth, the palace in its pride!
Oh, blithe it is to wander, and the world is wide!

Hard straining at their cables, the captive vessels ride:
Haul up the prisoning anchor, swing out upon the tide!
Oh, grandly fills the canvas, and the sea is wide!

Mysterious spreads the forest, where strange, shy creatures bide:
Within its dim remoteness, who knows what wonders hide?
Oh, softly step the wild things, and the jungle's wide!

Across the stretching desert the tireless camels stride,
The scorching sun above them, the scorching sands beside.
Oh, steady swing the camels, and the plain is wide!

Through leagues on leagues of ice-fields, the time-old glaciers slide
Across the drifted valley, from drifted mountain-side.
Oh, keenly stings the Northwind, and the snow is wide!

It is our weird to wander, whatever fate betide;
We seek the vast far places, nor trail nor chart to guide.
The restlessness is on us, and the world is wide!

O canny sons of Jacob, to fret and toiling tied,
We grudge you not the birthright for which your father lied!

We own the right of roaming, and the world is wide!

For you the pomp and power, prosperity and pride:
For us the happy wilderness, and not a care to chide.
To give us room to wander was the world made wide!

BERTHA BROOKS RUNKLE

II

THE UNBORN

THOU art my very own,
A part of me,
Bone of my bone
And flesh of my flesh.
And thou shalt be
Heart of my heart
And brain of brain —
In years that are to come to me and thee.

Before thou wast a being, made
Of spirit, as of flesh,
Thou didst sleep beneath the beats
Of my tumultuous heart, and drink,
With little aimless lips
And blind, unseeing eyes,
From every bursting vein
Replete with life's abundant flood.
Ay! even of my very breath,
And from my blood
Thou didst imbibe the fresh
And glorious air, that holds the sweets
Of nature's sure and slow eclipse;
That ceaseless round of life and death
Which are the close entwinëd braid
Of all the seasons' subtle mesh
And endless chain.

In a soft and silken chamber set apart —
Here, just beneath my happy heart, —
Thou didst lie at dreamy ease
While all my being paid
Its tribute unto thee.
What happy hours for thee and me!
As when a bird
Broods on its downy nest —
So would I sit
And watch the flit
Of idle shadows to and fro,
And brood upon my treasure hid
Within my willing flesh.
And when there stirred
A little limb — a tiny hand! —
What rapturous thrills of ecstasy
Shook all my being to its inmost citadel!
Ah! none but she who has borne
A child beneath her breast may know
What wondrous thrill and subtle spell
Comes from this wondrous woven band
That binds a mother to her unborn child
Within her womb.
As in the earth —
That fragrant tomb
Of all that lives, or man or beast —
Soft blossoms bud and bloom and swell,
So didst thou from my body gain
Sweet sustenance and royal feast.

Then through the gates of priceless pain
Thou camest to me — fair, so fair,
And so complete
From rose-tipped feet
To silken hair!
And there beneath each pearly lid,
There glowed a jewel — passing rare!
It moves and breathes! It slakes its thirst
At my all-abundant breast!
Oh, moment born of life — of love!
Oh, rapture of all earth's high, high above!
Three lives in one —
By loving won!
My own — and thine —
Oh, bond divine!
Our little child! Our little child!

JULIA NEELY FINCH

III

DEEP WATERS

DEATH could not come between us two:
What fear of death could be,
If thou, its shadow passing through,
But turned and looked at me?
Nor yet could pain the vision dim
With misty blur of tears;

The cup now clouded to the brim,
For him who drinketh, clears.

Deep waters could not quench the light,
The tender light that lies,
Like splendor of the Northern night,
In thy unquestioning eyes.
Though wide the wild, unfurrowed sea,
Though high the skylark sings,
My love should build a bridge to thee,
My heart should find its wings.

I could not miss thee in the throng,
Nor pass thy dwelling-place,
No noise of war could drown thy song,
Nor darkness veil thy face.
With thee to mount from earth to sky,
With thee in dust to sleep,
What height for love could be too high,
Or depth for love too deep?

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MORITURA

I AM the mown grass, dying at your feet,
The pale grass, gasping faintly in the sun.
I shall be dead, long, long ere day is done,
That you may say: "The air, to-day, was sweet."
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now,
When some one shakes the bough.
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh, "A snow in June!"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp that flickers on, —
Trying to give my old, unclouded light
Among the rest that make your garden bright.
Let me still burn till all my oil is gone.
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note.
Death's fingers clutch my throat.
New grass will grow, new flowers bloom and fall;
New lamps blaze out against your garden wall:
I am your singer, singing my last note.

MARGARET GILMAN (GEORGE) DAVIDSON

THE LONG NIGHT

WHO will watch thee, little mound,
When a few more years are done,
And I go with them to rest
In the silence that is best?
Grave of my belovëd one,
When that I mine own have found,
Who will watch thee, little mound?

Who will love thee, little grave?
Thou must be as others are.
Hearts low in the dust lie here,
Unloved, alone, unwept, and drear,
Forgotten as a fallen star.
Only from some dark sobbing wave
The clouds shall bring their tears to lave
Thy withered lilies, little grave.

Airs that hover over thee,
Little mound, are strangely sweet;
Strangely sweet the odors shed
By the blossoms round thy bed, —
Blossoms for a maiden meet;
But, alas! how will it be
When I lie at rest by thee?

After years that are a day
In the swiftness of their flight,
None among us will there be
Who will live remembering thee
And thy beauty. Into night
We who mourn must take our way
When the twilight cometh gray,
After years that are a day.

Silent cities of the dead
Grow as old as hearts of men;
Flowers sanctified, that bloom
In the sunshine on a tomb,
Have their little day, and then,
All their grace and glory fled,
They are dead amid the dead.

Ah, God! how miserably lost
The loveliest must be; for naught
After a little space there lives
(Save the poor words the grave-stone gives
To heedless eyes and careless thought)
Of pure and blest or passion-tost:
A few brief hours of bloom and frost,
And where are those who loved the lost?

Even our sorrows, seeming long,
Must pass, as grains of sand must fall
Beneath the infinite calm sea
Of ages and eternity.
We are faint shadows on a wall;
We look our last on love and wrong,
Then fade as doth a silenced song.

HARRY BACHE SMITH[1]

WHITE ROSES[2]

THERE was a rose-tree grew so high
And white with all its seven roses,
It seemed a cloud 'twixt earth and sky.

There was one rose among the seven
That grew alone on topmost bough,
Like a white star caught down from heaven.

I plucked it that it should not be
Deflowered by rainy, wild west winds
In all its white virginity.

There was a little maiden dead
In a dark room in a lone place —
Two candles at her feet and head.

Her two hands crossed upon her breast,
Like frail rose petals, but more still —
Glad to be folded thus at rest.

Her pale lips smiling all the while,
In such a solemn, perfect peace,
Alas, as our lips never smile.

I gave my white rose to the dead —
It seemed less white than her young brow:
The others wept — "Alas!" they said.

I gave my white rose to the child,
Both plucked in their young purity,
And while the others wept I smiled.

CORA FABBRI

IV

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY

"How I should like a birthday!" said the child,
"I have so few, and they so far apart."
She spoke to Stevenson — the Master smiled —
"Mine is to-day; I would with all my heart
That it were yours; too many years have I!
Too swift they come, and all too swiftly fly."

So by a formal deed he there conveyed
All right and title in his natal day,
To have and hold, to sell or give away, —
Then signed, and gave it to the little maid.

Joyful, yet fearing to believe too much,
She took the deed, but scarcely dared unfold.
Ah, liberal Genius! at whose potent touch
All common things shine with transmuted gold!
A day of Stevenson's will prove to be
Not part of Time, but Immortality.

KATHERINE MILLER

SONNETS

ON THE DEATH OF A METAPHYSICIAN

UNHAPPY dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth, — blasphemer of delight,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numbëd spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

ON A PIECE OF TAPESTRY

HOLD high the woof, dear friends, that we may see
The cunning mixture of its colors rare.

[1] See also, p. 679.

[2] Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Nothing in nature purposely is fair, —
Her mingled beauties never quite agree;
But here all vivid dyes that garish be,
To that tint mellowed which the sense will bear,
Glow, and not wound the eye that, resting there,
Lingers to feed its gentle ecstasy.
Crimson and purple and all hues of wine,
Saffron and russet, brown and sober green
Are rich the shadowy depths of blue between;
While silver threads with golden intertwine,
To catch the glimmer of a fickle sheen, —
All the long labor of some captive queen.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE ARTIST

He wrought with patience long and weary years
Upon his masterpiece, entitled "Fate,"
And dreamed sweet dreams, the while his crust he ate,
And gave his work his soul, his strength, and tears.
His task complete at last, he had no fears
The world would not pronounce his genius great,
But poor, unknown — pray, what could *he* create?
The mad world laughed, and gave not praise, but jeers.
Impelled to ask wherein his work was wrong,
He sought, despairing, one whose art was dead,
But on whose brow were wreathed the bays of Fame:
The master gazed upon the picture long;
"It lacks one thing to make it great," he said,
And signed the canvas with his own great name!

ARTHUR GRISSOM

THE MOUNTAIN TO THE PINE

Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood,
That standeth where no wild vines dare to creep,
Men call thee old, and say that thou hast stood
A century upon my rugged steep;
Yet unto me thy life is but a day,
When I recall the things that I have seen, —
The forest monarchs that have passed away
Upon the spot where first I saw thy green;
For I am older than the age of man,
Or all the living things that crawl or creep,
Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep;
I was the first dim outline of God's plan:
Only the waters of the restless sea
And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me.

CLARENCE HAWKES

EXPERIENCE

I

Like Crusoe with the bootless gold we stand
Upon the desert verge of death, and say:
"What shall avail the woes of yesterday
To buy to-morrow's wisdom, in the land
Whose currency is strange unto our hand?
In life's small market they had served to pay
Some late-found rapture, could we but delay
Till Time hath matched our means to our demand."
But otherwise Fate wills it, for, behold,
Our gathered strength of individual pain,
When Time's long alchemy hath made it gold,
Dies with us — hoarded all these years in vain,
Since those that might be heir to it the mould
Renew, and coin themselves new griefs again.

II

O Death, we come full-handed to thy gate,
Rich with strange burden of the mingled years,
Gains and renunciations, mirth and tears,
And love's oblivion, and remembering hate,
Nor know we what compulsion laid such freight
Upon our souls — and shall our hopes and fears
Buy nothing of thee, Death? Behold our wares,

And sell us the one joy for which we wait.
Had we lived longer, life had such for sale,
With the last coin of sorrow purchased cheap,
But now we stand before thy shadowy pale,
And all our longings lie within thy keep —
Death, can it be the years shall naught avail?

"Not so," Death answered, "they shall purchase sleep." EDITH WHARTON

V

INTAGLIOS

TENNESSEE

In Tennessee, the dogwood tree
Blossoms to-night: towards the sea
The Cumberland makes melody,
In Tennessee.

And Morgan mounts his steed once more;
In phantom file his troopers pour
Along; the stars hear once again
The song of Morgan and his men.

In Tennessee, the slave is free
To-night; but waking he can see
The raiders — hears them — tremblingly,
In Tennessee.

ON THE PLAINS

Circling on high, in cloudless sky,
The shadowed hawk with passioned eye
In widening orbits floats, a spy,
Circling on high.

He marks the gopher's clean-picked bones,
Whitening upon the hot dry stones
Of the dust-choked gulch, and strikes straightway,
In fancy strikes, the hastening prey.

But all is still — noon hath her will;
Not e'en a snake crawls on the hill;
Only the hawk moves, fain to kill,
Circling on high.

FRANCIS BROOKS

QUATRAINS

A DIAMOND

Look how it sparkles, see it greet
With laughing light the ambient air;
One little drop of sunshine sweet
Held in eternal bondage there.

SPRING

A whisper on the heath I hear,
And blossoms deck the waking wood;
Ah! surely now the virgin year
Is in her blushing maidenhood.

MARCH

Whither doth now this fellow flee
With outstretched arms at such mad pace?
Can the young rascal thinking be
To catch a glimpse of April's face?

APRIL

Maiden, thy cheeks with tears are wet,
And ruefully thine eyebrows arch;
Is 't as they say, thou thinkest yet
Of that inconstant madcap March?

A SUNSET

The Sun, departing, kissed the summer Sky,
Then bent an instant o'er her beating breast;
She lifts to him a timid, tear-stained eye,
And, lo! her blushes crimson all the west.

ROBERT LOVEMAN

VI

THE RECRUIT

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"A saint it ud sadden
To dhrill such a mug!
Eyes front! — ye baboon, ye! —
Chin up! — ye gossoon, ye!
Ye 've jaws like a goat —
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
Ye've eyes like a bat! — can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Yer figger wants padd'n' —
Sure, man, ye 've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders;
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
I'm dhry as a dog — I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye 're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye, —
'T is halt! that I say, —
Will ye heed what I told ye?
Wan — two!
Wan — two!
Be jabers, I 'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan — two! —
Time! Mark!
What 's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"I 'll not stay a gadd'n
Wid dagoes like you!
I 'll travel no farther,
I 'm dyin' for — wather; —
Come on, if ye like, —
Can ye loan me a quather?
Ya-as, you,
What, — two?
And ye 'll pay the potheen? Ye 're a daisy! Whurroo!
You 'll do!
Whist! Mark!
The Rigiment 's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS

THE LITTLE NIPPER AN' 'IS MA

"YER know me little nipper,"
Said 'Enery 'Awkins, M. P.
"Well, 'e 's a little champion,
An' tikes on arfter me.
Larst Sunday me an' the missus
Went out fer a little walk —
I should say the nipper took us,
Yer should o' 'eard 'im tork!

"We went along through Tyburn,
An' then by 'Endon way,
W'ere I ust ter do me courtin'
In those sweet nights o' May.
We 'd been walkin' out an 'our,
W'en Sal she sez ter me,
'''Ere, 'Arry, is yer gime, dear,
Fer shrimps an' a cup o' tea.'

"'Garn,' sez I ter Sally,
'I 'm in fer 'arf an 'arf.'
Lor lumme, yer should jist o' 'eard
My little Sally larf!
'O' course,' she sez, 'I likes me nip
O' gin an' glarss o' beer,
But did not like ter say it out
Before the nipper 'ere.'

"The nipper 'e war n't lookin'
As we neared the Brokers' Arms;
An' in we 'ops ter get a wet,
Not dreamin' any 'arm.
But the nipper 'e were cagy,
An' followed in the rear,
An' 'ears me give me order:
''Ere, miss, two pots o' beer.'

"An' w'en I gives me order,
I turns ter speak ter Sal,
Ter arsk if she remembered
The day she was me gal.
I felt some one a-tuggin'
An' pullin' at me back;
I looks around surprised-like,
An' sees that rascal Jack.

"Sez I, 'See 'ere, me nipper,
I wont 'ave yer 'angin' 'ere.'
Sez 'e, 'D' yer think I 'm goin'?
Not me. No bally fear.
Now, then, wot 'ave yer ordered?
Sez I, 'Two 'arf an' 'arf.'
Sez 'e, 'Ain't mother in it?'
An' yer should o' 'eard 'im larf."

GEORGE FAUVEL GOURAUD

VII

SOME RECENT COLLEGE VERSE

I

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

FIFTY leagues, fifty leagues — and I ride, and I ride —
Fifty leagues as the black crow flies.
None of the three are by my side . . .
The bay horse reels, and the bay horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were four, we were four — and I ride, and I ride —
We were four, but Porthos lies
God knows where by the highway side . . .
The roan horse reels, and the roan horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were three, we were three — and I ride, and I ride —
We were three, but Aramis lies
Bludgeoned and bound and thrown aside . . .
The dun horse reels, and the dun horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were two, we were two — and I ride, and I ride —
We were two, but Athos lies
With a lead-crushed rib and a steel-torn side . . .
The black horse reels, and the black horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

All alone, all alone — and I ride, and I ride —
All alone, and an ambush lies
God knows where by the highway side . . .
The gray horse reels, and the gray horse dies —
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice,
Yes — I ride and I ride and I ride and I ride
And I ride and I ride
To Callice.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

II

TO A MOTH

CRUSHED WITHIN THE LEAVES OF AN ILIAD

POOR Creature! nay, I 'll not say poor,
Why, surely, thou art wondrous blest;
Right royal is this sepulchre
Fate gave thee for thy last long rest.

See here — 't is but two lines above
The spot that marks thy early tomb —
Here Paris breathes his burning love
To her who compassed Ilia's doom.

And here, upon a neighboring page,
The great Achilles moans his friend,
All careless, in his kingly rage,
Of bane or curse the gods may send.

Above, below thee, everywhere,
Fierce Trojan strives with wily Greek;
And mighty lords, with tawny hair,
Deep words of war and wisdom speak.

The high gods gaze upon thee here,
Great warriors guard thy resting-place —
Perchance thou see'st a burning tear
Steal down Briseis' home-turned face.

Ay ! rest content, for thou hast won
A tomb that kings might wish in vain;
About thee shines the all-seeing sun,
And roars the many-sounding main.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS

METHINKS THE MEASURE

METHINKS the measure of a man is not
To save a state in midst of fierce alarms,
Do noble deeds and mighty feats of arms,
And feel the breath of battle waxing hot.
There have been Cæsars whose more humble lot
Forbade that they should bear the victor's palms;
Cromwells who never left their peaceful farms;
Napoleons without ambition's blot.
Not in the deed that 's done before the eyes
Of wonder-stricken lands upturned to view,
But in the will, though no occasion rise,
And sleeping still, that dares such deeds to do,
Is drawn the line which parts him from the clods
And gives a man a kinship with the gods.

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON

HELIOS

OH, I am weary of a heart that brings
Star-worship even to the shining sun:
Rather a savage whose whole heart hath won
Radiance and joy from sunlight than whose wings
Flutter and fade before the twilight rings:
Why should we falter when the night is done, —
Dream-weavers, trembling in dim mists that stun
All things divorced from thought, and thought from things ?
I am thy child, O Sun, as Julian was:
I crouch not in the shadows of my soul,
And grapple with dark terrors; nor, rewon,
Drink I of darkness when the shadows pass:
Even at death, when nearest is the goal,
I shall cry out to heaven, "The sun ! the sun ! "

JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN

DARKNESS

OFT have I stood upon the foaming strand
Watching the moonlight tremble on the sea;
Oft have I seen the stars fade silently
When gleaming dawn drove night across the land;
Oft have I watched the storm lift o'er the sand
The ocean in his might and majesty;
Now are these joys a mockery to me
Since on mine eyes, God, Thou hast laid Thine Hand.
Have I too much exulted in the light,
Forgetting Thee from whom these glories rise,
That Thou hast struck me with this darkling blight,
Robbed me of day and of the sunny skies,
Transforming them into continuous night, —
Is it for this that Thou hast shut mine eyes ?

JAMES NAUMBERG ROSENBERG

WHITHER

AGNES, thou child of harmony, now fled
From scenes once bright-illumined with thy smile,
So innocent and kind, free from the guile
Of Orient charm, mysterious and dread, —
Where shall I seek thee, maid ? Thou art not dead.
No, Nature's heart would break, count all else vile,
Bereft of thee e'en for a little while.

Where art thou, then? Hast to the violet sped
That with its gentle blue bespeaks thine eye?
To rippling stream, the echo of thy voice?
To wooing wind that, kissing, says 'Rejoice!'
Or to the rosebush with its fainting sigh,
'Ah! too lovely for a season long!' —
Or, art thou on fair angel lips a song?

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

ATTAINMENT

THROUGH my open window comes the sweet perfuming
Of roses reddening under skies of June;
No sight more fair than roses in red bloom,
No air more sweet than doth the rose perfume;
And yet was never there a rose but died in blooming.

ALGERNON TASSIN

GOD'S WILL

I KNOW, I know where violets blow
Upon a sweet hillside,
And very bashfully they grow
And in the grasses hide —
It is the fairest field, I trow,
In the whole world wide.

One spring I saw two lassies go,
Brown cheek and laughing eye;
They swung their aprons to and fro,
They filled them very high
With violets — then whispered low
So strange, I wondered why.

I know where violet tendrils creep
And crumbled tombstones lie,
The green churchyard is silence-deep;
The village folk go by,
And lassies laugh and women weep,
And God knows why.

ROBERT LOUIS MUNGER

III

CAMEOS

1

A VALENTINE

THE wise forget, dear heart;
They leave the past
And play the hero's part,
Brave to the last.

They weep not nor regret,
Calm are their eyes.
Dear heart, the wise forget. —
I am not wise!

2

FORGIVEN?

I SAW Love stand,
Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt — I caught his hand —
"O Love," I cried, "I did not understand!
Forgive — forget!"

Love raised his head
And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
"I have forgot — what was it all?" he said;
"Only — my hands are scarred where they have bled;
My wings are torn."

JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY

THE SONG

A SONG lay silent in my pen
Where yesterday I found it,
Right cozy in its gloomy den,
With a melody wrapped round it.
Through all the years 't was waiting so,
To hear the summons of that minute;
I thought I loved the pen; but no!
It was the song within it!

To-day my lady sang to me
My song in sweetest fashion:
Unwrapped it from the melody
In the radiance of its passion.
As one might see a blossom grow,
Yet never see the sun above it,
I thought I loved the song; but no!
It was her singing of it!

JOHN ERSKINE

IV

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA

(NEW DORIC)

A NYMPH there was in Arcadie
Who owned a crystal spring;

And there she 'd wash, sans mackintosh,
B'gosh, or anything.

A youth there was in Arcadie
Who hunted o'er the brooks;
He would not tote an overcoat,
But travelled on his looks.

Though ancient Greece had no police,
The gods did as they 'd oughter;
To put them quite from mortal sight
They turned them into water!

EUGENE HOWELL DALY

ON A MAGAZINE SONNET

"SCORN not the sonnet," though its strength be sapped,
Nor say malignant its inventor blundered;
The corpse that here in fourteen lines is wrapped
Had otherwise been covered with a hundred.

RUSSELL HILLARD LOINES

A CREW POEM

So happy were Columbia's eight,
As near the goal they drew,
Each struggling hero all elate,
The cock-swain almost crew.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS BLOUNT, JR.

IN A CHINA SHOP

A DRESDEN shepherdess was one day
Milking a small Delft cow,
When a Sevres Marquis came along —
I saw him smile and bow:
"O lovely shepherdess, hear my song,"
I think I heard him say,
"For thou hast captured my porcelain heart,
And by my sword I swear thou art
A star in the Milky Way."

GEORGE SIDNEY HELLMAN[1]

CLASSICAL CRITICISM

21 B. C.

OLD Horace on a summer afternoon,
Well primed with sweet Falernian, let us say,
Lulled by the far-off brooklet's drowsy croon
To a half-doze in a haphazard way,
Scratched off a half a dozen careless rhymes,
As was his habit. When next day he came
Awake to work, he read them several times,
In vain attempt to catch their sense and aim.
"What was I thinking of? Blest if I know,
Jupiter! What's the difference? Let them go!"

1886 A. D.

"LINES twelve to twenty are in great dispute,"
(Most learnedly the lecturer doth speak,)
"I think I shall be able to refute
Orelli's claim they 're taken from the Greek.
I think, with Bentley, Horace's purpose here
Is irony, and yet I do not know
But Dillenberger's reading is more clear,
For which he gives eight arguments, although
Wilkins gives twelve objections to the same" —
So on (*ad infinitum*). Such is fame!

GEORGE LYNDE RICHARDSON

FOR SALE, A HORSE

IN good condition,
Cheap, on account of competition,
Well-broken, easy on his bridle,
With curb or snaffle never idle.
A very little child can ride him,
And carry three or four beside him.
Why plod when you can ride so cheaply?
There is no need to ponder deeply.
I 'll warrant he 'll not bite nor kick you;
I 've not the slightest wish to stick you!
However short you are, you 're suited,
For low-stand men can mount when booted.
Come, buy my steed with manner gracious.
He 'll aid your reading of Horatius.

CHARLES EDWARD TAYLOR

[1] See, also, p. 755.

PERSICOS ODI

Boy, I detest these modern innovations,
The *Voice* crusade may alter some men's habit,
But, as for me, I 'll stick to my old rations,
Ale and a rarebit.

In vino vis. The pious dames of Ipswich,
Knowing its worth and fearing lest men waste it,
Condemn its use in christening battle-ships which
Can't even taste it.

Old Cato Major (and, no doubt, his wife, too)
Found in Falernian, mixed with milder Massic,
Courage which led him, at his time of life, to
Read the Greek classic.

Yes, Cato drank, nor should we lightly damn a
Man who, at eighty and without coercion,
Mastered Liddell and Scott, and Hadley's grammar,
My pet aversion.

Elihu's ways, they say, are growing sinful;
Crimes that are nameless are committed daily.
Oscar! my toby, and I 'll sin a skinful,
So to bed gayly.

CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, JR.

VIII

MISS NANCY'S GOWN

In days when George the Third was King
And ruled the Old Dominion,
And Law and Fashion owned the sway
Of Parliament's opinion,
A good ship brought across the sea
A treasure fair and fine, —
Miss Nancy's gown from London town,
The latest Court design!

The plaited waist from neck to belt
Scarce measured half a span;
The sleeves, balloon-like, at the top
Could hold her feather fan;
The narrow skirt with bias gore
Revealed an ankle neat,
Whene'er she put her dainty foot
From carriage step to street!

By skilful hands this wondrous gown
Of costliest stuff was made,
Cocoons of France on Antwerp looms
Wrought to embossed brocade,
Where roses red and violets
In blooming beauty grew,
As if young May were there alway,
And June and April too!

And from this bower of delight
Miss Nancy reigned a Queen,
Nor one disloyal heart rebelled
In all her wide demesne:
The noble House of Burgesses
Forgot its fierce debate
O'er rights of Crown, when Nancy's gown
Appeared in Halls of State!

Through jocund reel, or measured tread
Of stately minuet,
Like fairy vision shone the bloom
Of rose and violet,
As, hand in hand with Washington,
The hero of the day,
The smiling face and nymph-like grace
Of Nancy led the way!

A century, since that gay time
The merry dance was trod,
Has passed, and Nancy long has slept
Beneath the churchyard sod;
Yet on the brocade velvet gown
The rose and violet
Are blooming bright as on the night
She danced the minuet!

ZITELLA COCKE

THE JOURNEY

Reluctantly I laid aside my smiles,
Those little, pleasing knickknacks of the face,
And dropped the words accustomed to my tongue,
And took just half a breath in breathing's space;

And then I drew the curtains of my eyes
And ceased to move, and rallied all my thought,
Selecting all the verity that lies
Through daily life, with false pretences fraught;
I sorted and arranged and packed my hope
And my despair together, in my heart;
I tied the strings and sealed the envelope
In which ambition, stifled, used to smart;
Took out my conscience — long since laid away —
And shook it, folded it, with thoughts like tears;
Revised my errors, sorted out the years
When doubt and egotism held their sway;
All this I did the night I heard them say
Beside the pillow, "She will die at dawn" —
And then they wept and called me by my name:
I would have liked to soothe them, but in vain —
I had so very little time to stay,
And so much packing to be done before
I put my fires out and closed my door
To catch the stage-coach which would pass that way
At dawn, and bear me down eternity.
I hurried — and grew weary and turned weak —
The time drew near, — oh, how I longed to speak
And tell them I was sorry to have been
So great a trouble; then a distant din,
A muffled rumble, and the coach drew near;
One weary moment, it will soon be here!
I sighed, and sank and dreamed myself away,
And then "Thank God, thank God!" I heard them say,
While with a pang, half wonderment, half pain,
I woke — and found the coach had missed the train!

MARY BERRI (CHAPMAN) HANSBROUGH

IX

LITTLE THEOCRITUS

Ye white Sicilian goats, who wander all
About the slopes of this wild mountain pass,
Take heed your horny footsteps do not fall
Upon the baby dreamer in the grass.

Let him lie there, half waking, and rejoice
In the safe shelter of his resting-place,
In hearing of his shepherd father's voice,
In reach of fruity clusters o'er his face.

Look up, sweet baby eyes, look up on high,
To where Olympus merges in the blue.
There dwell the deathless gods in majesty,
The gods who hold a mighty gift for you.

Those little, clinging hands shall write one day,
Rare, golden words, to lift the hearts of men;
Those curling, downy locks shall wear the bay,
A crown that they shall never lose again.

Little Theocritus! Look up and smile,
Immortal child, for there are coming years,
When the great, busy world shall pause awhile
To listen to your singing through its tears.

CAROLINE WILDER (FELLOWES) PARADISE

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM[1]

Now is the cherry in blossom, Love,
Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom tomorrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid,
And you and I in the world together.

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS

[1] Copyright, 1890, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

HEY NONNY NO

THERE is a race from eld descent,
Of heaven by earth in joyous mood,
Before the world grew wise and bent
In sad, decadent attitude.
To these each waking is a birth
That makes them heir to all the earth,
Singing, for pure abandoned mirth,
Non nonny non, hey nonny no.

Perchance ye meet them in the mart,
In fashion's toil or folly's throe,
And yet their souls are far apart
Where primrose winds from uplands blow.
At heart on oaten pipes they play
Thro' meadows green and gold with May,
Affined to bird and brook and brae.
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

Their gage they win in fame's despite,
While lyric alms to life they fling, —
Children of laughter, sons of light,
With equal heart to starve or sing.
Counting no human creature vile,
They find the good old world worth while;
Care cannot rob them of a smile.
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

For creed, the up-reach of a spire,
An arching elm-tree's leafy spread,
A song that lifts the spirit higher
To star or sunshine overhead.
Misfortune they but deem God's jest
To prove His children at their best,
Who, dauntless, rise to His attest.
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

Successful ones will brush these by,
Calling them failure as they pass.
What reck they this who claim the sky
For roof, for bed the cosmic grass!
When, failures all, we come to lie,
The grass betwixt us and the sky,
The gift of gladness will not die!
Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

MARGUERITE MERINGTON

GOLD-OF-OPHIR ROSES

CALIFORNIA

1

O FLOWER of passion, rocked by balmy gales,
Flushed with life's ecstasy,
Before whose golden glow the poppy pales
And yields her sovereignty!

Child of the ardent south, thy burning heart
Has felt the sun's hot kiss.
Thy creamy petals falling half apart
Quiver with recent bliss.

For joy at thy unequalled loveliness,
He woos with fierce delight;
And thy glad soul, half faint with his caress,
Yet glories in his might.

Thy sighs go out in perfume on the air,
Rich incense of thy love,
And mystic lights, an opalescence rare,
Play round thee from above.

2

So thou dost riot through the glad spring days,
Sun-wooed and revelling in eager life,
Till all the shadowed fragrance of the ways
With thy rich bloom and glowing tints is rife.

A joyous smile that hides a secret tear,
A note of music with a minor strain,
A heart of gold where crimson wounds appear,
Thou breathest all love's sweetness and its pain.

Yet suddenly, even at thy loveliest,
Thou palest with thine own intensity.
Ah, Passion's child, thou art most truly blest,
To bloom one perfect day, and then to die.

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

I KNOW NOT WHY

I LIFT mine eyes against the sky,
The clouds are weeping, so am I;
I lift mine eyes again on high,
The sun is smiling, so am I.
Why do I smile? Why do I weep?
I do not know; it lies too deep.

I hear the winds of autumn sigh,
They break my heart, they make me cry;
I hear the birds of lovely spring,
My hopes revive, I help them sing.
Why do I sing? Why do I cry?
It lies so deep, I know not why.

MORRIS ROSENFELD

GENTIAN

So all day long I followed through the fields
The voice of Autumn, calling from afar;
And now I thought: "Yon hazel thicket yields
A glimpse of her," and now: "These asters are
Sure sign that she of late has passed this way;
Lo! here the traces of her yellow car."

And once I looked and seemed to see her stand
Beneath a golden maple's black-drawn boughs;
But when I reached the place, naught but a band
Of crickets did perform their tuneful vows
To the soon fading grass, and through the leaves
The quiet sunlight, falling, blessed my brows.

Till, as the long rays lengthened from the west,
I came upon an altar of gray stone,
O'er which a creeper flung with pious zest
Her flickering flames. About that altar lone,
The crowding sumac burned with steady fire;
Before it, stately, stood a priestess; one

Who turned to me her melancholy eyes.
I saw her beauty, ripe with color's breath,
Yet veiled, as when on wood and hill there lies
A mist, a shadow, as of coming death.
And while I gazed she faded; swift I clutched
Her fringed cloak, which rent, my grasp beneath.

And she was gone. As fluttered to the ground
Its many fragments, I, with sudden fears,
Stooped, vainly seeking them, when all around
The blue fringed gentian smiled up through my tears,
As one who knows his welcome will be warm,
Although sad news to his beloved he bears.

ELIZABETH GREEN CRANE

DRYAD SONG

I AM immortal! I know it! I feel it!
Hope floods my heart with delight!
Running on air, mad with life, dizzy, reeling,
Upward I mount, — faith is sight, life is feeling,
Hope is the day-star of might!

It was thy kiss, Love, that made me immortal, —
"'Kiss,' Love? Our lips have not met!"
Ah, but I felt thy soul through night's portal
Swoon on my lips at night's sweet, silent portal,
Wild and as sweet as regret.

Come, let us mount on the wings of the morning,
Flying for joy of the flight,
Wild with all longing, now soaring, now staying,
Mingling like day and dawn, swinging and swaying,
Hung like a cloud in the light:
I am immortal! I feel it! I feel it!
Love bears me up, love is might!

Chance cannot touch me! Time cannot hush me!
Fear, Hope, and Longing, at strife,
Sink as I rise, on, on, upward forever,

Gathering strength, gaining breath, — naught can sever
Me from the Spirit of Life!

MARGARET FULLER

SING AGAIN

You sang me a song:
'T was the close of the year —
Sing again!
I cannot remember the name
Or the words:
'T is the same
We listen to hear
When the windows are open in spring,
And the air 's full of birds;
One calls from the branch some sweet thing,
And one sings on the wing
The refrain.

You sang me a song
My heart thrilled to hear.
The refrain
Has run like a fillet of gold
Through the woof
Of the cold
Dark days of a year.
To-night there 's a year at its start,
All the birds are aloof,
Your eyes hold the sun for my part,
And the Spring 's in your heart —
Sing again!

MARIE VAN VORST

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS[1]

UNTRAMMELLED Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud —
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will, —

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
The other downward slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowëd end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

JOSEPH B. GILDER

[1] Copyright, 1900, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

These Notes are restricted, usually, to succinct biographical data concerning the poets quoted in this volume, with mention of their leading works. In some cases, chiefly those of the most recent poets, brief comments are added. The reader will find in "Poets of America" — the book, by the present editor, to which "An American Anthology" is adapted — a critical review of those among the following authors who became known earlier than the last decade of the Nineteenth Century.

Where records of birth, death, etc., differ from those previously accepted, the editor now has good authority for the statements made. He also has endeavored to present correctly the names and dates of publications, as far as given.

ABBEY, Henry, b. Rondout, N. Y., 1842. For some years a journalist in New York City, but after 1864 a merchant in his native town, and now residing at Kingston, N. Y. He has issued "May Dreams," 1862; "Ballads of Good Deeds," 1872; "The City of Success," 1883; complete "Poems," 1886, 2d edition, 1895.

ADAMS, John Quincy, b. Braintree, Mass., 1767; d. Washington, D. C., 1848. Sixth President of the United States. A volume of his quaint, old-fashioned verse, "Poems," appeared in 1848.

ADAMS, Mary (Mathews) (Barnes), b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 18—. She was educated at Packer Institute, and became the wife of Alfred S. Barnes, the publisher. Some years after his death she was married to Charles Kendall Adams, president of the University of Wisconsin. Her volume of poems, "The Choir Visible," was published in 1897.

ADAMS, Oscar Fay, b. Worcester, Mass., 18—. A lecturer to classes upon English literature and history and Gothic architecture. His standard "Dictionary of American Authors" was first published in 1884. It has been revised and much enlarged in recent editions. Among his other works are "Poet-Laureate Idyls," 1886, and "The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and Other Stories," 1899.

ALBEE, John, b. Bellingham, Mass., 1833. Studied divinity at Harvard, but has been devoted to philosophy, nature study, literary and linguistic research. While pursuing these, he has otherwise divided his life between foreign travel and tillage of his ocean farm at New Castle, N. H., and his mountain farm near Chocorua in the same state. A lecturer before the Concord School of Philosophy and elsewhere. Author of "Literary Art," 1881; "Poems," 1883; "New Castle, Historic and Picturesque," 1884; "Prose Idyls," 1892.

ALCOTT, Amos Bronson, philosopher, b. Wolcott, Conn., 1799; d. Boston, Mass., 1888. His early life was spent in teaching young children in his native State, and afterwards in Boston, where he went to reside in 1828. His ideas being denounced as too advanced, he gave up his school and interested himself in the study of philosophy, at Concord, Mass., and in the upbuilding of various reforms. In 1848, after visiting England, he, with some English friends, made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a new community on a farm called "Fruitlands," near Harvard. He then began to instruct by means of more or less formal "conversations," held wherever there might be a demand for them. The friend and colleague of Emerson, and dean of the Concord School of Philosophy, and for many years the hierarch of our transcendental group of poets and illuminati. Contributed to "The Dial," 1839-42, and other periodicals. Published "Conversations with Children on the Gospels," 1836; "Tablets," 1868; "Concord Days," 1872; "Table Talk," 1877; "New Connecticut," 1881; "Sonnets and Canzonets," 1882. The last two volumes were edited by F. B. Sanborn.

ALCOTT, Louisa May, daughter of A. B. Alcott, b. Germantown, Penn., 1832; d. Boston, Mass., 1888. In 1840 her family removed to Concord, Mass., where she grew up under the influence of such men as Thoreau and her father. To assist her kindred, she tried one occupation after another, as her story "Work" and her "Life, Letters, and Journals," edited by Ednah D. Cheney, show, but finally came into wide favor as a writer for the young. Her famous "Little Women," 1867-68, was followed by numerous stories of its class. The poem given in this volume appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," 1863.

ALDRICH, Anne Reeve, b. New York, N. Y., 1866; d. there, 1892. Daughter of the poet James Aldrich. Her first book, "The Rose of Flame," 1889, was adversely criticized for its naïve and unrestrained expression, but its verse showed that she possessed the gifts of a poet. It was followed in 1890 by a novel, "The Feet of Love." She died before her last volume, "Songs about Love, Life, and Death," was published, and many of its short lyrics, in

the revelation of a suffering but maturer and truer womanhood, are very touching.

ALDRICH, James, editor and writer, b. Mattituck, L. I., 1810; d. New York, N. Y., 1856. Founder of the "Literary Gazette," N. Y., 1840, in which paper many of his poems appeared. His daughter, Mrs. Ely, issued a collection of his poems for private circulation, 1884.

ALDRICH, Thomas Bailey, b. Portsmouth, N. H., 11 Nov., 1836. Part of his childhood was spent in Louisiana. At the age of seventeen he went to New York, gained the friendship of N. P. Willis, and soon became a regular contributor to the "Mirror" and "Home Journal." His "Ballad of Babie Bell," printed in the N. Y. "Journal of Commerce," 1855, touched the popular heart. After some years of literary journalism in New York, — where he was intimately associated with Bayard Taylor and the Stoddards, O'Brien, Winter, and the present annalist, and added the zest and wit of his brilliant companionship to the gatherings of the bright young writers cheerily struggling for subsistence and reputation in that unfriendly time, — he removed to Boston, where he edited "Every Saturday," 1865–74, and "The Atlantic Monthly," 1881–90. His first volume of verse was "The Bells," 1854. It was followed by "The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems," 1858; "Pampinea, and Other Poems," 1861; "Cloth of Gold, and Other Poems," 1874; "Flower and Thorn," 1876; "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," 1881; "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics," 1884; "Wyndham Towers," 1889; "The Sisters' Tragedy, and other Poems," 1891. In "Complete Poems," 1882, and his "Household Edition," 1895, he brought together his metrical writings, but in 1898 gave a final revision to all of his poems which he wished to preserve, re-arranging them with great care and taste for publication in two volumes. In prose he has written: "Out of His Head, A Romance," 1862; "The Story of a Bad Boy," 1870; "Marjorie Daw, and Other People," 1873; "Prudence Palfrey," 1874; "The Queen of Sheba," 1877; "The Stillwater Tragedy," 1880; etc. The play of "Mercedes" was staged with much effect, and its union of dramatic and poetic qualities excited regret that American conditions had not favored from the first a natural bent of the author for work in this form. — Cp. "Poets of America," pp. 440, 462.

ALLEN, Elizabeth Ann (Chase) (Akers), "Florence Percy," b. Strong, Me., 1832. Her first husband was the sculptor, Paul Akers, who died in 1861. In 1865 she was married to E. M. Allen of New York, and lives near that city. Among her writings are "Forest Buds," 1855; "The Silver Bridge, and Other Poems," 1866; "Poems," 1866; "The High-Top Sweeting, and Other Poems," 1891; "The Proud Lady of Stavoren," 1898. Her authorship of the ballad "Rock me to Sleep, Mother" is no longer questioned.

ALLSTON, Washington, artist, b. Waccamaw, near Georgetown, S. C., 1779; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1843. Scion of a distinguished South Carolina family, and closely associated with the beginnings of literature and art in America. Graduated at Harvard, 1800. Spent three years in London, a student at the Royal Academy, and studied afterward in Paris and Rome. Returned to America in 1809, and married a sister of the Rev. Dr. Channing. Went again, in 1811, to London, where his wife died; afterward, in 1830, married a sister of Richard H. Dana. From 1818 until his death was a resident of Boston and of Cambridge, Mass. Is best known as a painter, but made also important contributions to the literature of his period. His writings are "The Sylphs of the Seasons, and Other Poems," 1813; "Monaldi, a Tale," 1841; "Lectures on Art, and Poems," published after his death, in 1850.

ANTROBUS, John, artist, b. Walsall, Staffordshire, England, 1831. Since 1849 he has lived in America; and, though for some time an art student in London and Paris, has usually made his home in Detroit, Mich. His own painting, "The Cowboy," suggested his poem of the same name.

ARNOLD, George, journalist, b. New York City, 1834; d. Strawberry Farms, N. J., 1865. Studied painting, but adopted literature as his profession. Was a versatile writer for the magazines. His "McArone Papers" commenced in "Vanity Fair" in 1860 and continued in that and other journals until his death. Two volumes of poems entitled "Drift: a Sea-Shore Idyl, and Other Poems," and "Poems Grave and Gay," were edited by William Winter and first published in 1866.

AURINGER, Obadiah Cyrus, clergyman, b. Glens Falls, N. Y., 1849. Studied under private tuition. Joined the U. S. Marine Corps, 1871, serving until 1875. He was occupied with agricultural pursuits, 1875–89. In 1890 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, and became pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y., at which town he still resides. His volumes of poems are "Scythe and Sword," 1887; "The Heart of the Golden Roan," 1891; "Episode of Jane McCrae," 1893; and, with J. Oliver Smith, "The Christ," 1899.

AUTHOR UNFOUND. What is usually the fifth stanza of the old-time ballad "The Yankee Man-of-War" (still familiar to the officers and tars of the U. S. Navy) was omitted from the text on pp. 8, 9, because it was manifestly faulty and inaccurate in the only nautical ballad-book, at the present editor's command, which then contained it. A probably correct version has been found in Walsh's "Patriotic and Naval Songster," 1898, as follows: —

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her whole topsails three,
Her spanker and her standing jib — the courses being free,

"Now, lay aloft! my heroes bold, not a moment must be passed!"
And royals and top-gallant sails were quickly on each mast.

The editor inserts the stanza here, regretting that it was not earlier available, but thinks that the ballad, as given in this Anthology, goes along quite as well without it.

BAKER, George Augustus, lawyer, b. New York, N. Y., 1849. Graduated at the City College of New York and from the Columbia University Law School. Author of several prose works, and of "Point-Lace and Diamonds," verse, 1875.

BANGS, John Kendrick, b. Yonkers, N.Y., 1862. Graduated at Columbia. He was associate editor of "Life," 1884–88. He edited Harper's "Drawer," 1888–98, and "Literature," 1899; at the close of which year he became editor of "Harper's Weekly." Some of his many books are "Coffee and Repartee," 1886; "A House Boat on the Styx," 1896; "Cobwebs from a Library Corner," verse, 1899.

BARKER, Edward D. His song, "Go Sleep, Ma Honey," first appeared in the Chicago "Record," and was afterwards successfully set to music by Eugene Cowles.

BASHFORD, Herbert, librarian, b. Sioux City, Iowa, 1871. In 189– he became state librarian of Washington. Author of "Nature Stories of the Northwest," 189–, and "Songs from Puget Sea," 1898.

BATES, Arlo, educator and novelist, b. East Machias, Me., 1850. Graduated from Bowdoin, and in 1880 became editor of the Boston "Sunday Courier." Was afterwards appointed professor of English literature in the Mass. Inst. of Technology. Among his poetical works are "Berries of the Brier," 1886; "Sonnets in Shadow," 1887; "A Poet and His Self," 1891; "Told in the Gate," 1892; "The Torch-Bearers," 1894. His novels include: "The Pagans," 1884; "A Wheel of Fire," 1885; "A Lad's Love," 1887; "The Philistines," 1888; "The Puritans," 1898. His Lowell Institute lectures have been published as "Talks on Writing English," 1896, and "Talks on the Study of Literature," 1897.

BATES, Charlotte Fiske (Madame Rogé), b. New York, N. Y., 1838. Her life has been passed mostly in New York and in Cambridge, Mass. In 1891 she was married to M. Adolphe Rogé, who died in 1896. She was Longfellow's assistant in the compilation of "Poems of Places," and editor of "The Cambridge Book of Poetry," 1882. Invented the "Longfellow Birthday Book," the pioneer of others of the kind. Author of "Risk, and Other Poems," 1879. (Her decease has been falsely reported in a biographical encyclopædia.)

BATES, Clara (Doty), b. Ann Arbor, Mich., 1838; d. Chicago, Ill., 1895. Was married, in 1869, to Morgan Bates, a publisher. Mrs. Bates has been chiefly known as a writer of juvenile verse and stories. Some of her publications are "Blind Jakey," 1868; "Child Lore: its Classics, Traditions, and Jingles," 1880; "On the Way to Wonderland," 1884; "From Heart's Content," verse, 1892.

BATES, Herbert, educator, b. Hyde Park, Mass., 1868. Graduated from Harvard University, class of 1890. Since 1897 Mr. Bates has held the position of head teacher of English in the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, N. Y. Author of "Songs of Exile," 1896, and the editor of several classics for school use.

BATES, Katharine Lee, educator, b. Falmouth, Mass., 1859. Graduated at Wellesley College, where she became associate professor, and is now professor of English literature. Besides editing editions of various English classics, she has published, "The College Beautiful, and Other Poems," 1887; "Sunshine, and Other Verses for Children," 1890.

BEERS, Ethelinda (Eliot), "Ethel Lynn Beers," b. Goshen, N. Y., 1827; d. Orange, N. J., 1879. A descendant of John Eliot, the Indian missionary, to the spelling of whose surname "Eliot" she and her family reverted, the spelling "Elliott" having been adopted by her immediate ancestors. The title-poem of her volume "All Quiet Along the Potomac, and Other Poems," 1879, first appeared in "Harper's Weekly," Sept. 30, 1861, under the title "The Picket Guard."

"BEERS, Ethel Lynn." — See *Ethelinda Eliot Beers.*

BEERS, Henry Augustin, b. Buffalo, N. Y., 1847. Graduated at Yale, 1869, where he has been tutor, assistant professor, and, since 1880, professor of English literature. Author of "Odds and Ends," 1878; "Life of N. P. Willis," 1885; "The Thankless Muse," verse, 1885; "Outline Sketches of English and American Literature," 1886–87; "From Chaucer to Tennyson," 1890; "A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales," 1894; "The Ways of Yale," 1895; "A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century," 1899; and editor of "A Century of American Literature," 1878; "Selections from Willis's Prose Writings," 1885.

BELL, Robert Mowry, physician, b. Chicago, Ill., 1860. Graduated at the University of Minnesota and the Harvard Medical School, and spent several years of study in Europe. Resided chiefly in Minneapolis, until in 1893 ill-health obliged him to give up practising and to remove to California. Is now studying in Germany with a view to work as an instructor. His verse, contributed to periodicals, is of an elevated order. "The Tutelage," it may be noted, is a fresh variant upon the shell-theme of Landor and Wordsworth, and an optimistic summing up of the questions involved. Cp. "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," pp. 205–208.

BENJAMIN, Park, journalist and lecturer, b. Demerara, British Guiana, 1809; d. New

York, N. Y., 1864. Editor of the "New England Magazine," 1835–37, when he transferred it to New York City as the "American Monthly Magazine." He also assisted Greeley upon the "Tribune." In 1840 Mr. Benjamin established "Our New World." Of his many poems, which never have been collected, "The Old Sexton" is a familiar example. It was recalled by the present editor too late for insertion with poems of its date.

BENNETT, Henry Holcomb, journalist, b. Chillicothe, O., 1863. A writer of stories of army and frontier life. Much of his time is devoted to the science of ornithology.

BENNETT, John, b. Chillicothe, O., 1865. A writer of romantic historical fiction and children's stories. The prose of his "Master Skylark," in which we have Warwickshire, and London, and Shakespeare's time, and glimpses of gentle Will himself, is in choice keeping with the songs detached from it for this Anthology.

BENSEL, James Berry, b. New York, N. Y., 1856; d. there, 1886. The greater portion of his life was passed at Lynn, Mass. Ill-health and inability to complete his literary work, which at one time showed great promise, saddened his last years. Author of "King Kophetua's Wife," novel, 1883; "In the King's Garden, and other Poems," 1885.

BENTON, Joel, b. Amenia, N. Y., 1832. Editor for a while of the Amenia "Times," and a frequent literary contributor to newspapers and magazines. Has published "Emerson as a Poet," 1883; "In the Poe Circle," 1899.

BETHUNE, George Washington, b. New York, N. Y., 1805; d. Florence, Italy, 1862. Minister of note in the Dutch Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and author of "Lays of Love and Faith," 1848; "Orations and Discourses," 1850. His edition of Walton's "The Compleat Angler" appeared in 1846.

BETTS, Craven Langstroth, b. St. John, New Brunswick, 1853. Of Loyalist descent. Was educated in his native city. Resided in New York after 1879, engaged in literary work. "Songs from Béranger," translations, 1888; "The Perfume Holder: a Persian Love Poem," 1892; "Tales of a Garrison Town," with A. W. Eaton, 1892; "A Garland of Sonnets," 1899.

BIERCE, Ambrose, critic and journalist, b. Ohio, 1842, of New England parentage. He served as private and then as officer, through the Civil War. The remainder of his life, except a few years in England, has been passed chiefly in California, where he has written his pungent criticisms for the "Examiner" and other periodicals. Author of "Soldiers and Civilians;" "Can Such Things Be?" short stories; "Black Beetles in Amber," satires in verse, 1892; and "Fantastic Fables."

BLAKE, Mary Elizabeth (McGrath), b. Dungarven, Ireland, 184–. Her family removed to Quincy, Mass., when she was six years old. Since her marriage to Dr. J. G. Blake she has lived in Boston. Author of "Poems," 1881; "Youth in Twelve Centuries," 1886; "Verses Along the Way," 1890; and several books of travel.

BLOCK, Louis James, educator, b. 1851. His childhood was passed in St. Louis. A graduate of Washington University. For some years Mr. Block has resided in Chicago, and is principal of one of its high schools. Author of "Exile, a Dramatic Episode," 1880; "Dramatic Sketches and Poems," 1891; "The New World, with Other Verse," 1895; "Capriccios," 1898.

BLOEDE, Gertrude, "Stuart Sterne," b. Dresden, Germany, 1845. Came to America in 1850; a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., since 1861. She was an associate and protégé of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor, and the devoted friend of the poet Dorgan for some years preceding his death. Author of "Poems," 1874; "Giorgio, and Other Poems," 1881; "Beyond the Shadow," 1888; "Piero da Castiglione," 1890; "The Story of Two Lives," novel, 1891.

BLOOD, Henry Ames, b. Temple, N. H., 1838. Graduating at Dartmouth College, he afterwards taught for a number of years. At the beginning of President Lincoln's administration he became connected with the State Department at Washington, where he has permanently remained. Mr. Blood's quaint and original lyrics have not been collected. He is the author of several unpublished dramas.

BLOUNT, Edward Augustus, Jr., Columbia University, Class of 1895.

BOGART, Elizabeth, b. New York, N. Y., 180–. Daughter of the late Rev. D. S. Bogart. About 1825, Miss Bogart began to write, under the pseudonym "Estelle," for the "Mirror." Her prose and verse have never been collected, though there is material sufficient for several volumes. Her poem "He Came too Late," a favorite and typical example of old-time lyrical sentiment, was remembered "too late" for insertion with verse of its day.

BOKER, George Henry, dramatist and diplomat, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 6 Oct., 1823; d. there, 2 Jan., 1890. Graduated at Princeton, and, after a period of travel in Europe, made his permanent home in Philadelphia. His first volume of verse, "The Lesson of Life, and Other Poems," was issued in 1847. It was succeeded the following year by "Calaynos," a blank-verse tragedy, which was successfully produced in 1849 at a London theatre. "Francesca da Rimini" is now the best known of the metrical dramas which, with his miscellaneous poems, were published in two volumes, "Plays and Poems," 1856. Mr. Boker was secretary of the Union League of Philadelphia from 1861 to 1871, and was actively patriotic during the Civil War. "Poems of the War," containing some lyrics widely familiar, appeared in 1864. Later volumes are "Königsmark, and Other Poems," 1869; "The Book of the Dead," 1882; and

"Sonnets," 1886. He was U. S. minister to Turkey from 1871 to 1875, and to Russia from 1875 to 1879. Throughout his literary career he was closely associated with Bayard Taylor and R. H. Stoddard. To represent Boker with fairness, extracts should be given from the dramatic work to which he devoted his best powers, and for which the repeated success of "Calaynos" and "Francesca da Rimini" showed that he possessed both literary and practical equipments. The ballads, sonnets, etc., to which this Anthology is restricted, exhibit his lyrical strength and quality. Cp. "Poets of America," pp. 56, 404.

BOLTON, Sarah Knowles, b. Farmington, Conn., 1841. She was married to Charles E. Bolton, and removed with him to Cleveland, O. A fertile and excellent writer of books for the young. Author of "Girls Who Became Famous," 1886; "Famous American Authors," 1887; "Famous Types of Womanhood," 1892; "The Inevitable," poems, 1895.

BONER, John Henry, b. Salem, N. C., 1845. Edited papers in Salem and Asheville, N. C. Chief clerk of the N. C. House of Representatives, 1869–70. Entered the civil service at Washington, 1871; removed to New York in 1887, and has been on the staffs of "The Century Dictionary," "The New York World," "Literary Digest," and "A Library of American Literature." Published "Whispering Pines," poems, 1883. He has now returned to bureau work in Washington.

BOWDITCH, Nathaniel Ingersoll, lawyer, b. Salem, Mass., 1805; d. Boston, Mass., 1861. He entered Harvard at thirteen, graduated in 1822, and lived in Boston. His memoir of his father, the mathematician and astronomer, was published in 1839, in the same volume with a translation of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste."

BOWKER, Richard Rogers, b. Salem, Mass., 1848. A graduate of the College of New York. He was literary editor of the N. Y. "Evening Mail," and became editor and owner of "The Publishers' Weekly," an editor of the "Library Journal," and compiler of the "American Catalogue," 2 vols. 1885. He has published: "Of Work and Wealth," 1883; "Copyright: its Law and its Literature," 1886, and various economic and political treatises. Secretary of the American Publishers' Copyright League and active in the movement for International Copyright, 1884–91.

BOYESEN, Hjalmar Hjorth, b. Fredericksvaern, Norway, 1848; d. New York City, 1895. He was graduated at the University of Christiana, and removed to Chicago, Ill., where he was associate editor of the Scandinavian paper "Fremad." In 1872–74 he studied philology at Leipsic, Germany. In 1874 he became professor of German at Cornell, and in 1880 professor of Germanic languages at Columbia College. He published: "Gunnar, a Norse Romance," 1874; "Goethe and Schiller, Their Lives and Works," 1878; "Ilka on the Hill-Top, and other Stories," 1881, of which the title-story, dramatized as "Alpine Roses," was produced in 1884; "Essays on Scandinavian Literature;" "Essays on German Literature;" "Idyls of Norway, and Other Poems," 1883; "Vagabond Tales," 1889; the "Norseland" series of books for boys, etc.

BOYLE, Sarah (Roberts), b. Portsmouth, N. H., 1812; d. New York, N. Y., 1869. Daughter of E. Q. Roberts of the diplomatic service. After her marriage to Dr. James Boyle she lived in New York City. Author of several favorite poems.

BRACKETT, Anna Callender, distinguished instructor, b. Boston, Mass., 18—. Educated in the schools of that city, and graduated from the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass., 1856, to which she returned as a teacher, remaining three years. For two years Miss Brackett was vice-principal of the Normal School in Charleston, S. C., resigning that position in 1861. One year's teaching in the High School, Cambridge, Mass., preceded her appointment as principal of the Normal School, St. Louis, Mo. She was the first woman to hold such a position. After teaching there nine years, she founded her well-known school for girls in New York City, which she conducted for twenty years. Miss Brackett is the author of many educational essays, sketches, stories, and poems, and was a scholarly writer for Professor W. T. Harris's "Journal of Speculative Philosophy." Her books are: "Education of American Girls," 1874; "Poetry for Home and School," edited collection, 1876; "Philosophy of Education, Translation from Rosenkranz," 1886; "Technique of Rest," 1892.

BRADLEY, Mrs. Mary Emily (Neeley), b. Easton, Md., 1835; d. Washington, D. C., 1898. She was married in New York City to George T. Bradley, and formed a friendship with R. H. Stoddard, who as editor of the "Aldine" encouraged her in verse-writing. She published "Hidden Sweetness," poems, 1886, and more than twenty stories for girls.

BRAINARD, John Gardiner Calkens, b. New London, Conn., 1796; d. 1828. Graduated at Yale; studied and practised law, but soon devoted himself to journalism. Wrote for the "Microscope," a New Haven paper; became editor of the "Connecticut Mirror," Hartford, Conn., 1822, which post he held until his health failed in 1827. Published his first volume of poems in 1825. A new edition called "Literary Remains," with a sketch of the author by Whittier, was issued in 1832.

BRAINARD, Mary Gardiner, b. 18—. Daughter of a prominent lawyer of New London, Conn., and niece of the poet J. G. C. Brainard. "Not Knowing" appeared first in the "Congregationalist" in 1869. The editor of this Anthology was unable for years to discover the authorship of this womanly and touching expression of a faith that is its own beatitude.

BRANCH, Mary Lydia (Bolles), b. New London, Conn., 1840. Married, in 1870, John L. Branch, a lawyer. Author of "The Kanter Girls" and other stories for young people.

"BRIDGES, Madeline." — See *Mary Ainge De Vere.*

BRIDGES, Robert, "Droch," b. Shippensburg, Penn., 1858. Graduated at Princeton. He was assistant news-editor of the N. Y. "Evening Post" from 1881 until his appointment as assistant editor of "Scribner's Magazine" in 1887. Has been literary editor of "Life" since 1883. Author of "Overheard in Arcady," 1894; "Suppressed Chapters and Other Bookishness," 1895; and of various poems.

BRISTOL, Augusta (Cooper), b. Croydon, N. H., 1835. Has chiefly been occupied as an educator and lecturer. Was married in 1866 to Louis Bristol of New Haven, Conn., removing to Vineland, N. J., in 1872. She is the author of several books on social topics and of a volume of poems, "The Web of Life," 1895.

BROOKS, Francis, lawyer and physician, b. Memphis, Tenn., 1867; drowned, Lake Geneva, Wis., 1898. Entered the class of 1889 at Harvard, but left before graduating; and subsequently obtained a degree from the Chicago College of Law; and later studied at the University of Virginia. For a few months a lawyer; then a doctor of no mean distinction; and always devoted to literature, Francis Brooks died at what seemed to be the beginning of his true career. His initial volume, "Margins," appeared in 1897, and a posthumous edition of his complete poems, edited, with a prefatory memoir, by Wallace Rice, was issued in 1898.

BROOKS, Maria (Gowen), "Maria del Occidente," b. Medford, Mass., about 1795; d. Matanzas, Cuba, 1845. Of Welsh descent. Her father, a man of refinement, died when she was young, and she was educated by Mr. Brooks, a merchant of Boston, to whom she became engaged at the age of fourteen. Her "Judith, Esther, and Other Poems," appeared in 1820. Became a widow in 1823; went to live with an uncle in Cuba; and at his death inherited his property. Returned to the United States and lived at Hanover, N. H. Visited Europe in 1830; met Southey; finished writing "Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven," while at his home in Keswick, the first part having been completed in Cuba, and published in 1825. Southey edited the complete poem published in London, 1833, where it excited much attention. In 1843 she issued for private circulation a semi-autobiographical prose romance, "Idomen, or the Vale of Yamuri." The "Ode to the Departed" was written in Cuba, 1844.

BROOKS, Phillips, Protestant Episcopal bishop, b. Boston, Mass., 1835; d. there, 1893. A graduate of Harvard, he was ordained in the Episcopal ministry, 1859. He became rector of Trinity Church in Boston, 1869, and bishop of Massachusetts, 1891, and was honored for his gifts and beloved for the beauty and sincerity of his nature. He published many volumes of sermons, and was the author of several favorite hymns.

BROTHERTON, Alice (Williams), b. Cambridge, Ind., 18—. Since her marriage, 1876, to William E. Brotherton, she has lived in Covington, Ky., and near Cincinnati, O. She has published: "Beyond the Veil," poems, 1886; "The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems," 1888; and has delivered lectures on literature.

BROWN, Alice, b. Hampton Falls, N. H., 1857. Removed to Boston, where she expected to teach, but soon devoted her attention to literature. She is on the staff of the "Youth's Companion," and is the author of several volumes of prose, and of "The Road to Castaly," verse, 1896.

BROWN, Joseph Brownlee, b. Charleston, S. C., 1824; d. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1888. Graduated at Dartmouth. One of the younger transcendentalists who wrote for "The Atlantic Monthly." He was prevented by ill-health from fulfilling the promise of his youth.

BROWN, Phœbe (Hinsdale), b. Canaan, N. Y., 1783; d. Henry, Ill., 1861. Daughter of George Hinsdale, the composer. She resided in Connecticut and Massachusetts until her removal in 1849 to Illinois. Her famous hymn, beginning "I love to steal awhile away," was written in 1818.

BROWN, Theron, clergyman and author, b. Willimantic, Conn., 1832. Graduated at Yale, 1856. Entered the Baptist ministry, 1859. Editorially connected with "Youth's Companion" since 1870. Besides much work in prose, Mr. Brown has published "Life Songs," a volume of poems, 1894.

BROWNE, Francis Fisher, b. South Halifax, Vt., 1843. Before enlisting as a volunteer in the U. S. army, he worked in his father's newspaper office at Chicopee, Mass. At the end of the war he went to Chicago, where, in 1880, he founded his critical semi-monthly, "The Dial," which he has invariably maintained at a high standard. Author of "The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," 1886; "Volunteer Grain," poems, 1895, and editor of several excellent collections of verse.

BROWNE, Irving, b. Marshall, N. Y., 1835; d. Buffalo, N. Y., 1899. He practised law in Troy, N. Y., edited the Albany "Law Journal," and finally made his home in Buffalo. Wrote and edited numerous legal treatises, and was a collector of rare books. Among his works are: "Law and Lawyers in Literature," 1883; "Iconoclasm and Whitewash," essays, 1885; "Our Best Society," comedy; "The House of the Heart," poems, 1897; and "The Track of the Book-Worm," an essay, with ballads on books.

BROWNELL, Henry Howard, b. Providence, R. I., 6 Feb., 1820; d. Hartford, Conn.,

1872. Graduated at Trinity College. Was admitted to the bar in 1844, but practised only five years. Early in the civil war, a poem of his on Farragut attracted that commander's attention, and led to Brownell's appointment as acting ensign on board the Hartford. He witnessed the battle of Mobile Bay, and at the close of the war accompanied Farragut on his cruise to the European ports, resigning in 1868. His poetical works are "Poems," 1847; "Lyrics of a Day," 1864; "War Lyrics, and Other Poems," with an appreciative preface by T. B. Aldrich, 1866.

BRUCE, Wallace, lecturer, b. Hillsdale, N. Y., 1844. Graduated at Yale. After extensive travels in Europe, began work as a lecturer in 1870. Was U. S. consul at Edinburgh, 1889–93. Author of many poems on occasions, and of "The Land of Burns," 1879; "Old Homestead Poems," 1887; "Wayside Poems," 1895; etc.

BRYANT, William Cullen, journalist and poet, b. Cummington, Mass., 3 Nov., 1794; d. New York City, 12 June, 1878. His first published poem, on the Progress of Knowledge, appeared in the "Hampshire Gazette," 1807. In 1808 his philippic "The Embargo," a political satire, was published in Boston and attracted much attention. He seems, however, to have received little commendation from his father for his efforts in versification, and often oversevere criticism, but was apparently undiscouraged. In an autobiography of his early life, it appears that his education was rather elementary, until his fourteenth year, when he began his preparations for college. He entered Williams College, October, 1810, as a sophomore, and left, May, 1811, intending to go to Yale. In this he was disappointed, and forced to give up all hope of a thorough college education. From 1814–15 he studied law. During this period his work assumes a morbid tone, which, following considerable amatory verse, suggests an unhappy attachment. In 1815 he was admitted to the bar. It is interesting to observe that it was in this year, when he attained his majority, he struck the poetic note which became most characteristic with him, for he began here to interpret nature, and his verse shows a marked improvement in sincerity of tone. It was not until 1817 that "Thanatopsis" was published in the "North American Review," though written in his eighteenth year. Shorter poems followed, and in response to a request from the Phi Beta Kappa Society, he delivered a poem, "The Ages," at Harvard, 1821, published in the same year with other poems. It was in this year that he married Miss Frances Fairchild, at Great Barrington. In 1825 he went to New York, and, abandoning the law, devoted himself to literature. After a rather depressing service on the staff of a literary review, he became assistant editor of the "Evening Post." Later, in 1828, he became editor in chief, a position he held for fifty years, until his death. During his connection with the "Post," he took many trips abroad and into the East, described in letters to the paper, and afterward published in book-form: "Letters of a Traveller," 1852; "Letters from Spain and Other Countries," 1859; "Letters from the East," 1869. "The Fountain and Other Poems" appeared in 1842; "The White-Footed Deer, and Other Poems," in 1844. Editions of his "Poems" were published in 1832, 1846, 1855, and 1876. "Orations and Addresses" appeared in 1873; "Thirty Poems" in 1864; blank verse translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in 1870–72. A comprehensive edition of "The Poetical Works and Prose Works of William Cullen Bryant," edited by Parke Godwin, was published in 1884. Mr. Bryant was often called "the first citizen of the republic," and his death, from sunstroke and a fall, was regarded by all classes as a national calamity. Cp. "Poets of America," chap. iii., and "Nature and Elements of Poetry," p. 252. [B. D. L.]

BUCK, Richard Henry, song-writer, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1869. Educated in the public schools of that city. In 1896 he became associated with Professor Geibel, the composer, who wrote the music to "Kentucky Babe," a good example of the modern "coon song." Mr. Buck's verse will soon be collected in book-form.

BUCKHAM, James, b. Burlington, Vt., 1858. Author of "The Heart of Life," 1897.

BULL, Lucy Catlin. — See *L. C. B. Robinson*.

BUNNER, Alice (Learned), b. New London, Conn., 186–. A sister of Walter Learned, and wife of the late Henry Cuyler Bunner, whom she married in 1880. Mrs. Bunner contributes poems and sketches to the periodicals.

BUNNER, Henry Cuyler, journalist, b. Oswego, N. Y., 3 Aug., 1855; d. Nutley, N. J., 11 May, 1896. Entered a business firm in New York, and was afterwards a reporter. He became assistant-editor of "Puck" in 1887, and some years later its editorial chief. Well known as a writer of fiction and verse, whose early death was deplored. Author of "A Woman of Honor," 1883; "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," poems, 1884; "The Midge," 1886; "The Story of a New York House," 1887; "Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories," 1891; "Rowen," verse, 1892; Jersey Street and Jersey Lane," 1896. A collection of his poems was edited by Brander Matthews and published in 1896.

"BURROUGHS, ELLEN." — See *Sophie Jewett*.

BURROUGHS, John, essayist, b. Roxbury, N. Y., 3 April, 1837. A close student of nature, notably of bird-life in the northern seaboard States. He grew up on his father's farm, and received a common-school education. Was in the Treasury Department at Washington, 1863–72. In 1874 he removed to the fruit-farm, still his home, at West Park, N. Y. In some

respects a pupil of Emerson, and for years the most effective and high-minded eulogist of his friend Walt Whitman, his habit of thought is original, and he is recognized as a naturalist-philosopher, whose writings have wholesome sentiment and poetic charm. He has published "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," 1867; "Wake Robin," 1871; "Winter Sunshine," 1875; "Birds and Poets," 1877; "Locusts and Wild Honey," 1879; "Pepacton," 1881; "Fresh Fields," 1884; "Signs and Seasons," 1886; "Sharp Eyes," 1888; "Indoor Studies," 1889; "Walt Whitman, a Study," 1897. "Birds and Bees," a school book for children, appeared in 1886, with an Introduction by Mary E. Burt, who also edited from essays previously published by Mr. Burroughs, "Little Nature Studies," 1895.

BURTON, Richard, educator, b. Hartford, Conn., 1859. Graduated at Trinity, 1883, and Johns Hopkins, 1887. He was literary editor of the Hartford "Courant," 1890–97, and in 1898 was made professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota. His books of verse are "Dumb in June, and Other Poems," 1895; "Memorial Day, and Other Poems," 1897; "Lyrics of Brotherhood," 1900.

BUSHNELL, Frances Louisa, b. Hartford, Conn., 18—. A daughter of Horace Bushnell, the eminent divine. She has contributed thoughtful and refined verse to "The Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines.

BUTLER, William Allen, son of Benjamin F. Butler, b. Albany, N. Y., 1825. Graduated at the University of New York, 1843. For many years a distinguished member of the New York bar. His society poem, "Nothing to Wear," published anonymously in "Harper's Weekly," 1857, and afterwards in book form, took the town, and gave him a wide reputation. He has written other successful satires; "Domesticus," a story; besides legal and biographical works. His poems were collected in 1871, and again in 1899.

BUTTERWORTH, Hezekiah, editor and balladist, b. Warren, R. I., 1839. Connected with the "Youth's Companion," Boston, since 1871. Author of the series "Ziz-zag Journeys," for children, 1876–90; "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year's," 1883; "Poems and Ballads upon Important Episodes in American History," 1887; "The Wampum Belt, or the Fairest Page of History," 1896.

BUTTS, Mary Frances (Barber), b. Hopkinton, R. I., 183–. Married in 1865. Has done much journalistic work, and has written many books for children. — "A Fence of Trust," verse, 1898.

CABLE, George Washington, novelist and humanitarian, b. New Orleans, La., 1844. This distinguished romancer, whose exquisite and most poetic stories of life in the French quarter of his native city, and of plantation life in Louisiana, gave him his first fame, has printed little, as yet, in verse-form.

CARLETON, Will, b. Hudson, Mich., 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College, Mich., and engaged in journalism in Chicago, but finally removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. A successful lecturer, and reader of his own ballads. He has issued "Poems," 1871; "Farm Ballads," 1873; "Farm Legends," 1875; "Farm Festivals," 1881; "City Ballads," 1885; "City Legends," 1889; "City Festivals," 1892; "Rhymes of our Planet;" "The Old Infant, and Similar Stories," 1896.

CARPENTER, Amelia Walstien (Jolls), b. Stephentown, N. Y., 1840. She was married, when eighteen, to Mr. Cromwell Carpenter, with whom she removed to Kalamazoo and St. Louis, returning, after his death, to her native town. She has contributed her poems and stories to "The Springfield Republican," "The Christian Union," "Lippincott's Magazine," and other periodicals.

CARPENTER, Henry Bernard, b. Dublin, Ireland, 1840; d. Sorrento, Me., 1890. Having graduated at Oxford, he took orders in the Church, and was chaplain to the Earl of Belmore. He came to America in 1874, and was pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, Mass., from 1878 to 1887. Author of "Liber Amoris," 1886; and of a posthumous collection, "A Poet's Last Songs," with a memoir by J. J. Roche.

CARRYL, Charles Edward, b. New York, N. Y., 1841. Mr. Carryl has long been a successful member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, while closely associated with the literary and artistic life of the metropolis, and devoting much time to bookish pursuits. Author of the delicately fanciful dream-stories "Davy and the Goblin," 1885, and "The Admiral's Caravan," 1892; and of "The River Syndicate, and Other Stories," 1899.

CARRYL, Guy Wetmore, b. New York, N. Y., 1873. Son of Charles E. Carryl. He was educated at Columbia, and has taken literature as a profession. Engaged in various editorial duties until he became the Paris representative of Harper and Brothers. Author of many poems and other contributions to the periodicals, and of the unique "Fables for the Frivolous," 1898.

CARY, Alice, b. Miami Valley, near Cincinnati, O., 1820; d. New York, N. Y., 1871. She came to New York with her sister in 1852, where their weekly receptions were soon a feature of artistic and literary life. "Poems by Alice and Phœbe Cary" appeared in 1850, and was followed by Alice's "Clovernook," two series of prose sketches — 1851–53; "Lyra, and Other Poems," 1853; "Pictures of Country Life," 1859; "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns," 1866, and "The Lover's Diary," 1867.

CARY, Phœbe, sister of Alice, b. 1824; d. 1871. Author of "Poems and Parodies;" "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love."

CAVAZZA, Elisabeth. — See *E. J. Pullen.*

CAWEIN, Madison Julius, b. Louisville, Ky., 1865. Since the appearance of his first book, "Blooms of the Berry," 1887, Mr. Cawein has devoted himself to poetic composition more assiduously than any other American writer of standing. His maturer volumes are his best, and have been received with favor. They comprise "Red Leaves and Roses," 1893; "Poems of Nature and Love," 1893; "Intimations of the Beautiful," 1894; "The Garden of Dreams," 1896; "Idyllic Monologues," 1898; "Myth and Romance," 1899.

CHADWICK, John White, b. Marblehead, Mass., 1840. A graduate of the Harvard Divinity School. He is pastor of the Liberal Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a justly noted preacher. Some of the best critical and biographical papers in "The Nation" have been from his pen. His sermons, which have been printed in successive series for many years, constitute a noble body of ethical literature. Mr. Chadwick is the author of "A Book of Poems," 1876; "Thomas Paine, the Method and Value of His Religious Teaching," 1877; "In Nazareth Town, a Christmas Fantasy, and Other Poems," 1883; "A Legend of Good Poets," 1885; "A Few Verses," 1900; and other scholarly works in prose.

CHAMBERS, Robert William, artist and novelist, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1865. Studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Returned to New York in 1893. His first novel, "In the Quarter," 1894, was followed by "The King in Yellow," 1895; "The Red Republic," 1895; "Ashes of Empire," 1899. "With the Band," 1896, is a collection of military poems.

CHANLER, Amélie (Rives). — See *Princess Troubetskoy*.

CHANNING, Grace Ellery. — See *Mrs. Channing-Stetson*.

CHANNING-STETSON, Grace Ellery, b. Providence, R. I., 186–. Daughter of Dr. William Francis Channing, the distinguished savant; and granddaughter of Channing, the divine. Since 1884 a resident of Southern California and at times of Italy. In 1894 she was married to the artist, Charles Walter Stetson, of Providence. Mrs. Stetson's published works are "Dr. Channing's Note Book," 1887; "The Sister of a Saint," 1895; "Sea Drift," verse, 1899; "The Fortune of a Day," 1900.

CHANNING, William Ellery, 2d, poet and essayist, b. Boston, Mass., 1818. Nephew of the great Unitarian divine. Studied at Harvard, but did not take a degree. Married a sister of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Engaged in editorial work at New York City and New Bedford, Mass. Went to reside at Concord, Mass., in 1842. Author of "Poems," 1843 and 1847; "The Woodman," 1849; "Near Home," 1858; "The Wanderer," 1872; "Conversations in Rome," 1847; and "Thoreau: the Poet-Naturalist" (prose), 1873. A true poet, though selected for criticism by Poe as a typical exemplar of the transcendental school.

CHAPMAN, Mary Berri. — See *M. B. (C.) Hansbrough*.

CHENEY, John Vance, librarian, b. Groveland, N. Y., 1848. Son of the musician and author Simeon P. Cheney. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and practised law in New York City. In 1887 he took charge of the Free Public Library, San Francisco, Cal., and is now librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill. He has written "The Old Doctor," prose, 1881; "Thistle-Drift," poems, 1887; "Wood-Blooms," poems, 1888; "The Golden Guess," essays, 1892; "Ninette, a Redwoods Idyl," 1894; "Queen Helen, and Other Poems," 1895, and "That Dome in Air," essays, 1895; "Out of the Silence," poems, 1897. Editor of "Wood Notes Wild," by Simeon Pease Cheney, 1892. Mr. Cheney's poem on p. 586 won the first prize in the competition for a rejoinder to Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," 1900.

CHILD, Lydia Maria (Francis), b. Medford, Mass., 1802; d. Wayland, Mass., 1880. Her first novel, "Hobomok," appeared in 1821. "An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," 1833, was the first Abolitionist volume published in the United States. With her husband, David L. Child, she edited the "National Anti-Slavery Standard" from 1840 to 1844. She published many works of fiction and general literature.

CLARK, Willis Gaylord, journalist, b. Otisco, N. Y., 1810; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1841. When about twenty years old engaged in newspaper work, and became owner and editor of "The Philadelphia Gazette." Was a contributor to his twin brother's "Knickerbocker Magazine," New York. After his death the brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark, edited his "Literary Remains," 1844, and his complete poems, 1847.

CLARKE, Ednah Proctor. — See *E. P. (C.) Hayes*.

CLARKE, Joseph Ignatius Constantine, editor and playwright, b. Kingstown, Ireland, 1846. In 1868 he came to America, where he has since resided. Two years later he joined the editorial staff of the N. Y. "Herald," and continued in its service until 1883, when he became managing editor of the N. Y. "Journal." Since 1898 Mr. Clarke has been the editor of the "Criterion." Author of "Robert Emmet," a tragedy, 1888; "Malmorda, a Metrical Romance," 1893, and of various plays.

CLOUD, Virginia Woodward, b. Baltimore, Md., 186–. A favorite contributor to select periodicals.

CLYMER, Ella Maria (Dietz). — See *E. M. D. Glynes*.

COAN, Titus Munson, physician, b. Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, 1836; educated in Honolulu at the Royal and Punahou schools. He graduated at Williams College, 1859, and in medicine in New York City, at the College of Physicians

and Surgeons. Served as assistant surgeon in the U. S. army, and under Admiral Farragut in the West Gulf squadron, 1863–65. Subsequently took up literature as a profession. Established the New York Bureau of Revision in 1880. Author of many articles and poems in the magazines, and of "Ounces of Prevention," 1885.

COATES, Florence (Earle), b. Philadelphia, Penn., 185–. A granddaughter of Thomas Earle, the philanthropist. She received her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, and at Brussels. She was married, in 1870, to Edward H. Coates, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mrs. Coates was elected president of the Browning Society of Philadelphia in 189–. Her "Poems" were collected in 1898.

COCKE, Zitella, b. Perry Co., Ala., 186–. She is of English and Huguenot descent, and grew up on a plantation. Of late a resident of Boston, Mass. Her first literary ventures were translations from the French and German. Author of "A Doric Reed," 1895.

COLES, Abraham, LL. D., physician, b. Scotch Plains, N. J., 1813; d. Monterey, Cal., 1891. Graduated at Jefferson Med. Coll., Phila., 1835. He published "Dies Iræ, in Thirteen Original Versions," 1859; "Old Gems in New Settings," 1866; "The Microcosm," 1866; "Latin Hymns," 1868; "The Evangel of Verse," 1874; "The Light of the World," 1884. — Cp. "Poets of America," p. 300.

COLLYER, Robert, clergyman, b. Keighley, Yorkshire, England, 1823. He learned the blacksmith's trade, and in 1850 came to America. For some years, without abandoning his trade, he had followed the calling of a Methodist minister, but in 1859 he founded a Unitarian church in Chicago. In 1879 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York, and finally pastor emeritus. The beautiful ballad "Under the Snow" is perhaps his best-known poem.

COLLYER, Thomas Stephens, b. New York, N. Y., 1842; d. New London, Conn., 1893. He served in the U. S. navy during the Civil War; became boatswain, 1866, and was placed on the retired list in 1883; after which he made his home in New London, Conn. He wrote "Song Spray," poems, 1889.

COLTON, Arthur Willis, b. Washington, Conn., 1868. Graduated at Yale, where he received the degree of Ph. D. in 1893, and taught English in the academic department for two years. A resident of his native town, and a contributor to the magazines.

CONE, Helen Gray, educator, b. New York, N. Y., 1859. Graduated at the Normal College of New York, where she was appointed instructor in English literature. Two volumes of her poems have appeared: "Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay," 1885; "The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems," 1891. Miss Cone assisted Miss Jeannette L. Gilder in editing "Pen Portraits of Literary Women." From the first she has displayed the traits of a true poet, and of an artist too genuine to seek attention by devices. Her verse, always womanly, is often notable for strength, and for a certain elevation of thought and feeling.

CONWAY, Katherine Eleanor, b. Rochester, N. Y., 1853. A member of the editorial staff of the Boston "Pilot" since 1883. Miss Conway is the editor of "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly," 1891, and is the author of "Songs of the Sunrise Slope," 1881; "A Dream of Lilies," verse, 1893; "A Lady and Her Letters," 1895; "Making Friends and Keeping Them," 1895.

COOK, Clarence Chatham, art-critic, b. Dorchester, Mass., 1828; d. 1900. He edited "The Studio" of New York, and has published "The Central Park," 1868; "The House Beautiful: Essays on Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," 1877.

COOKE, John Esten, b. Winchester, Va., 1830; d. near Boyce, Va., 1886. Brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke. He gave up the practice of law for literary work. His best-known tale, "The Virginian Comedians," 1854, was followed by other Virginian romances of colonial life, or relating to the Civil War, in which he served as a Confederate soldier. He wrote a life of Stonewall Jackson, 1863, and of Robert E. Lee, 1871; "Virginia, a History of the People," 1883, and numerous poems.

COOKE, Philip Pendleton, lawyer, b. Martinsburg, Va., 1816; d. near Boyce, Va., 1850. Entered Princeton at the age of fifteen, where he was specially distinguished for his love of outdoor sports. Wrote for the "Knickerbocker Magazine," when seventeen years old. Was admitted to the bar at Winchester, Va. His best-known lyric is "Florence Vane." Author of "Froissart Ballads, and Other Poems," 1847.

COOKE, Rose (Terry), b. West Hartford, Conn., 17 Feb., 1827; d. Pittsfield, Mass., 18 July, 1892. She lived at Hartford during the first half of her life, where she attended the Hartford Female Seminary. After her marriage to Rollin H. Cooke, in 1873, her home was at Winsted, in the same State. Her last years were spent in Pittsfield, Mass. "Poems by Rose Terry," 1860, attracted general attention to her literary talent, and she also gained reputation as a writer of notable short stories of New England life. The latter were published in four volumes. "Poems," a collective edition, appeared in 1888.

COOLBRITH, Ina Donna, b. near Springfield, Ill., 184–. After a long residence in Los Angeles she removed to San Francisco, and in 1874 became librarian of the Oakland free library. She is a frequent contributor to magazines, and has published "A Perfect Day, and Other Poems," 1881, and "Songs of the Golden Gate," 1895. The last-named collection has met with just praise at home and abroad.

"COOLIDGE, Susan." — See *Sarah Chauncey Woolsey*.

COOPER, George, song-writer, b. New York, N. Y., 1840. A contributor of songs to juvenile and other magazines. A resident of West Hoboken, N. J.

COOPER, James Fenimore, b. Burlington, N. J., 15 Sept., 1789; d. Cooperstown, N. Y., 14 Sept., 1851. Studied at Yale and served as midshipman in U. S. navy, 1808–11. The first book of perhaps the most American of our novelists appeared in 1820. The few songs scattered through his works are usually put in the mouths of his characters. "My Brigantine" is given in "The Water-Witch," 1830.

CORTISSOZ, Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, b. Caledonia, N. Y., 18—. She obtained a position, at an early age, in the office of the N. Y. "Tribune," soon becoming a member of its editorial staff. To her care and taste the literary department of that journal's Sunday supplement has owed its repute. Her husband is Royal Cortissoz, the author and art-critic, also of the "Tribune" staff. In 1881 Mrs. Cortissoz, then Miss Hutchinson, collected some of her verse in a little volume, "Songs and Lyrics," remarkable for the exquisite beauty, in feeling and lyrical charm, of almost every poem which it contained. In her lyrics and ballads, tinged with old colonial and eighteenth-century effects, she has had more than one follower but no equal. She edited, with E. C. Stedman, "A Library of American Literature," in 11 vols., 1888–89.

COXE, Arthur Cleveland, Episcopal bishop of Western New York, b. Mendham, N. J., 1818; d. Clifton Springs, N. Y., 1896. He was graduated at the University of New York; was rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Calvary Church, New York City, and Grace Church, Baltimore. He became assistant bishop in 1863, and bishop two years later. Among his many works in verse and prose are: "Christian Ballads," perhaps his best-known volume, 1840; "Athanasion, and Other Poems," 1842; "Saul, a Mystery, and Other Poems," 1845; "Hallowe'en, a Romaunt, with Lays Meditative and Devotional," 1869; "The Ladye Chace," 1878; "Institutes of Christian History," 1887.

CRANCH, Christopher Pearse, artist, b. Alexandria, Va., 1813; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1892. Was an ordained Unitarian minister, but soon abandoned the clerical profession and devoted himself to painting. Connected with the New England "Transcendentalists" as a writer for "The Dial," 1840–43. Resided in Europe, 1846–63. Spent the later years of his life at Cambridge, Mass. Author of "Poems," 1844; "The Æneid in English Blank Verse," 1872; "The Bird and the Bell," 1875; "Ariel and Caliban, with Other Poems," 1887.

CRANDALL, Charles Henry, journalist, b. Greenwich, N. Y., 1858. A resident of Springdale, Conn., where he devotes his time to literature. Author of two volumes of verse, "Wayside Music," 1893, and "The Chords of Life," 1898, and editor of "Representative Sonnets," 1890.

CRANE, Elizabeth Green, b. New York, N. Y., 18—. With the exception of occasional trips abroad, Miss Crane has lived in the country since her childhood. Her first book was an historic drama, "Berquin," 1897. It has been followed by a volume of poems, "Sylva," 1900.

CRANE, Stephen, b. Newark, N. J., 1871; d. Baden Weiler, Germany, 1900. Studied at Lafayette College, was occupied for some years with newspaper work, and was correspondent for a New York paper in the Græco-Turkish war of 1897, and in Cuba, 1898. Removed to a suburb of London, England, 1898. Author of "The Black Riders, and Other Lines," verse, 1895; "War is Kind," verse, 1899; and of several volumes of fiction, including "The Red Badge of Courage," 1896; "The Little Regiment," 1897; "The Third Violet," 1899, etc.

CROFFUT, William Augustus, journalist, b. Redding, Conn., 1836. Entered journalism in 1858. He has published several prose volumes as well as "Bourbon Ballads," 1880, and "The Prophecy, and Other Poems," 1896.

CROSBY, Ernest Howard, humanitarian, b. New York, N. Y., 1856. Graduated from the University of New York and the Columbia College Law School. He was appointed judge of the international court of Alexandria, Egypt, in 1889; resigned in 1894. On his way back to America he visited Count Tolstoi, and since has given up the law to devote his attention to social reform. He was first president of the New York Social Reform Club. Author of two volumes of verse: "War Echoes," 1898; "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," 1899.

CROSWELL, William, b. Hudson, N. Y., 1804; d. Boston, Mass., 1851. He graduated at Yale, and was the first rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston. His first poem appeared in "The Episcopal Watchman," which he edited at Hartford, with Mr. Doane, afterwards bishop of New Jersey. Much of his verse is found in Arthur Cleveland Coxe's compilation, "Poems Sacred and Secular," 1859.

CURTIS, George William, man of letters, orator, and a leader in social and political reform, b. Providence, R. I., 24 Feb., 1824; d. Staten Island, N. Y., 31 Aug., 1892. From his youth, when at eighteen he became a member of the Community at Brook Farm, until his death after years of service in every good and perfect work, he was a practical idealist, and the typical American exemplar of "sweetness and light." His earlier prose writings were "Nile Notes of a Howadji," 1851; "The Potiphar Papers," 1853; "Prue and I," 1856. Their pages were charged with poetic sentiment. One of his very infrequent pieces in verse-form is given in this Anthology. A condensed but admirable biography of Curtis, by Edward Cary, constitutes a volume of the "American Men of Letters" series.

CUTLER, Elbridge Jefferson, b. Holliston,

Mass., 1831; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1870. Professor of modern languages at Harvard, 1865–70. Author of "War Poems," 1867; "Stella," 1868.

DALLAS, Mary (Kyle), b. Philadelphia, Penn., 18—; d. New York, N. Y., 1897. A contributor, for many years, of fiction and verse to family story papers. Some of her novels were published in book-form. Her poem, "Brave Love," has been set to music by Harry Pepper.

DALY, Eugene Howell, Columbia University, Class of 1894.

DANA, Richard Henry, poet, critic, and essayist, b. Cambridge, Mass., 15 Aug., 1787; d. Boston, Mass., 2 Feb., 1879. After leaving Harvard College, without graduation, on account of being involved in the students' rebellion of 1807, he entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to the bar of Boston in 1811. He was active in politics as a Federalist, and was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. As a journalist he is conspicuous for his connection with the "North American Review," of which he was associate editor with Edward Tyrrel Channing (1818–1820). He began the publication at New York of the "Idle Man," a literary periodical, to which Bryant, Allston, and others contributed, but which reached only six numbers. Dana's first volume of "Poems," containing "The Buccaneer," appeared in 1833. His lectures on Shakespeare, delivered in several Eastern cities, are representative, and he was the first eminent American to appreciate the beauties of Wordsworth. A collective edition of his "Poems and Prose Writings" was brought out in Boston in 1833 (enlarged edition 1850).

DANDRIDGE, Danske (Bedinger), b. Copenhagen, Denmark, 186–. Greatgranddaughter of Eliza Southgate Bowne. In 1877 she married Stephen Dandridge. Her published works are "Joy, and Other Poems," 1888, and "Rose Brake," 1890. She has in preparation a book to be entitled "The Heroes of La Vendée," and a collective edition of her poems.

DAVIDSON, Margaret Gilman (George), b. Columbia, Mo., 1869; d. Lewistown, Ill., 1897. She was married, in 1895, to W. T. Davidson, a journalist, who has in view a memorial collection of her poems.

DAWES, Rufus, lawyer, b. Boston, Mass., 1803; d. Washington, D. C., 1859. Author of "The Valley of the Nashaway, and Other Poems," 1830; "Geraldine," 1839; "Miscellaneous Poems," 1839; "Nixie's Mate," "Story," 1840.

DAWSON, Daniel Lewis, b. Lewistown, Penn., 1855; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1893. He attended La Salle College, but completed the college course under private tuition. At one time he went through professional training in athletics and figured as a pugilist. Was an iron-founder at the time of his death. A posthumous collection of his poems, "The Seeker of the Marshes, and Other Poems," appeared in 1893.

DAY, Richard Edwin, b. Granby, N. Y., 1852. Graduated at Syracuse University, and taught at various schools. Was associate editor of the Syracuse "Standard," 1880–98.— "Lines in the Sand," 1878; "Thor: a Drama," 1880; "Lyrics and Satires," 1883; "Poems," 1888.

DAY, Thomas Fleming, b. Weston-Super-Mare, Somersetshire, England, 1861. Came to the United States in 1868. Son of Edward H. Day, professor of natural science at Normal College, New York City. Editor of a yachting monthly at New York, "The Rudder," since 1895. Author of "Songs of Sea and Sail," 1899.

DE KAY, Charles, art-critic, b. Washington, D. C., 1848. Grandson of Joseph Rodman Drake. He was graduated at Yale, and in 1877 joined the staff of the New York "Times." His works include "The Bohemian," 1878; "Hesperus, and Other Poems," 1880; "The Vision of Nimrod," 1881; "The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval," 1883; "Barye, Life and Works," 1889; "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," translation, 1892; "Bird Gods of Ancient Europe," 1898. Mr. De Kay was the projector of "The Authors Club," New York, and U. S. Consul General, Berlin, 1894–97.

DELAND, Margaret. — See *M. W. C. Deland.*

DELAND, Margaretta Wade (Campbell) (Margaret Deland), b. Alleghany, Penn., 1857. She was married, in 1880, to Lorin F. Deland, of Boston, Mass., which city became her residence. Among her writings are: "The Old Garden, and Other Verses," 1886, and "John Ward, Preacher," 1888. The latter is a novel which deals with theological questions, and which brought wide reputation to its author.

DENNEN, Grace Atherton, educator, b. Woburn, Mass., 18—. Graduated at Smith College. Removed to California, 1894, and engaged in teaching and literary work. Is a tutor in the English department of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Edited "The Ebell," 1898.

DE VERE, Mary Ainge, "Madeline Bridges," b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 184–. She has always lived in Brooklyn, devoting herself to literature, and making frequent contributions to the "Galaxy," "Century," "Independent," "Life," and many other periodicals. Author of "Love Songs, and Other Poems," 1870; "Poems," 1890.

DEWEY, George Washington, b. Baltimore, Md., 1818; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1860. His father was a painter from Westfield, Mass. The son lived in Philadelphia, where he followed the occupation of an accountant, and afterwards that of a merchant. His poems, essays, and reviews were never collected in

book-form. Mr. Dewey held an official position in The Art Union of Philadelphia.

DICKINSON, Charles Monroe, b. Lowville, N. Y., 1842. He was admitted to the New York bar, 1865, and practised law in Binghamton and New York City. In 1878 he became editor and owner of the Binghamton "Republican." Published "The Children, and Other Verses," 1889.

DICKINSON, Emily, b. Amherst, Mass., 1830; d. there, 1886. Her father, Hon. Edward Dickinson, was treasurer of Amherst College. Her life for the most part was spent in close seclusion, and it was only under protest that a few of her poems were printed during her lifetime. In 1862 she was moved to write to Col. Thomas W. Higginson, enclosing four pieces, and seeking his criticism and advice. This led to a correspondence of many years, and to the posthumous volume, "Poems by Emily Dickinson, Edited by Two of Her Friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson," 1890. In later volumes more of her pieces were given to the world. Her letters, 1847–1886, have been edited by Mrs. M. L. Todd.

DICKINSON, Martha Gilbert, niece of Emily Dickinson, b. at Amherst, Mass., 18— of Puritan stock. Since 1892 her poems have appeared in various periodicals. The first collection of her verse, "Within the Hedge," 1899, has been favorably received.

DINNIES, Anna Peyre (Shackelford), b. Pineville, S. C., 1805; d. New Orleans, La., 1886. Was a resident of St. Louis and New Orleans. In 1847 she published one hundred poems under the title, "The Floral Year."

DOANE, George Washington, Episcopal bishop, b. Trenton, N. J., 1799; d. Burlington, N. J., 1859. Graduated at Union College. He became bishop of New Jersey in 1832. Some of his hymns are standard favorites. His "Life and Writings," edited by his son, appeared in 1860.

DOANE, William Croswell, Episcopal bishop, b. Boston, Mass., 1832. Son of the preceding. He graduated at Burlington (N. J.) College, and entered the Episcopal ministry in 1853. In 1869 he was made bishop of Albany, N. Y. He is the author of several theological works and of much devotional verse.

DODGE, Mary Barker (Carter), b. Bridgewater, Penn., 184–. She was educated in Philadelphia, and married, 1850, to Charles F. Dodge, after which she lived in Williamsport, Mass., and elsewhere. She has published: "Belfry Voices," 1870; "The Gray Masque, and Other Poems," 1885.

DODGE, Mary Elizabeth (Mapes), b. New York, N. Y., 1838. Daughter of Professor James J. Mapes. After the death of her husband, William Dodge, she wrote for the N. Y. "Hearth and Home," of which she and Donald G. Mitchell were the editors. "St. Nicholas," the successful juvenile magazine, has been under her editorial management since it was founded, in 1873. Her works include "Irvington Stories," for children, 1864; "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," 1865, crowned by the French Academy and translated into the principal languages of Europe; "A Few Friends, and How They Amused Themselves," 1869; "Rhymes and Jingles," 1874; "Theophilus and Others," 1876; "Along the Way," poems, 1879; "Donald and Dorothy," 1883; "When Life is Young," poems for young people, 1894; "The Land of Pluck," 1894.

DOLE, Nathan Haskell, man of letters, b. Chelsea, Mass., 1852. Graduating at Harvard, 1874, he was preceptor of Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass., 1876–78, and since has been engaged in scholarly work. At one time a critic on the Philadelphia "Press," and afterwards editor of the N. Y. "Epoch." Has been active as a translator, and is now editing a twenty-volume edition of Tolstoi's works. In 1896 he edited a multivariorum edition of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." Author of several novels and a volume of verse, "The Hawthorne Tree, and Other Poems," 1895.

DORGAN, John Aylmer, lawyer, b. Philadelphia, 1836; d. there, 1867. He published a volume of verse, "Studies," 1862, twice reissued. His premature death, by consumption, was much lamented.

DORR, Julia Caroline (Ripley), b. Charleston, S. C., 1825. Her family removed to New York, where she was married, in 1847, to the Hon. Seneca R. Dorr of Rutland, Vt., which city became her residence. She is the author of "Poems," 1871 (complete edition, 1892); "Friar Anselmo, and Other Poems," 1879; "Daybreak, an Easter Poem," 1882; and "Afternoon Songs," 1885; "The Flower of England's Face," prose, 1895; "A Cathedral Pilgrimage," prose, 1896; "In Kings' Houses," novel, 1898. Mrs. Dorr holds a distinguished and enviable position among American women.

"DOUGLAS, Marion." — See *A. D.* (*G.*) *Robinson.*

DRAKE, Joseph Rodman, b. New York, N. Y., 17 Aug., 1795; d. there, 21 Sept., 1820. Left an orphan at an early age, Drake had a hard struggle with poverty, but obtained a good education, graduating in medicine in 1816. His marriage in the same year to the daughter of Henry Eckford, the marine architect, placed him in comfortable circumstances. He travelled with his wife in Europe in 1818. In 1819 he went to New Orleans, hoping to benefit his health, but returned to die of consumption in New York in 1820. His first recorded poem, "The Mocking Bird," was written at the age of fourteen. "The Croakers," a series of witty poems appearing in the "Evening Post," — the first in 1819, — dealt with local celebrities and current events, and created much amusement and curiosity as to their authorship. It was

finally proved that Drake wrote the first three. Others were written separately by Halleck and Drake, or by the two poets in collaboration. These poems were collected and published in 1860 by the Bradford Club, of New York. "The Culprit Fay," Drake's longest production, grew out of an assertion by some friends that American rivers were not adapted by romantic associations for poetic use. Gen. James Grant Wilson says that Drake composed this poem, a charming example of pure fancy, and read it to his friends as a refutation of their theory. A collection of Drake's poems, containing that national classic "The American Flag" (of which Halleck is said to have written the closing quatrain) was published under the title, "The Culprit Fay, and Other Poems," by his daughter in 1836 (later editions, 1847, 1865).

"DROCH." — See *Robert Bridges*.

DUER, Alice. — See *A. D. Miller*.

DUER, Caroline, b. New York, N. Y., 18—, where she now resides. Daughter of James G. King Miller. Miss Duer's lyrics comprise the larger portion of "Poems by Caroline and Alice Duer," 1896, a volume that won friends by the grace and frequent vigor of its verse, and by a certain air of distinction.

DUFFIELD, Samuel Augustus Willoughby, clergyman, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1843; d. Bloomfield, N. J., 1887. A graduate of Yale. Entered the Presbyterian ministry, and held a pastorate at Bloomfield for the greater part of his life. Author of a volume of poems, "Warp and Woof," 1870, and of "English Hymns, their Authors and History," 1886.

DUNBAR, Paul Laurence, b. Dayton, Ohio, 1872. Of African blood. Graduated at the Dayton High School, and engaged in newspaper work. His verse soon attracted attention, and he has given successful readings from his poems. In 1899 he accepted a position in the Library of Congress at Washington. His maturer poems are to be found in "Lyrics of Lowly Life," 1896; "Lyrics of the Hearthside," 1899. "Folks from Dixie," stories, 1897, and "The Uncalled," novel, 1898, are among his books of fiction.

DURIVAGE, Francis Alexander, b. Boston, Mass., 1814; d. New York, N. Y., 1881. Nephew of Edward Everett. A journalist and writer of verse and fiction. Among his books are "Life Scenes from the World around Us," 1853; "The Fatal Casket," 1866; and A Cyclopedia of History. The poem "Chez Brébant" is an interesting example of a poem that, although composed by one of the early American school, is quite in the manner of the latter-day verse of which Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain" is a typical example.

DWIGHT, Timothy, educator and theologian, b. Northampton, Mass., 14 May, 1752; d. New Haven, 11 Jan., 1817. Was a precocious child and entered Yale when but thirteen years old; became a tutor there when he was nineteen. Licensed to preach in 1777. While serving as chaplain in the American army against Burgoyne, he wrote his famous poem, "Columbia." In 1794 he was elected president of Yale College, and by his dignity, learning, and character proved himself a great educator, whose memory will always be revered. He belonged, with Trumbull, Barlow, etc., to the group known as "The Hartford Wits," contributing anonymous satirical prose and verse to the papers during the decade following the Revolutionary war. A posthumous edition of his divinity sermons was published in five volumes, "Theology, Explained and Defended," 1818. This work has passed through many editions in America and Europe. His metrical works are: "The Conquest of Canaan," 1785; "The Triumph of Infidelity," 1788; "Greenfield Hill," 1794. Under the presidency of Dr. Dwight's grandson Timothy Dwight, in whom the traditions and character of the elder of the name have been nobly revived, Yale College became a university.

EASTER, Marguerite Elizabeth (Miller), b. Leesburg, Va., 1839; d. Baltimore, Md., 1894. She was of German ancestry, and was married, in 1859, to James Washington Easter, a prominent Baltimore merchant. Author of "Clytie, and Other Poems," 1891.

EASTMAN, Barrett, journalist, b. Chicago, Ill., 1869. Educated at Racine College, and became an editorial writer and dramatic critic on various Chicago and New York papers. Since 1898 he has been conducting a newspaper syndicate in New York City. His writings include many contributions in prose and verse to the journals and magazines, and (with Wallace Rice) "Under the Star and other Songs of the Sea," 1898.

EASTMAN, Charles Gamage, journalist, b. Fryeburg, Me., 1816; d. Montpelier, Vt., 1861. A graduate of the University of Vermont. He founded the "Lamoille River Express" at Johnson, Vt., 1838, and "The Spirit of the Age" at Woodstock, Vt., 1840; and became editor of "The Vermont Patriot," Montpelier, 1846. Member of the State Senate, 1851–52. Author of "Poems," 1848, of which a revised edition was issued in 1880.

EASTMAN, Elaine (Goodale), b. Mount Washington, Mass., 1863. She and her younger sister, Dora Read Goodale, attracted attention when children by the publication of several volumes of poems, some of the verse appearing as early as 1877. She became interested in the Indian schools; was first a government teacher in Dakota, and afterwards, in 1890, was appointed superintendent of all Indian schools in South Dakota. In 1891 she married Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian. She has published separately "Journal of a Farmer's Daughter," 1881.

EATON, Arthur Wentworth Hamilton, clergyman, b. Kentville, Nova Scotia, 1854.

Graduated at Harvard. A minister of the Episcopal Church, and a resident of New York City. He has published several prose works, and a volume of poems, "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," 1889.

EGAN, Maurice Francis, educator, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1852. Graduated at La Salle College. Was for some years professor of English literature at Notre Dame University, Ind., and now holds the same position at the Catholic University, Washington. From 1880–1888 he was editor of the N. Y. "Freeman's Journal." In verse he has written: "Preludes," 1881; "Songs and Sonnets," 1885, enlarged edition, 1892. His prose volumes include, beside various novels, "Lectures on English Literature," 1889; "The Leopard of Lancianus, and Other Tales," 1899.

ELIOT, Henrietta Robins (Mack), b. Amherst, Mass., 18—. Now resident in Portland, Ore. Mrs. Eliot is a writer of verse and short stories, and has published "Laura's Holidays," 1898.

ELLIOT, George Tracy, b. Mason, N. H., 1853. Educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since 1884 he has been a corrector at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

ELLSWORTH, Erastus Wolcott, inventor, b. East Windsor, Conn., 1822. Graduated at Amherst. Studied law, but did not follow the profession. Has resided chiefly at East Windsor Hill, where he has been occupied as an inventor of mechanical appliances and with farming. Of late years he has led a secluded life. He was a brilliant contributor to "Putnam's Monthly" and other magazines. A volume of his poems was published in 1855.

ELLWANGER, William De Lancey, lawyer, b. Rochester, N. Y., 1854. Brother of the well-known bookman and essayist, George Herman Ellwanger, and like him interested in books and letters. His poems have appeared in prominent magazines.

EMBURY, Emma Catherine (Manly), b. New York, N. Y., 1806; d. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1863. She was married to Mr. Daniel Embury, of Brooklyn, in 1828. She published "Guido, and Other Poems," 1828; "Love's Token Flowers," verse, 1846; a number of stories; and "Poems," issued posthumously, 1869. A favorite writer in the time of Griswold and Poe.

EMERSON, Ralph Waldo, b. Boston, Mass., 25 May, 1803; d. Concord, Mass., 27 April, 1882. He seems to have made little noteworthy impression upon his schoolmates save for diligent and intelligent work. After leaving Harvard, in 1821, he taught school and studied for the ministry, being ordained 11 March, 1829, the same year in which he was married to Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker. He took an active interest in public affairs, was on the School Board, chosen chaplain of the State Senate, etc. In 1832 he resigned his clerical position in the "Second Church." This step marks a great change in his life. Though he continued to preach, and in many different churches, he would never accept a call, owing to his scruples relating to the communion service. In 1834, after a trip abroad, he became a resident of Concord, Mass. In September, 1835, he married Miss Lydia Jackson, his first wife having died in 1832. In 1835 he began his courses of lectures in Boston. He continued to preach until the autumn of 1838 in the church at East Lexington. In 1836 his first book appeared, a very small volume entitled "Nature." It made no immediate sensation, undoubtedly because incomprehensible to the greater fraction. Carlyle and men of his stamp gave it unstinted praise. His next publication was "The American Scholar," which he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, 1837. Holmes has dubbed this oration our "intellectual declaration of independence." His lectures and orations were continued all through his life, and were published as noted below. In 1841 "Brook Farm" was organized. Emerson had only tangential relations with the experiment, and wrote of it in a humorous though kindly manner. His first volume of "Essays" was published in 1841. In 1842 he lost his little son, whose death was the inspiration of the "Threnody." In 1846 his first volume of poems was published. In 1867 his later poems were published under the title "May Day and Other Pieces." Collective editions of his verse appeared in 1876 and subsequently. His prose works, composed principally of his lectures, are "Essays," 1841; "Essays, Second Series," 1844; "Miscellanies," 1849; "Representative Men," 1850; "English Traits," 1856; "The Conduct of Life," 1860; "Society and Solitude," 1870; "Letters and Social Aims," 1875; and a posthumous volume, "Lectures and Biographical Sketches." He also contributed to the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," 1852; and edited "Parnassus," 1874, a collection of his poetical favorites. It is impossible to overestimate the influence of Emerson on the American people. His lectures were a stimulus as well as a guide for the thought of the day. The latter years of his life were peaceful and happy, though his memory failed him, and his mind lost its alert poise. He died of pneumonia after a short illness, and was buried in ground which he himself had consecrated twenty-seven years before. He was mourned not only by his country but by all the world, though his refined and luminous soul lives forever in his immortal work. For a critical analysis of Emerson's life, philosophy, and writings, cp. "Poets of America," chap. v. [B. D. L.]

ENGLISH, Thomas Dunn, physician and legislator, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 29 June, 1819. He graduated at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, 1839, and afterwards studied law, entering the Philadelphia bar in 1842. After 1844 he was occupied in New York as a journalist, establishing "The Aristidean," 1845. Since 1859 he has practised

medicine in Newark, N. J., and he represented his district in the U. S. House of Representatives, 1891–95. The controversy of this literary veteran with Edgar Allan Poe is well remembered, but of late years Dr. English has done generously by Poe's memory in contributions to the press. His popular ballad, "Ben Bolt," appeared in the "New Mirror," 1843. Among his books are "American Ballads," 1882; "The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics," 1885; "Jacob Schuyler's Millions," novel, 1886; "Fairy Stories and Wonder Tales," 1897. His "Select Poems," edited by his daughter, were published, 1894.

ERSKINE, John, Columbia University, Class of 1900.

FABBRI, Cora Randall, b. New York, N. Y., 1871; d. Italy, 1892. The tender verses of this young girl, upon whom many fair hopes centred, are in a volume of "Lyrics," 1892, published just before her death.

FATHER EDMUND of the Heart of Mary, C. P. — See *Benjamin Dionysius Hill.*

FENOLLOSA, Ernest Francisco, educator and art connoisseur, b. Salem, Mass., 1853. Graduated at Harvard. In 1878 was appointed professor of political economy at the Imperial University in Tokio, Japan, and also began his studies of Japanese art. He was made imperial commissioner of fine arts, 1886, and has held similar positions in the United States. Is now professor of English and English literature in the Higher Normal School of Tokio, and is making a special study of Chinese and Japanese poetry. — "East and West," poems, 1893.

FENOLLOSA, Mary (McNeil), (Mary McNeil Scott), b. Mobile, Ala., 18—. Wife of E. F. Fenollosa. Author of "Out of the Nest: A Flight of Verses," 1899. Her charming stories and poems, since her brief sojourn, 1890, in the province of Satsuma, have related mostly to Japanese themes.

FIELD, Eugene, journalist, b. St. Louis, Mo., 3 Sept., 1850; d. Buena Park, Chicago, Ill., 4 Nov., 1895. On the death of his mother, in 1856, he was taken to Amherst, Mass. He received his early education in that town, and spent one year each at Williams and Knox Colleges and the University of Missouri. In 1873 he began newspaper work at St. Louis, which he continued in St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver until 1883, when he was called by Melville L. Stone to the Chicago "Daily News," with which paper he was connected until his death. His "Denver Tribune Primer" appeared in 1882. Soon after his arrival in Chicago, he began the composition of more serious work in prose and verse than the light contributions which had secured him recognition. Material of both kinds is found in "Culture's Garland," published in 1887. It was followed by "A Little Book of Western Verse," 1889; "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," 1889; "With Trumpet and Drum," poems about children, 1892; "Second Book of Verse," 1893; "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," with Roswell M. Field, 1893; "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," 1893; and "Love Songs of Childhood," 1894. "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "The House," "Songs and Other Verse," and "Second Book of Tales" (posthumous volumes) were included in the complete edition of "Works of Eugene Field," published in 1896. This rare and original minstrel of the West was the Yorick of American poetry, childhood's born laureate, and no less a scholar by nature than a man of infinite humor, and of inimitable, if sometimes too eccentric, jest.

FIELDS, Annie (Adams), b. Boston, Mass., 1834. She attended George B. Emerson's school in Boston. She was married to Mr. James T. Fields, 1854, and has published: "Under the Olive," poems, 1880; "How to Help the Poor," 1883; "The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems," 1895; "Authors and Friends," 1896; "A Shelf of Old Books," 1896. She has also written biographies of Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and James T. Fields.

FIELDS, James Thomas, publisher, b. Portsmouth, N. H., 31 Dec., 1816; d. Boston, Mass., 24 April, 1881. His father was a shipmaster, and died when James was four years old. The latter graduated at the Portsmouth High School at thirteen, and the next year obtained a clerkship in the bookstore of Carter & Hendee at Boston. The name of the firm was changed to Allen & Ticknor, and he became a partner on coming of age. The firm was reorganized as Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, in 1846, and later assumed the famous name of Ticknor & Fields, associated with the publication of the works of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and the remainder of the great Boston group of authors. Of all of these, Mr. Fields, himself an author of repute, and a still better editor, was the personal associate and adviser. He took the editorship of "The Atlantic Monthly," on Mr. Lowell's retirement in 1861, and held it until his own retirement from the publishing house, then Fields, Osgood, & Co., on Jan. 1, 1871. After his retirement from business, Mr. Fields became a favorite lecturer upon literary subjects. He married Miss Annie Adams, 1854. (See *Annie Fields.*) He published: "Poems," 1849; "A Few Verses for a Few Friends," 1858; "Yesterdays with Authors," 1871 (20th edition, 1881); "Hawthorne," 1876; "In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens," 1876; "Underbrush," 1877; "Ballads and Other Verses," 1880.

FINCH, Francis Miles, jurist, b. Ithaca, N. Y., 1827. Graduated at Yale, 1849. Was the Class Poet and delivered a memorable Class Poem. He practised law at Ithaca until 1881, when he was elected a justice of the N. Y. Court of Appeals. Since 1892 he has been dean of the law school of Cornell University. "The Blue and the Gray," which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" for 1867, has become a national classic.

FINCH, Julia (Neely), b. Mobile, Ala., 18—. A musician and composer of Birmingham, Ala. Her pure and womanly lyric of motherhood, "The Unborn," first appeared in an Atlanta periodical.

FLASH, Henry Lynden, b. Cincinnati, O., 1835. Graduated at the Western Military Institute of Kentucky. He was an officer in the Confederate army, and after the war made his home in New Orleans until 1886, when he removed to Los Angeles, Cal. Besides his "Poems," 1860, he wrote several pieces popular in war-time.

FLEMING, Maybury, journalist, b. Boston, Mass., 1853. Was educated at the University of New York, and afterwards joined the editorial staff of the N. Y. "Mail and Express." A contributor to the magazines.

FOOTE, General Lucius Harwood, b. Winfield, N. Y., 1826. His father, a Congregational clergyman, made his home in Ohio and later in Rockford, Ill. The son was educated at Adelbert College, Cleveland, O. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him collector of the port of Sacramento. He has also been adjutant-general of California; U. S. consul at Valparaiso, Chile; and U. S. minister to Corea. Author of "A Red Letter Day, and Other Poems," 1882; "On the Heights," 1897.

"FORESTER, Fanny." — See *Emily Chubbuck Judson*.

"FORESTER, Frank." — See *Henry William Herbert*.

FOSS, Sam Walter, librarian, b. Candia, N. H., 1858. Graduated at Brown University. Became librarian of the Somerville Public Library in 1898. His published works are: "Back Country Poems," 1892; "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," 1896; "Dreams in Homespun," 1898; "Songs of War and Peace," 1899.

FOSTER, Stephen Collins, composer, b. Pittsburg, Penn., 1826; d. New York, N. Y., 1864. He was the earliest and chief member of the school of composers of that idealized negro melody which characterizes a fourth of the 125 or more songs, for which he wrote both music and words. His "Old Folks at Home" was written before he was twenty and was published in 1850. Other well-known pieces are "The Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Nellie Bly," etc.

"FOXTON, E." — See *Sarah Hammond Palfrey*.

FRENEAU, Philip, mariner, journalist, and patriot, b. New York, N. Y., 1752; d. near Monmouth, N. J., 1832. The true pioneer of our national poets, and the first to display a notable though irregular lyrical gift. Freneau and Hugh Brackenridge, while students at Princeton, wrote, and delivered at their graduation, in 1771, a metrical dialogue, "The Rising Glory of America." During the Revolutionary War, Freneau's pen was most active and satirical. Between 1770 and 1790 he made many sea-voyages to the West Indies and other ports, often in command of mercantile vessels. "The British Prison-Ship," in four cantos, records the capture, in 1780, of a vessel in which he and all on board were taken prisoners. Many of his poems were published in "The Freeman's Journal," with which he was connected in Philadelphia. He edited the "Daily Advertiser," New York, 1790; and the "National Gazette," Philadelphia, 1791. After an interval of sea-life, he made, in 1812, his permanent home in New Jersey. Author of "Poems of Philip Freneau, Written chiefly during the Late War," 1786; "Poems Written between the Years 1788 and 1794," 1795; "Poems Written and Published during the American Revolutionary War," 1809; and "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs," 1815. The edition of 1795 came from the author's own press at Monmouth, N. J. — Cp. "Poets of America," pp. 35, 36.

FROTHINGHAM, Nathaniel Langdon, clergyman, b. Boston, Mass., 1793; d. there, 1870. A graduate of Harvard. He was pastor of a Unitarian church at Boston from 1815 to 1850. Besides various theological writings, he was the author of "Metrical Pieces," 1855 and 1870. His poem, "The Crossed Swords," was written "on seeing the swords of Col. Prescott and Capt. Linzee, now crossed through a carved wreath of olive leaves, in the hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

FULLER, Margaret Witter, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 187-. Daughter of James Ebenezer Fuller, of Norwich, Conn., in which city she has resided since her childhood.

FURNESS, William Henry, clergyman, b. Boston, Mass., 1802; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1896. He was a graduate of Harvard and of the Harvard Theological school, and in 1825 became pastor of the Unitarian church in Philadelphia. He wrote many theological works. His "Verses: Translations and Hymns," was issued in 1886. His son, Horace Howard Furness, is the most eminent Shakespearean scholar living, and editor of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's plays.

GALLAGHER, William Davis, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1808; d. Louisville, Ky., 1894. Associate editor Cincinnati "Gazette" and Louisville "Courier." Delegate to the convention of 1860 that nominated Lincoln. Private secretary to Thomas Corwin and to S. P. Chase. President Ohio Historical Society. He strove to diffuse a taste for letters, and compiled the earliest anthology of Western poetry: "Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West," Cincinnati, 1840. His "Erato," poems, appeared in 1835–37; his "Miami Woods, A Golden Wedding, and Other Poems," in 1881.

GARDNER, William Henry, song-writer, b. Boston, Mass., 1865. Has devoted himself

chiefly to verse-writing for music. His lyrics have been interpreted by both American and English composers. Author of "Work and Play Songs," 1899.

GARLAND, Hamlin, novelist, b. West Salem, Wis., 1860. Graduated at Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Ia. Taught school in Illinois, 1882–83, and preëmpted a claim in Dakota, 1883, but in the following year removed to Boston, Mass., where he devoted himself to study and literary work, at the same time teaching in the School of Oratory. Has resided in Chicago and West Salem since 1891, with the exception of trips northwest, and to the East and Europe, in connection with his literary and historical researches. He has published "Prairie Songs," 1893; "Crumbling Idols," essays, 1894; "Ulysses Grant: an Interpretation," 1898; "The Trail of the Gold-Seekers," 1899. Mr. Garland's books of fiction include "Main-Travelled Roads," 1890; "A Little Norsk," 1891; "A Spoil of Office," 1892; "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," 1895.

GARRISON, Wendell Phillips, b. Cambridgeport, Mass., 1840. Graduated at Harvard. A son of William Lloyd Garrison, and literary editor of the New York "Nation" from its foundation in 1865. Since 1866 he has lived in Orange, N. J., and among other works has published, in collaboration with his brother, "William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of His Life, Told by His Children," four volumes, 1885–89. An exquisite private edition of his "Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly," printed in 1893, contains "The Post-Meridian" sonnets. The book itself was examined by the editor of this anthology too late for the insertion, heretofore, of the following beautiful sonnet: —

AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY

Here was the ancient strand, the utmost reach,
Of the great Northern ice-wave; hitherto
With its last pulse it mounted, then withdrew,
Leaving its fringe of wreckage on the beach:
Boulder and pebble and sand-matrix — each
From crag or valley ravished; scanty clue
To its old site affording in its new,
Yet real, as the men of science teach.
Life hath not less its terminal moraine:
Look how on that discharged from melting snows
Another rears itself, the spoil of plain
And mountain also, marked by stones in rows,
With legend meet for such promiscuous pain:
Here rests — Hier ruhet, or *Ici repose.*

GARRISON, William Lloyd, abolitionist, b. Newburyport, Mass., 1805; d. New York, N. Y., 1879. Established "The Liberator," Boston, 1831, and conducted it until 1865. Was founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its president from 1843 to 1865. Suffered imprisonment in Boston and Maryland. In Georgia a reward was set upon his head. After his death his statue was erected in Boston, where he had been mobbed for his principles. His "Sonnets and Poems," chiefly devoted to freedom, appeared in 1843.

GEORGE, Margaret Gilman. — See *M. G. Davidson.*

GILDER, Joseph B., journalist, b. Flushing, N. Y., 1858. Brother of Richard Watson Gilder. Entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., 1872, but resigned two years later. Engaged in journalism until 1881, when, with his sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, he organized "The Critic," and with her has edited it ever since. Mr. Gilder is also the editor of the life and speeches of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and of an edition of Lowell's "Impressions of Spain."

GILDER, Richard Watson, editor and reformer, b. Bordentown, N. J., 8 Feb., 1844. He studied at Bellevue Seminary, the college founded in Bordentown by his father, Rev. William H. Gilder. During the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania he served in Landis's Philadelphia Battery. His father's death put an end to his law studies, and he joined the staff of the Newark, N. J., "Daily Advertiser," 1864. In 1868 he established and edited with Newton Crane the Newark "Morning Register," and afterwards was editor of the New York "Hours at Home." Was associate editor of "Scribner's Monthly" (afterwards "The Century") from its foundation in 1870; and on the death of Dr. J. G. Holland, 1881, became editor-in-chief. His volume of poems, "The New Day," 1875, was followed by several others afterwards included in "Lyrics, and Other Poems," 1885; "Two Worlds, and Other Poems," 1891; "The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems," 1893; "Five Books of Song," complete to date, 1894; "For the Country," poems, 1897; "In Palestine, and Other Poems," 1898. For some years past, Mr. Gilder, always a sincere humanitarian, has been prominent in social and political reform, and especially successful as chairman of the Commission for the Inspection and Betterment of the Tenement House System in New York City. He gave effective aid to the cause of International Copyright. The Authors Club was founded at his home. He is married to the artist, Helena De Kay, sister of Charles De Kay, and granddaughter of Joseph Rodman Drake. His influence has been propitious in many directions taken by our literary and artistic movements of recent years. From the first, the growth and excellence of the "Century Magazine" have been largely due to Mr. Gilder's editorial sense, tact, and unenvious appreciation. His poetry is of a pure cast, finished in the extreme, and often notably lyrical. Cp. "Poets of America," p. 442.

GILLESPY, Jeannette Bliss, Barnard College, Class of 1900.

GLYNDON, Howard. — See *L. R. Searing.*

GLYNES, Ella Maria (Dietz), b. New York, N. Y., 185–. She made her début as an

actress in New York, 1872, but played chiefly in England for some years. In 1881 ill-health compelled her to leave the stage. Her first husband was the late Dr. Meredith Clymer. In 1899 she was married in London to Webster Glynes, barrister. Mrs. Glynes was a founder of the Sorosis Society and its fifth president. She also helped to form the Church and Stage Guild, 1880. Author of "The Triumph of Love," 1878; "The Triumph of Time," 1884; "The Triumph of Life," 1885.

GOETZ, Philip Becker, Harvard University, Class of 1893.

GOODALE, Dora Reed, b. Mount Washington, Mass., 1866. Sister of Mrs. Charles A. Eastman, and author with her, in childhood, of "Apple Blossoms," 1878; "In Berkshire with Wild Flowers," 1879, and "All Round the Year," 1880. Has since contributed to many magazines. Her separate volume, "Heralds of Easter," appeared in 1887.

GOODALE, Elaine. — See *Elaine Eastman.*

GOODRICH, Samuel Griswold, b. Ridgefield, Conn., 1793; d. New York, N. Y., 1860. During his career as publisher and author in Hartford and Boston he edited and wrote one hundred and seventy volumes, chiefly over the pseudonym "Peter Parley." Many of these books achieved a wide popularity. He edited "The Token," an annual, from 1828 to 1832. "The Outcast, and Other Poems," appeared in 1836.

GORDON, Armistead Churchill, b. Albemarle Co., Va., 1855. A graduate of the Virginia University, founded by his grandfather, General W. F. Gordon. While in college he contributed to the New York magazines, and in 1880 published, with Thomas Nelson Page, "Befo' de War," poems. This was followed by "Echoes in Negro Dialect," 1888, and "For Truth and Freedom," 1898. Mr. Gordon is a lawyer and ex-mayor of Staunton, Va.

GOULD, Hannah Flagg, b. Lancaster, Mass., 1789; d. Newburyport, Mass., 1865. She was a sister of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the classical scholar, and resided at Newburyport for the greater part of her life. Her three volumes of "Poems" appeared in 1832, 1836, and 1841.

GOURAUD, George Fauvel, lawyer, b. New York, N. Y., 1872. Studied at Harrow, England, and the Polytechnicum, Hanover, Germany. Graduated at the Yale Law School, and was admitted to the New York bar, 1896. — "Ballads of Coster-Land," 1897.

GRAY, David, b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 1836; d. Binghamton, 1888. In 1856 he joined the staff of the Buffalo, N. Y., "Courier," of which he afterward became editor, resigning on account of ill-health. His Letters, Prose Writings, Poems, etc., were edited by J. N. Larned in 1888.

GREENE, Albert Gorton, lawyer, b. Providence, R. I., 1802; d. Cleveland, O., 1868. Graduated at Brown University. Was for twenty-five years clerk of the Municipal Court at Providence, and its judge 1858-67. The original school bill of Rhode Island was drafted by his hand. He was conspicuous in the founding of the Providence Athenæum. For fourteen years president of the Rhode Island Historical Society. His poems have never been published in a collected form. Judge Greene was the founder of the "Harris Collection of American Poetry," bequeathed to Brown University by the late Senator Anthony. The editor of the present Anthology has frequently profited by the resources of this collection.

GREENE, Homer, lawyer, b. Ariel, Penn., 1853. A graduate of Union College, and now a resident of Honesdale, Penn., where he has practised law since 1879. Author of several books of fiction and of occasional poems. His winsome and melodious ballad, "What my Lover Said," fairly deserves its popularity.

GREENE, Sarah Pratt (McLean), b. Simsbury, Conn., 1858. Educated at Mt. Holyoke, Mass. Taught school near Plymouth, Mass., where she obtained the material for her "Cape Cod-Folks," 1881. She was married to F. L. Greene, and removed to the West. Since his death she has resided in New England. Among her books are "Towhead," 1884, containing her best-known poem, "De Sheepfol';" "Lastchance Junction," 1889.

GRISSOM, Arthur, b. Payson, Ill., 1869. Well-known as editor of "Spirit," and a member of Mr. Munsey's staff. Of late years he has been interested in the "Kansas City Independent," and is now editor of "The Smart Set." He has published a volume of society verse entitled "Beaux and Belles," 1896.

"GROOT, Cecil de." — See *Wallace Rice.*

GUINEY, Louise Imogen, b. Boston, Mass., 1861. Daughter of Gen. Patrick R. Guiney, who was killed while serving in the army. She graduated from Elmhurst Academy, Providence, R. I., and since has resided chiefly in and near Boston. Her works include "Songs at the Start," 1884; "Goose Quill Papers," 1885; "The White Sail," 1887; "Brownies and Bogies," 1888; "Monsieur Henri: a Footnote to French History," 1892; "A Roadside Harp," 1893; "Three Heroines of New England Romance," with Mrs. Spofford and Alice Brown, 1894; "A Little English Gallery," 1894; "Patrins," essays, 1897; "The Martyr's Idyl, and Shorter Poems," 1899.

GUMMERE, Francis Barton, educator, b. Burlington, N. J., 1855. Studied at Haverford College, Harvard, and Freiburg University. In 1887 he became professor of English at Haverford College, Penn. Author of "The Anglo-Saxon Metaphor," 1881; "Handbook of Poetics," 1885; "Germanic Origins: a Study in Primitive Culture," 1892.

HALE, Edward Everett, clergyman and author, b. Boston, Mass., 3 April, 1822. Dr. Hale has been identified with humanitarian projects for over half a century, and his influence as pastor, writer, and philanthropist will long be felt. His patriotic tale, "The Man Without a Country," the best short story of its time, is enough for one author's fame. The poem which represents him in this collection is a vivid expression of his striking personality, and of university traditions in which his record and bearing are an essential part. In addition to his prose works, Dr. Hale has published a volume of poems under the title of "For Fifty Years."

HALE, Sarah Josepha (Buell), b. Newport, N. H., 1788; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1879. Editor of the "Ladies' Magazine" at Boston, 1828–37, and of "Godey's Ladies' Book" until 1877. An early advocate of the higher education of women. It is said that the celebration of Thanksgiving as a national festival was largely due to her influence. Her first publication was "Genius of Oblivion, and Other Original Poems," 1828. Her literary reputation rests upon the collection "Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and Other Poems."

HALL, Gertrude, b. Boston, Mass., 186–. She was educated in Italy. Her first volume, "Verses," appeared in 1890, and was followed by "Allegretto," 1894, and "The Age of Fairy Gold," 1899. She has also written several books of short stories, and has made translations from Paul Verlaine, and one of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

HALLECK, Fitz-Greene, b. Guilford, Conn., 8 July, 1790; d. there, 19 Nov., 1867. He was of Puritan and Pilgrim descent, and counted John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, among his ancestors. Educated at the schools of his native town, he took a position as a clerk in the store of his relative, Andrew Eliot, of Guilford, when fifteen years old. Six years later, in 1811, he came to New York, and obtained a place in the banking house of Jacob Barker, with whom he remained until 1832. From 1832 to 1849 he was employed as an accountant by John Jacob Astor, receiving a pension on the latter's death, and retiring to Guilford, where the remainder of his life was passed. His friendship with Joseph Rodman Drake resulted in their series of satirical "Croaker" papers, published anonymously in the New York "Evening Post" in 1819 (see *Drake, J. R.*). The reputation gained by this work was further enhanced by the appearance of Halleck's poem "Fanny" in the same year, a travesty of the manners of the time. His best-known poem, "Marco Bozzaris," was printed by Bryant in the "New York Review," in 1825. "Alnwick Castle, with Other Poems," his first volume, came out in 1827. The collective edition of his "Poetical Writings," 1869, and "The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," 1869, were prepared by General James Grant Wilson.

HALPINE, Charles Graham, "Miles O'Reilly," b. Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, 1829; d. New York, N. Y., 1868. He was graduated at the University of Dublin, and came to America about 1851. He joined the staff of the Boston "Post," and in 1857 became editor of the New York "Leader." Enlisting early in the Union army, he rose to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. After the war, in 1864, he returned to newspaper life and politics in New York. His "Life and Adventures, Songs, etc., of Private Miles O'Reilly," 1864, and "Baked Meats of the Funeral," 1866, first appeared as papers in the New York "Herald." "The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine," 1869, was a posthumous volume.

HANSBROUGH, Mary Berri (Chapman), b. Washington, D. C., 187–. A writer of prose and verse. She was married in 1897 to Henry Clay Hansbrough, senator from North Dakota. Her volume "Lyrics of Love and Nature" appeared in 1895.

HARDY, Arthur Sherburne, novelist and mathematician, b. Andover, Mass., 13 Aug., 1847. Graduated at West Point, and was made 2d lieutenant in the 3d artillery regiment, U. S. A., 1869. He resigned from the army the following year, and after a period of travel and study abroad was appointed professor of civil engineering at Iowa College. From 1878 to 1893 he was professor of mathematics at Dartmouth. After a brief connection with the "Cosmopolitan" magazine, Mr. Hardy was made minister to Persia in 1897, and two years later was transferred to the ministry at Athens. Author of "Francesca of Rimini," poem, 1878; "But yet a Woman," 1883; "The Wind of Destiny," 1886; "Passe Rose," 1889; "Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima," 1891.

HARNEY, Will Wallace, b. Bloomington, Ind., 1831. He studied at Louisville College and taught in the Kentucky State Normal School. He succeeded his father as editor of the Louisville "Democrat" in 1869, but soon removed to an orange grove in Florida. His contributions to different periodicals have not been collected.

HARRIS, Joel Chandler, b. Eatonton, Ga., 9 Dec., 1848. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Georgia "Countryman," and his early compositions appeared in that paper. In 1890 he became editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," in which journal he had first published his "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," 1880, now a veritable classic. His works include "Nights with Uncle Remus," 1882; "Mingo, and Other Sketches," 1884; "Daddy Jake the Runaway," 1889; a biography of Henry W. Grady, 1890; "Balaam and his Master," 1891; "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country," 1894; "Aaron in the Wildwoods," 1897; "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War," 1898; "Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times," 1899.

HARRIS, Thomas Lake, b. Fenny Stratford, England, 1823. He founded the Brotherhood of the New Life, a mystical organization at Salem-on-Erie, near Brocton, N. Y., and afterwards became a resident of California. "The Great Republic, a Poem of the Sun," 1867; "Star Flowers," verse, 1886; and "God's Breath in Man," 1891, are among his published writings. At the age of seventy-seven Mr. Harris made his home in New York City, and was still alert with pen and brain.

HARTE, Francis Bret, b. Albany, N. Y., 25 Aug., 1839. He lost his father in childhood, and, after receiving a common school education, went to Sonora, Cal., where he taught for a while. He afterwards worked in a mine and in a printing-office, was an express agent, and finally formed an editorial connection with "The Golden Era" of San Francisco. In 1864 he was made secretary of the U. S. Branch Mint, and became editor of "The Californian," in which weekly he published his "Condensed Novels." In 1868 he began to edit the newly founded "Overland Monthly," and contributed to its second number his story "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The humorous poem "Plain Talk from Truthful James" appeared in the same magazine in 1870. His fame spreading, he removed to the Atlantic coast in 1871; was appointed U. S. consul at Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1880. After holding the latter office five years, he made his home in England, near London. Among his works are "Condensed Novels," 1867; "Poems," 1871; "The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches," 1871; "East and West Poems," 1871; "Stories of the Sierras," 1872; "Poetical Works," 1873; "Echoes of the Foothills," poems, 1874; "Tales of the Argonauts," 1875; "Thankful Blossom," 1876; "Drift from Two Shores," 1878; "In the Carquinez Woods," 1883; "By Shore and Sedge," 1885; "Maruja," novel, 1885; "Snowbound at Eagle's," 1886; "The Queen of the Pirate Isle," for children, 1887; "A Phyllis of the Sierras," 1887; "Cressy," 1889; "A Waif of the Plains," 1890; "In a Hollow of the Hills," 1895; "Three Partners," 1897.

HASTINGS, Thomas, musician and hymn-writer, b. Washington, Conn., 1784; d. New York, N. Y., 1872. Widely known as composer, lecturer, teacher, and writer in the interest of sacred music. Distinguished with Dr. Lowell Mason as a founder of the prevailing psalmody of America. From 1842 till his death, Dr. Hastings made New York City the centre of his labors, being associated with many churches of the metropolis, and a constant contributor to the periodic press.

HAWKES, Clarence, b. Goshen, Mass., 1869. Known as the "Blind Poet of New England." An industrious writer of short stories, poems, and sketches, and also a lecturer. Among his publications are "Pebbles and Shells," verse, 1895; "Idyls of Old New England," 1897; "The Hope of the World, and Other Poems," 1900.

HAWTHORNE, Hildegarde, b. New York, N. Y., 18—. A daughter of Julian Hawthorne. By her occasional poems and sketches she has proved that a literary heritage can descend to the third generation.

HAWTHORNE, Julian, novelist, b. Boston, Mass., 22 June, 1846. Son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and brother of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. He spent a number of years in Europe before and after his graduation at Harvard, beginning life as a civil engineer. Since 1882 he has lived chiefly in New York City and its vicinage. His "Saxon Studies" were published in "The Contemporary Review" and afterwards in a volume. His works include "Garth," 1875; "Archibald Malmaison," 1878; "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," 1885; "Confessions and Criticisms," 1887; and many other volumes in various departments of literature.

HAWTHORNE, Nathaniel, romancer, b. Salem, Mass., 4 July, 1804; d. Plymouth, N. H., 19 May, 1864. The most imaginative and eminent of American romancers in the 19th century left no volume of poetry, and it appears not to have been recalled, until very recently, that anything in verse-form had appeared from his pen. Geo. Parsons Lathrop, however, before his own death, in 1898, chanced upon a copy of the religious illustrated gift-book, in the style of the "Annuals" of that day, "Scenes in the Life of our Saviour: by the Poets and Painters," published under R. W. Griswold's editorship, 1845. The book contains two contributions in verse by Hawthorne, entitled "Walking on the Sea," and "The Star of Calvary." The last-named poem, composed, like Hood's "Eugene Aram" and Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," in the measure and manner of Coleridge's "Wondrous Rime," is by far the better of the two and worth its space on p. 191.

HAY, Helen, b. New York, N. Y., 18—. Daughter of John Hay. The poetry in Miss Hay's initial volume, "Some Verses," 1898, has the quality of distinction, and was at once approved for its artistic perfection, impassioned lyrical expression, and suggestion of reserved dramatic force.

HAY, John, diplomat and statesman, b. Salem, Ind., 8 Oct., 1838. Graduated at Brown University; admitted to the bar in 1861. He was assistant private secretary to Lincoln from the beginning of the war till the President's death, and served as his adjutant and aide-de-camp. In 186– he went to the front with Generals Hunter and Gillmore and saw active service. He won the rank of major and assistant adjutant-general, and was brevetted lieutenant colonel and colonel. He was U. S. secretary of legation at Paris, 1865–67; chargé d'affaires at Vienna, 1867–68; and secretary of legation

at Madrid, 1868–70. After his return to America he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune," and was one of the ablest leader-writers that have adorned our journalism. As a diversion, he contributed some of his Pike County Ballads to that paper. He was assistant secretary of state under President Hayes, 1879–81, but it was not until 1897 that an administration gave him an opportunity, as ambassador to Great Britain, of fully utilizing his natural and trained abilities for the highest diplomatic service. In 1898 he was recalled to enter Pres. McKinley's cabinet as secretary of state, at the most important and historic stage, since the Civil War, of American events. Mr. Hay has published "Pike County Ballads, and Other Pieces," 1871; "Castilian Days," 1871; "Poems," 1890; and with J. G. Nicolay, the authoritative history of Abraham Lincoln which first appeared in "The Century Magazine," 1887. He never has acknowledged his alleged authorship of the anonymous novel "The Bread-Winners," 1883.

HAYES, Ednah Proctor (Clarke), b. New York, N. Y., 187-. Daughter of Col. I. Edwards Clarke, of the U. S. Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., which city was her chief place of residence until her marriage in 1899 to Dr. Henry L. Hayes, and her removal with him to the Hawaiian Islands. Is a cousin of Edna Dean Proctor. Author of "An Opal: Verses by Ednah Proctor Clarke," 1897.

HAYES, John Russell, asst. professor of English, Swarthmore College, b. West Chester, Penn., 1866. Graduate of Swarthmore, Harvard, and University of Pennsylvania Law School. Author of "The Old Fashioned Garden, and Other Verses," 1895; "The Brandywine," 1898; "West Chester Centennial Ode," 1899; "Swarthmore Idylls," 1899.

HAYNE, Paul Hamilton, b. Charleston, S. C., 1 Jan., 1830; d. "Copse Hill," Grovetown, Ga., 6 July, 1886. He was graduated at the University of South Carolina, gave up the practice of law for literature, and edited successively, "Russell's Magazine," the Charleston "Literary Gazette" and "Evening News." He was a colonel in the Confederate army, and wrote several popular Confederate songs. The war undermining his health and destroying his home, he retired with his family to a cottage, "Copse Hill," at Grovetown, in the pine barrens near Augusta, Ga., Hayne was long our representative Southern poet, honored and beloved by his colleagues in all portions of the United States, and by not a few in the Motherland. He issued "Poems," 1855; "Sonnets and Other Poems," 1857; "Avolio, a Legend of Cos," 1859; "Legends and Lyrics," 1872; "The Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems," 1873. He wrote a memoir of Henry Timrod, 1873; and lives of Hugh S. Legaré and of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, 1878. An elegant edition of his complete poems appeared in 1882.

HAYNE, William Hamilton, b. Charleston, S. C., 1856. Son of Paul Hamilton Hayne. Received his education chiefly at home. The greater part of his life has been passed at "Copse Hill," Grovetown, the family residence near Augusta, Ga. His first published poem appeared in 1881. Author of "Sylvan Lyrics, and Other Verses," 1893, and of numerous critical articles.

HEATON, John Langdon, journalist, b. Canton, N. J., 1860. Graduated there, at St. Lawrence University, 1880. Among his writings are "Stories of Napoleon," 1895; "The Quilting Bee, and Other Poems," 1896.

HEDGE, Frederic Henry, Unitarian clergyman, b. Cambridge, Mass., 1805; d. there, 1890. Son of Prof. Levi Hedge. In 1818 he was sent to Germany, where he passed five years in study. Graduated at Harvard in 1825, and in 1857 was appointed professor of ecclesiastical history there, and later professor of German. He edited "The Christian Examiner," 1857–60, wrote the standard work, "The Prose Writers of Germany," 1848; "Martin Luther, and Other Essays," 1888; several theological works, and many hymns and translations of hymns. With Mrs. Annie Lee Wister he prepared "Metrical Translations and Poems."

HELLMAN, George Sidney, b. New York, N. Y., 1878. Son of Mrs. Frances Hellman, whose translations from Heine and other German poets have distinction. Graduated at Columbia, where he was editor of the "Literary Monthly" and managing editor of the "Spectator." In 1899, with Mr. W. A. Bradley, he established "East and West," a monthly literary magazine.

"H. H." —See *Helen Maria (Fiske) Jackson.*

HERBERT, Henry William ("Frank Forester"), b. London, Eng., 1807; died by his own hand, New York, N. Y., 1858. Son of the Dean of Manchester, and a graduate of Oxford. He came to New Jersey in the thirties, and made his living by work as a classical editor and man of letters. Edited the "American Monthly," 1833–36. Author of "Cromwell," 1837; "My Shooting Box," 1846, and many books on field sports and on historical themes. His (collected) "Poems, a Memorial Volume," was edited by Mrs. Margaret Herbert Mather, ("Morgan Herbert") and brought out in an elegant subscription edition, 1888.

HERFORD, Oliver, b. (Fairyland?) 186-. Son of the late Rev. Brooke Herford. His double talent with pen and pencil, in the exercise of fancy, wit, and humor, has won him an enviable position among writers of the day. Some of his publications are: "Artful Anticks," 1888; "The Primer of Natural History," 1899; "The Bashful Earthquake," 1899.

"HERMES, Paul." —See *W. R. Thayer.*

HICKOX, Chauncey, journalist, b. Ra-

venna, O., 1837. A resident of Washington, D. C., since 1865.

HIGGINSON, Ella (Rhoads), b. Council Grove, Kan., 186–. She married Russell Cardon Higginson in 1882, and of late has resided in New Whatcom, Wash. Has published several books of short stories, and also a volume of verse, "When the Birds go North again," 1898.

HIGGINSON, Mary Potter (Thacher), "Mrs. Potter," b. Machias, Me., 1844. She was married to Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in 1879. She has written "Seashore and Prairie, Stories and Sketches," 1876; and with her husband, "Such as They Are," poems, 1893.

HIGGINSON, Thomas Wentworth, b. Cambridge, Mass., 22 Dec., 1823. A descendant of the Rev. Francis Higginson, distinguished among the earliest Puritan colonists of New England. Graduating at Harvard, he was for a time engaged in teaching. He studied for the liberal ministry, and was settled over churches at Newburyport and Worcester, Mass. During this period, 1847 to 1858, he took an active part in the anti-slavery movement, and served as a soldier in the Free State campaign in Kansas. He resigned from the ministry in 1858, and thereafter engaged in literary work. From 1862 to 1864 he was colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves recruited for the Federal army, and served in the Florida and South Carolina campaigns. A few years after the war he made his permanent residence at Cambridge, Mass. Colonel Higginson labored earnestly, both as a lecturer and writer, in behalf of woman suffrage and other reform movements. He was appointed military and naval historian of Massachusetts in the Civil War in 1889. He has published books in many departments of literature, including "Outdoor Papers," 1863; "Malbone, an Oldport Romance," 1869; "Army Life in a Black Regiment," 1870; "Atlantic Essays," 1871; "The Sympathies of Religions," 1871; "Common Sense about Women," 1882; "Life of Margaret Fuller," 1884; "The Monarch of Dreams," 1887; "The Afternoon Landscape: Poems and Translations," 1888; "Concerning All of Us," 1892; and "Cheerful Yesterdays," autobiographical, 1898. As a scholar, critic, and exponent of his own early essay, "A Plea for Culture," Col. Higginson in his career has been identified with the progress of American thought and letters during the second half of the nineteenth century.

HILDRETH, Charles Lotin, b. New York, N. Y., 1857; d. 1896. A journalist of New York, who wrote for the "World," 1883, and was afterward a writer for "Belford's Magazine." Author of "Judith," a novel, 1876; "The New Symphony, and Other Stories," 1878; "The Masque of Death, and Other Poems," 1889.

HILL, Benjamin Dionysius (Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C. P.), b. Wottan Underwood, Buckinghamshire, Eng., 1842. Now a resident of Dunkirk, N. Y. His father was vicar of Wottan. Father Edmund was educated at Oxford and Cambridge Universities. His poetical works include "Poems Devotional and Occasional," 1877; "Passion Flowers," 1898; "Mariae Corolla: a Wreath for Our Lady," 1898.

HILL, George, b. Guilford, Conn., 1796; d. New York, N. Y., 1871. He graduated at Yale, and held several positions under the U. S. government. His "The Ruins of Athens, and Other Poems," 1834, was reissued, with additions, in 1839, as "The Ruins of Athens, Titania's Banquet, and Other Poems."

HILLHOUSE, Augustus Lucas, b. New Haven, Conn., 1792; d. near Paris, France, 1859. Brother of J. A. Hillhouse, and a graduate of Yale. His hymn, "Forgiveness of Sins a Joy Unknown to Angels," written at Paris, was published in the "Christian Spectator," 1822.

HILLHOUSE, James Abraham, b. New Haven, Conn., 1789; d. New Haven, Conn., 1841. Graduated at Yale. After engaging in mercantile pursuits for a few years, he resigned and spent the rest of his life quietly at his country home near New Haven. "Dramas, Discourses, and Other Pieces" appeared in 1839. As he was one of the earliest Americans to write a truly poetic drama, its most effective scene, which in some degree reflects the influence of Byron, is included in the present Anthology.

HIRST, Henry Beck, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1813; d. there, 1874. A lawyer, who resided in his native city. He published a "Poetical Dictionary," 18—; "The Coming of the Mammoth, and Other Poems," 1845; "Endymion, a Tale of Greece," verse, 1848; "The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and Other Poems," 1849. He was severely criticised by Poe, who nevertheless paid tribute to his poetic qualities. A collective edition of poems has been promised under the editorship of Dr. Matthews Woods, who is of the belief that Poe found suggestions for some of his own effects in verse from the measures of the author of "The Funeral of Time" and kindred lyrics.

HOFFMAN, Charles Fenno, lawyer and journalist, b. New York, N. Y., 1806; d. Harrisburg, Penn., 1884. Studied at Columbia College, and practised law in New York. Was associate editor of the New York "American;" founded the "Knickerbocker Magazine," 1833; editor and owner of the "American Monthly;" edited the New York "Mirror" and "Literary World." In 1849 his mind became unbalanced, and the rest of his life was spent in retirement. Author of "A Winter in the West," 1835; "Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie," 1837; "Vanderlyn," 1837; "Grayslaer," 1840. His "Poems" complete appeared in 1873.

HOLLAND, Josiah Gilbert, b. Belchertown, Mass., 24 July, 1819; d. New York, N. Y., 12 Oct., 1881. He practised medicine, and was engaged in educational work, until 1849, when he joined the editorial staff of the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican," with which paper he was associated until 1866. During this editorship his popular "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" appeared in the "Republican" and were reissued in book-form in 1858. "Bitter Sweet," 1858, "Katrina," 1867, and "The Mistress of the Manse," 1874, poems of home life, proved equal favorites with the people. His other poetical works were "The Marble Prophecy, and Other Poems," 1872; "Garnered Sheaves," a collective edition, 1873; and "The Puritan's Guest, and Other Poems." Dr. Holland was the projector of "Scribner's Monthly," afterwards the "Century Magazine," which he edited from its establishment, in 1870, until his death. Among his novels, some of which were published serially in the magazine, are: "Miss Gilbert's Career," 1860; "Arthur Bonniecastle," 1873; and "Nicholas Minturn," 1876.

HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, b. Cambridge, Mass., 29 Aug., 1809; d. Boston, 7 Oct., 1894. His father, Abiel Holmes, was pastor of the First Church, Cambridge, and author of historical and religious works. The son was educated at Andover and Harvard. His poem "Old Ironsides," in the Boston "Advertiser," saved the frigate Constitution from destruction, and was the first of note that he published; although a few other verses had crept into print. He gave up law for medicine, and in 1834 published a remarkable essay on puerperal fever, doing away with established views on the subject. In 1836, after more than two years of study in America, and three in the hospitals of Edinburgh and Paris, he took his medical degree, and in the same year published his first volume of "Poems." In 1839 he became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth. In 1840 he married Amelia Lee Jackson, and established a practice in Boston. From 1847 to 1882 he was Parkman professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, and then was made professor emeritus. Lowell, as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," was one of the first to recognize his essential genius. In 1857 he began in that magazine, just founded, the series published in book-form in 1859, with the title "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" followed in 1860; "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" in 1873. The novels "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" appeared in 1861 and 1868. Certain features of the latter were far in advance of the times, and its publication in the "Atlantic Monthly" temporarily diminished its circulation. Among his other works in prose are "Lectures on the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," first delivered in 1852; "Soundings from the Atlantic," 1863; "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," 1871; "John Lothrop Motley," 1878; "Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," 1884; "A Mortal Antipathy," novel, 1885; "The New Portfolio," 1886; "Our Hundred Days in Europe," 1887; "Over the Teacups," 1890. His verse includes "Urania," 1846; "Astraea," 1850; "Songs in Many Keys," 1861; "Humorous Poems," 1865; "Songs of Many Seasons," 1874; "The School-Boy," 1878; "The Iron Gate, and Other Poems," 1880; "Before the Curfew, and Other Poems," 1888. Dr. Holmes, above all others the poet and wit of Boston, — his "hub of the solar system," — held for half a century a unique position. At the Atlantic Monthly Breakfast given to him on his 70th birthday, 1879, his fellow authors of distinction, young and old, gathered to render him their tributes in speech and writing, to which his own response, "The Iron Gate," remains a model of that English poetry, half grave, half gay, in which he was without a peer — and was revered as the master by its makers on both sides of the Atlantic. Cp. "Poets of America," chap. viii. [L. C. B.]

HONEYWOOD, St. John, lawyer, b. Leicester, Mass., 1763; d. Salem, N. Y., 1798. Graduated from Yale, 1782. Studied law at Albany, and practised at Salem until his death. One of the presidential electors when John Adams succeeded Washington. His "Poems" appeared posthumously in 1801.

HOPKINSON, Joseph, lawyer, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1770; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1842. A distinguished lawyer, statesman, and scholar. His fame rests chiefly on his national song, "Hail, Columbia," written, to the tune of "The President's March," in 1798. Intense feeling was rife in America at that time with respect to the war then raging between France and England. The famous ode, sung first at the benefit performance of a Philadelphia actor, was composed with the object of inspiring in the hostile factions a patriotism which should transcend the bitterness of party feeling.

HORTON, George, journalist, b. Fairville, N. Y., 1859. Early removed to Michigan, and in 1878 graduated from its University. Has been engaged in journalism for some years, and at present is literary editor of the Chicago "Times-Herald." Mr. Horton was American consul-general at Athens during President Cleveland's second term. His principal works are "Songs of the Lowly," 1892; "In Unknown Seas," verse, 1895; "Aphroessa," verse, 1897; "A Fair Brigand," 1899.

HOUGHTON, George Washington Wright, b. Cambridge, Mass., 1850; d. Yonkers, N. Y., 1891. He became a resident of New York, where he was engaged for some years in editing a trade paper. His books of verse include "Songs from over the Sea," 1874; "The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk," 1880; and "Niagara and Other Poems," 1882.

HOVEY, Richard, b. Normal, Ill., 4 May, 1864; d. New York, N. Y., 24 Feb., 1900. Grad-

uated at Dartmouth, 1885, and studied at the General Theological Seminary, New York. He was for some time lay assistant at a New York ritualistic church, but abandoned his intention to enter the ministry, and his subsequent career was by turns that of a journalist, actor, dramatist, and English lecturer and professor. His Dartmouth Ode was accepted by his Alma Mater after a prolonged competition. Passing some years abroad, he was impressed by the methods of the latter-day French and Belgian schools, and familiarized himself with their poems and plays. He made the only translation of Maeterlinck published in this country. His original works include "The Laurel: an Ode," 1889; "Launcelot and Guenevere, a Poem in Dramas" (comprising "The Quest of Merlin," "The Marriage of Guenevere," and "The Birth of Galahad"), 1891-98, a series in which the Arthurian legends are treated in a fresh manner, with daring but imaginative innovations; "Seaward, Elegy upon the Death of Thomas William Parsons," 1893, which follows the idyllic Sicilian strain, like the elegies of Shelley, Arnold, and Swinburne, and of Roberts and Woodberry in America. In 1893, also, "Songs from Vagabondia," by Hovey and his friend, Bliss Carman, appeared, and were heartily welcomed for their blithe lyrical quality, and their zest of youth and freedom. "More Songs from Vagabondia" followed in 1896, and in 1898 Hovey's "Along the Trail," a collection of his miscellaneous poems. In the same year the last of his dramatic series mentioned heretofore ("The Birth of Galahad") showed his advance in diction and dramatic power. But his highest and most distinctive effort, in his own mind and that of his friends, was "Taliesin: A Masque," which appeared, 1899, in "Poet-Lore," and was ready in book-form at the time of his death, early in the ensuing year. This work, cast in dramatic form, is not "of the earth, earthy," and may be thought open to the gloss made by Mary Shelley upon her husband's "Witch of Atlas," as "discarding human interest;" but it is sheer poetry or nothing, the proof of an ear and a voice which it seems ill to have lost just at the moment of their completed training. Hovey, in fact, was slow to mature, and when taken off, showed more promise than at any time before. He thought very well of himself, not without reason, and felt that he had enjoyed his wanderjahr to the full, and that the serious work of his life was straight before him. He was ridding himself in a measure of certain affectations that told against him, and at last had a chance, with a University position, to utilize the fruits of a good deal of hard study and reflection, while nearing some best field for the exercise of his specific gift. That his aim was high is shown even by his failures; and in his death there is no doubt that America has lost one of her best-equipped lyrical and dramatic writers. This somewhat extended note may well be accorded to the dead singer, who, on the threshold of the new century that beckoned to him, was bidden to halt and abide with the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." [E. C. S.]

HOWARTH, Ellen Clementine (Doran), b. Cooperstown, N. Y., 1827; d. Trenton, N. J., 1899. When a child of seven she worked in a factory. She married Joseph Howarth and lived in Trenton, N. J. Author of "The Wind Harp, and Other Poems," 1864; "Poems," 1867.

HOWE, Julia (Ward), b. New York, N. Y., 27 May, 1819. A daughter of Samuel Ward, a banker of New York, in which city she received her education under private tutors. She was married in 1843 to Dr. S. G. Howe, first superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and made her residence in Boston. She edited with him "The Commonwealth," of that city, an anti-slavery paper, and took part as lecturer and writer in the furtherance of many public movements in behalf of female suffrage, prison reforms, and other causes. "Passion Flowers," 1854, was her first volume of poems, and was succeeded by several tragedies and books of verse. "Later Lyrics," 1866; "From Sunset Ridge, Poems New and Old," 1898; and books of travel, social science, and biography are among her writings. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" will last as long as the Civil War is remembered in history. It was written in 1861, after the author's observing, in the camps near Washington, the marching of the enthusiastic young soldiers to the song "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe's words were at once adopted and sung throughout the North.

HOWE, Mark Anthony De Wolfe, b. Bristol, R. I., 1864. Educated at Lehigh and Harvard universities. Some of his works are: "Shadows," 1897; "Phillips Brooks," 1899. Editor of "The Memory of Lincoln," 1899, and an associate editor on the staff of the "Youth's Companion."

HOWELL, Elizabeth (Lloyd), b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1811; d. Wernersville, Penn., 1896. Her family were Quakers, but she became an Episcopalian on her marriage, in 1853, to Robert Howell, of Philadelphia. Her poems, some of which appeared in "The Wheatsheaf," 1852, are not numerous. The one given in this Anthology is the best known.

HOWELLS, Mildred, b. Cambridge, Mass., 187–. The younger daughter of William Dean Howells. Miss Howells as a child was introduced to the public through "A Little Girl among the Old Masters," unique drawings of her youthful impressions of early Italian art, with preface and comment by her father. She has since relied upon her own pen, as well as her pencil, for her artistic position.

HOWELLS, William Dean, novelist and poet, b. Martin's Ferry, Belmont Co., O., 1 Mar., 1837. He learned to set type at Hamilton, O., in the office of the paper his father edited. In 1858 he became one of the editors of the Columbus "Ohio State Journal." In 1860 he pub-

lished "Poems of Two Friends" (with John Piatt), and a life of Abraham Lincoln. He was U. S. consul at Venice, 1861–65. His "Venetian Life," 1866, at once brought him into repute, and from the date of its appearance he has maintained his eminent position among those authors to whose steadfast and meritorious labors the advances of American literature since the Civil War are mainly due. "Italian Journeys" and a collection of his "Poems" followed in 1867. After service on the New York "Nation," he edited "The Atlantic Monthly," 1871–81; "The Editor's Study" of "Harper's Magazine," 1886–91; and "The Cosmopolitan," 1892. Among his works are "Suburban Sketches," 1868; "No Love Lost, a Poem of Travel," 1868; "Their Wedding Journey," 1871; "A Chance Acquaintance," 1873, and many subsequent novels; his first comedy, "The Parlor Car," 1876; "A Little Girl among the Old Masters" (illustrated by his daughter Mildred), 1884; "Tuscan Cities," 1885; "Poems," 1886; "Modern Italian Poets," 1887; "A Traveller from Altruria," 1894; "My Literary Passion," 1895; "Stops of Various Quills," poems, 1895; "Impressions and Experiences," autobiographical, 1896; "Landlord at Lion's Head," 1896; "A Parting and a Meeting," 1896; "A Previous Engagement," 1897. He has edited "George Fuller: His Life and Works," 1886; "Library of Universal Adventure, by Sea and Land" (with T. S. Perry), 1888; and the "Poems of George Pellew," 1892. Mr. Howells was unquestionably the founder of the latter-day natural school of American fiction, in which truth to every-day life is given precedence, while rhetoric, forced situations, and the arts of the melodramatist are sedulously avoided. But pathos, genuine feeling, human nature, and a delicate vein of very characteristic humor are at his own command. His later writings have been pervaded by a lofty spirit of humanitarianism, tinged with the sadness of a heart deeply moved by the enigma of life and the unequal distributions of sorrow and welfare.
[E. C. S.]

HOWELLS, Winifred, b. Venice, Italy, 1863; d. Mass., 1889. Eldest child of William Dean Howells. She was a girl of endearing beauty and promise, gifted with insight, and exhibiting the poet's sensitiveness and reserve. A few of her lyrics have been embodied in her father's touching and exquisitely written memorial of her life and character. (Cp. the sonnet by Mrs. Moulton, p. 811.)

HOWLAND, Edward, socialist, b. Charleston, S. C., 1832; d. Camp La Logia, Topolobampo Colony, Sinaloa, Mexico, 1890. He was a graduate of Harvard, and, after many years of business and literary pursuits, became interested in the socialistic movement which culminated in establishment of a colony in the Fuerte valley, to which he removed with his wife, the well-known writer and reformer, Marie Howland, in 1888. Mr. and Mrs. Howland edited "The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa," the colony organ, at Hammonton, N. J., and in Mexico, from 1885 until his death.

HOYT, Ralph, clergyman and philanthropist, b. New York, N. Y., 1806; d. there, 1878. Entered the Protestant Episcopal ministry, 1842. Published "The Chant of Life, and Other Poems;" "Echoes of Memory and Emotion," poems, 1859; "Sketches of Life and Landscape," poems, 1852, new ed. 1873.

HUGHES, Rupert, b. Lancaster, Mo., 1872. He graduated at Adelbert College, Cleveland, O., and took a post-graduate course at Yale University. Has been on the editorial staffs of "Godey's Magazine" and "The Criterion." His boy's book, "The Lakerim Athletic Club," appeared first in the "St. Nicholas," and was published in book form in 1899.

HUNTINGTON, William Reed, D. D., b. Lowell, Mass., 1838. A Protestant Episcopal clergyman, rector of All Saints Church, Worcester, Mass., 1862–83; and of Grace Church, New York, since 1883. Author of several religious works in prose, and of "Sonnets and a Dream," 1899.

HUTCHINSON, Ellen Mackay. — See *E. M. H. Cortissoz.*

HUTCHISON, Percy Adams, Harvard University, Class of 1899.

HUTTON, Laurence, b. New York, N. Y., 8 Aug., 1843. Of Scottish descent. He began life as a merchant, but since 1870 has been an active and scholarly man of letters, delighting in the society of his colleagues, and full of poetic devotion to the traditions of authors and literature. He was dramatic critic of the N. Y. "Evening Mail," and edited the department of "Literary Notes" in "Harper's Magazine." Author of "Plays and Players," 1875; the unique series of "Literary Landmarks," which began with those of London, 1885, and have extended to 1898; "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," with Mrs. Waters. Editor of "The American Actor" series, 1881–82. Mr. Hutton of late years has been prominent in the literary activities of his native city, and was a founder of the Authors Club, and closely associated with Edwin Booth in the organization of "The Players," and a member of the Council of the Am. Copyright League. Is now resident at Princeton, N. J., and has given to its University his collection of the Life and Death Masks of celebrities.

"IDAS." — See *John Elton Wayland.*

INGALLS, John James, b. Middleton, Mass., 1833. After admission to the bar, 1857, he removed to Atchison, Kan., where he edited the "Atchison Champion" from 1862 to 1865. He was elected to the State Senate, 1862, and to the United States Senate, 1873, 1879, 1885.

INGHAM, John Hall, lawyer, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1860. His poems contributed to magazines have never been published in collective form.

"INNSLEY, Owen." — See *Lucy White Jennison.*

"IRONQUILL." — See *Eugene Fitch Ware.*

JACKSON, Helen Maria (Fiske), "H. H.," b. Amherst, Mass., 18 Oct., 1831; d. San Francisco, Cal., 12 Aug., 1885. She was educated at Ipswich, Mass., and married at twenty-one to Captain Edward Hunt, U. S. army, who died in 1863. In 1875 she became the wife of William S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs. In 1883 she received the appointment of special examiner into the condition of the Mission Indians of California, her book, "A Century of Dishonor," in behalf of the Indians, having appeared in 1881. Her novel, "Ramona," on the same subject, followed in 1884. Two other novels, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," 1876, and "Hetty's Strange History," 1877, had been published in the "No Name" series; "Verses by H. H.," in 1870; "Sonnets and Lyrics," in 1876. She is thought to have written some if not most of the "Saxe Holm Stories," published in "Scribner's Monthly" and afterwards in two volumes.

JAMES, Alice Archer (Sewall), illustrator, b. Glendale, Ohio, 187–. Daughter of Frank Sewall, q. v. Studied art in the foreign capitals and at Washington. Author of "Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems," 1899.

JANVIER, Margaret Thomson, "Margaret Vandegrift," b. New Orleans, La., 1845. A sister of Thomas A. Janvier. Among her books for children are: "Under the Dog-Star," 1881; "The Absent-Minded Fairy, and Other Verses," 1883; "The Dead Doll, and Other Verses," 1888. The beautiful dramatic lyric given in this volume has been refused publication in the "Century," "Atlantic," "Harper's," and other leading periodicals — on what grounds of either criticism or policy it might be difficult for a lover of genuine poetry to determine. [E. C. S.]

JENKS, Tudor, editor, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1857. Graduated from Yale in 1878, and from the law school of Columbia College, 1880. Practised law in New York City until 1887, when he joined the editorial staff of the "St. Nicholas Magazine." Author of "Century World's Fair Book," 1893; "Imaginations: Truthless Tales," 1894.

JENNISON, Lucy White, "Owen Innsley," b. Newton, Mass., 1850. She is the daughter of Samuel Jennison, of Boston, in which city she received her education. She has resided in Italy for a number of years. Author of "Love Poems and Sonnets," 1882, and of many contributions to periodicals.

JEWETT, Sophie, "Ellen Burroughs," educator, b. Moravia, N. Y., 1861. Has resided chiefly in Buffalo. Since 1889 has been teaching in Wellesley College, where she is an associate professor in the department of English literature. Author of "The Pilgrim, and Other Poems," 1896.

"JOHNSON, Benj. F., of Boone." — See *James Whitcomb Riley.*

JOHNSON, Charles Frederick, b. New York, N. Y., 1836. He was graduated from Yale at the age of nineteen, and is the distinguished professor of English literature at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He has written "Three Americans and Three Englishmen," lectures, 1886; "English Words," 1891; "What can I do for Brady, and Other Verse," 1897.

JOHNSON, Robert Underwood, b. Washington, D. C., 12 Jan., 1853. Graduated at Earlham College, Ind. Joined the staff of the "Century Magazine," 1873, and became associate editor, 1881. Edited, with Clarence C. Buel, the "Century" war series and the resulting volumes entitled "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," 1887–88, and persuaded Gen. Grant to write his memoirs. For his services, as secretary of the American Copyright League, in behalf of the passage of the International Copyright bill of 1891, Mr. Johnson was decorated by the French and Italian governments. — "The Winter Hour, and Other Poems," 1891; "Songs of Liberty, and Other Poems," 1897.

JOHNSON, Rossiter, man of letters, b. Rochester, N. Y., 27 Jan., 1840. A graduate of the University of Rochester. He was associate editor of the Rochester "Democrat," 1864–68, and editor of the Concord, N. H., "Statesman," 1869–72. Since 1872 he has resided chiefly in New York City, where he has taken a leading part in the work and convocations of the literary guild. With John Denison Champlin and George Cary Eggleston he edited with great success the costly and unique book issued by the Authors Club, "Liber Scriptorum," 1893. Author of "Phaeton Rogers," a story for boys, 1881; "Idler and Poet," poems, 1883; "A Short History of the Succession," 1888; "Three Decades," verse, 1895. Editor of "Famous Single Poems;" "Play-Day Poems;" the series, "Little Classics," 18 vols. 1874–77; and Appleton's "Annual Cyclopædia," from 1883.

JOHNSON, Samuel, clergyman, b. Salem, Mass., 1822; d. North Andover, Mass., 1882. He was a graduate of Harvard, and became pastor of a Unitarian church at Salem, Mass. He edited, with Samuel Longfellow, "Hymns for Public and Private Devotion," 1846, and was himself a writer of religious verse, also publishing several works on Oriental theology.

JOHNSON, William Martin, physician, b. about 1771; d. Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., 1797. Specimens of his poems appeared in articles contributed by J. H. Payne to the "Democratic Review," 1838.

JORDAN, David Starr, naturalist and educator, b. Gainesville, N. Y., 1851. A graduate of Cornell University. Dr. Jordan was president of the Indiana University, 1885–91, and resigned to become president of the Leland

Stanford, Junior, University. He is the author of various scientific works; also of "The Story of the Innumerable Company, and Other Verses," 1896; "Barbara, and Other Poems," 1897.

JUDSON, Emily (Chubbuck), "Fanny Forester," b. Eaton, N. Y., 1817; d. Hamilton, N. Y., 1854. She contributed to the N. Y. "Mirror," 1844–46, and in the latter year some of her stories were collected under the title of "Alderbrook." In 1846 she became the wife of the missionary Adoniram Judson, and accompanied him to Bengal, where she lived until his death, 1850. Mrs. Judson published a number of remembered prose works, and "An Olio of Domestic Verses," 1852.

KEELER, Charles Augustus, ornithologist, b. Milwaukee, Wis., 1871. Educated at the University of California. In addition to several prose works he has published "A Light through the Storm," verse, 1894; "The Promise of the Ages," 1896; "The Siege of the Golden City," 1896; "A Season's Sowing," 1899.

KEMBLE, Frances Anne, actress, b. London, Eng., 1809; d. there, 1893. Daughter of Charles Kemble, and niece of Mrs. Siddons. Her first appearance was as Juliet, in Covent Garden, 1829. In 1832 she came to America, and was married to Pierce Butler in 1834, obtaining a divorce in 1839. Gave Shakespearean readings, 1849–68. She wrote "Francis the First," a drama, produced in 1832; "Journal of a Residence in America," 1835; "The Star of Seville," a play, 1837; "Poems," 1844 and 1859; "Records of Later Life" and "Notes on Some of Shakespeare's Plays," 1882. As a citizen of this country, Fanny Kemble may well be represented in the present collection by her stanzas, the "Lament of a Mocking Bird." See, also, "A Victorian Anthology," p. 66.

KENYON, James Benjamin, clergyman, b. Frankfort, N. Y., 1858. Entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry, 1878, and subsequently became pastor of a church at Watertown, N. Y. Some of his volumes of poetry are "In Realms of Gold," 1887; "At the Gate of Dreams," 1892; "An Oaten Pipe," 1895.

KEPPEL, Frederick, art-connoisseur, b. Tullow, Ireland, 1846. Of English parentage, and Holland Dutch extraction, being a descendant of the first Duke of Albemarle. Resided as a child in England, but later removed to New York City, where he is engaged in business.

"KERR, Orpheus C." — See *Robert Henry Newell*.

KEY, Francis Scott, lawyer, b. Frederick, Md., 1779; d. Washington, D. C., 1843. Educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. Began practising law at Frederick, Md., in 1801, but removed some years later to Washington, where he became district attorney. Is best known as the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," thus far at the head of American national songs. During the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Mr. Key was detained as a prisoner on board the British fleet. All night he watched the engagement with keenest anxiety. The now historic piece was written next morning, instantly printed, and sung all over the country to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven." With other patriotic and devotional songs it was published after his death in a volume of his "Poems," 1857.

KIMBALL, Hannah Parker, b. Boston, Mass., 186–. She has published three volumes of verse, "The Cup of Life," 1892; "Soul and Sense," 1896; "Victory, and Other Poems," 1897.

KIMBALL, Harriet McEwen, b. Portsmouth, N. H., 1834. She has been long devoted to charitable work, establishing a cottage hospital in her native city, and has published "Hymns," 1867; "Swallow-Flights of Song," 1874; "The Blessed Company of all Faithful People," 1879; and "Poems," complete, 1889. Miss Kimball may be termed the foremost Episcopalian writer in America of devotional poems.

KING, Edward, b. Middlefield, Mass., 1848; d. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1896. He went to Paris in 1868, as a correspondent for American journals. Author of "My Paris: French Character Sketches," 1868; "The Great South," 1875; "Echoes from the Orient," poems, 1880; "The Gentle Savage," novel, 1883; "A Venetian Lover," poems, 1887; "Joseph Zalmonah," 1893, a striking novel directed against the "sweat-shops" of the East Side of New York City; "Under the Red Flag," 189–.

KINNEY, Elizabeth Clementine (Dodge), b. New York, N. Y., 1810; d. Summit, N. J., 1889. Granddaughter of Aaron Cleveland. She contributed poetry to the "Knickerbocker Magazine," "Blackwood's," and other periodicals. In 1830 she was married to Edmund Burke Stedman of Hartford, and after his death, 1836, lived at Plainfield, N. J. She was married, 1841, to William B. Kinney, who founded the Newark, N. J., "Advertiser" and was appointed, 1851, minister to the Court of Turin. While in Europe, where she remained for fourteen years, she wrote "Felicita, a Metrical Romance," 1855. After her return to America, 1865, she published her "Poems," 1867, and "Bianca Capello, a Tragedy," 1873. At Florence, Mrs. Kinney was an intimate friend of the Brownings, and a leader in the American and English circles. She has left her "Reminiscences," which are still unpublished.

KNOWLES, Frederic Lawrence, b. Lawrence, Mass., 1869. Son of Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D. Associated with leading houses of the Boston book-trade. Mr. Knowles has published "Practical Hints for Young Writers," 1897; "Cap and Gown, Second Series," 1897; "Golden Treasury of American Songs and

Lyrics," 1897; "A Kipling Primer," 1899, republished in England; "On Life's Stairway," verse, 1900.

KOOPMAN, Harry Lyman, librarian, b. Freeport, Me., 1860. Graduated at Colby College, and took M. A. degree at Harvard. He filled positions as cataloguer at various Eastern libraries until his appointment as librarian of Brown University, 1893. Author of "Orestes, and Other Poems," 1888; "Woman's Will, with Other Poems," 1888; "Morrow-Songs," 1898, and catalogues of the Brown and other libraries.

LAMAR, Mirabeau Bonaparte, b. Louisville, Ga., 1798; d. Richmond, Tex., 1859. Gen. Lamar engaged in the war for the independence of Texas, of which, as a republic, he was president from 1838 to 1841. His "Verse Memorials" appeared in 1857.

LANIER, Sidney, b. Macon, Ga., 3 Feb., 1842; d. Lynn, N. C., 7 Sept., 1881. Graduated at Oglethorpe College, Midway, Ga., 1860. He was among the earliest volunteers in the Confederate army, and toward the close of the war was taken prisoner while trying to run a blockade. The pulmonary weakness which resulted in his death is perhaps traceable to his five months of captivity at Point Lookout. After teaching school in Alabama, he studied and practised law at Macon, with his father, Robert S. Lanier. Being an excellent musician, equally devoted to the practice and theory of music, the poet was first flute in the Peabody symphony concerts of Baltimore, in which city he spent the last years of his life. His first venture in literature was "Tiger Lilies," 1867, a novel founded on army life. His poem, "Corn," in "Lippincott's Magazine," struck a new note, and two years later he was chosen to write the Centennial Ode for the exposition of 1876. He defined and illustrated his original conception of the relations between music and poetry in two courses of lectures, 1879–81, at Johns Hopkins University; and in "The Science of English Verse," his main work in prose, 1880. Among his other works are "Florida: Its Scenery, Climate, and History," 1876; "Poems," 1877; the series beginning with "The Boy's Froissart," 1878; "The English Novel, and the Principles of Its Development," 1883. His "Poems," edited by his wife, with a memoir by William Hayes Ward, were published about three years after his lamented death. Cp. "Poets of America," 449–451; also, "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," pp. 62, 196, 253, 282. [L. C. B.]

LANIGAN, George Thomas, b. St. Charles, P. Q., Canada, 1845; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1886. Founded, with Robert Graham, the humorous Montreal "Free Lance," now "The Evening Star," and was on the staff of papers in New York and Chicago. He published "Canadian Ballads," 1864; "Fables Out of the World, by George Washington Æsop," 1878.

LARCOM, Lucy, b. Beverly, Mass., 1826; d. Boston, Mass., 1893. She was employed in the mills at Lowell, and became a literary protégé of Whittier, through contributions to his paper. Was assistant editor of "Our Young Folks" from 1866 to 1874. Among her books of verse are "Poems," 1868; "An Idyl of Work," 1875; "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," 1880; and "Poetical Works," 1885.

LARREMORE, Wilbur, lawyer, b. New York, N. Y., 1855. Editor of N. Y. "Law Journal" since 1890, and author of a volume of verse, "Mother Carey's Chickens," 1888.

LATHROP, George Parsons, b. Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, 25 Aug., 1851; d. New York, N. Y., 19 April, 1898. He received his education in New York and in Dresden, Germany. From 1875 to 1877 he was assistant editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and filled other editorial positions. He removed to New York in 1883. The same year he was concerned in the organization of the American Copyright League, of which he was secretary for two years. Some of his published volumes are "Rose and Rooftree," verse, 1875; "A Study of Hawthorne," 1876; "Gettysburg, a Battle Ode," 1888; "Dreams and Days," verse, 1892, and several novels, including "An Echo of Passion," 1882, and "Newport," 1884.

LATHROP, Rose (Hawthorne), b. Lenox, Mass., 185–. The daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Her childhood was passed in Europe, where she received her education. In 1871 she was married to George Parsons Lathrop. Besides many contributions of fiction, poetry, and literary articles to the magazines, she has published "Along the Shore," verse, 1888; "Annals of the Georgetown Convent" (with G. P. Lathrop), 1894, and "Memories of Hawthorne," 1897. In 189– Mrs. Lathrop established in New York a home for the care of destitute women suffering from cancer.

LAWTON, William Cranston, educator, b. New Bedford, Mass., 1853. Graduated at Harvard University, and afterwards studied and travelled in Europe. For some years he has been a professor in the Adelphi College, Brooklyn. A contributor of classical essays to the periodicals, and author of "Three Dramas of Euripides," 1889; "Art and Humanity in Homer," 1896; "New England Poets," 1898; "Successors of Homer," 1898; and of a volume of verse, "Folia Dispersa," 1895.

LAZARUS, Emma, b. New York, N. Y., 1849; d. there, 1887. Of Portuguese Jewish ancestry. She was educated at home, and began the composition of poetry at the age of fourteen. Her "Poems and Translations" was published in 1867, and was followed by "Admetus, and Other Poems," 1871. "Alide," a romance in prose drawn from Goethe's autobiography, appeared in 1874. "The Spagnoletto," a tragedy, 1876, received high praise from Emerson. In 1883 Miss Lazarus, influenced by the persecutions of the Jews in Russia,

devoted herself to a literary crusade in behalf of her race, and her subsequent writings were chiefly connected with Jewish themes. The "Dance to Death," a drama of persecution in the twelfth century, was inspired by the Russian crisis, the results of which she witnessed during her work among the refugees in New York. Her later volumes include "Poems and Ballads of Heine," translations, 1881; and "Songs of a Semite," 1882. A complete edition of her verse, with a memoir, was published in 1888.

LEARNED, Walter, b. New London, Conn., 1847. He is connected with the Savings Bank of New London, and has published "Between Times," poems, 1889; and translated "Ten Tales from Coppée," 1890. Has edited "A Treasury of American Verse," 1898.

LEGARÉ, James Mathews, b. Charleston, N. C., 1823; d. Aiken, S. C., 1859. He was an inventor, and contributed verse and prose articles to the magazines. "Orta-Undis, and Other Poems," was published in 1847.

LEIGH, Amy. An American song-writer, resident in California. Her song "If I but Knew," has been set to music by Wilson G. Smith.

LEISER, Joseph, rabbi, b. Canandaigua, N. Y., 1873. Of East-German Jewish parentage. Graduated at the University of Chicago. In 1896 he became the rabbi of a Jewish congregation in Springfield, Ill. Author of "Before the Dawn," poems, 1898.

LELAND, Charles Godfrey, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 15 Aug., 1824. He was graduated at Princeton, and studied at German and French universities. He practised law, and engaged in literary work and journalism in his native city until 1869, after which he resided chiefly in London, giving much time to the study of life among the gypsies, Indians, Italian witches, etc. In 1880 Mr. Leland returned to America and devoted four years to the introduction of the minor arts as a branch of instruction in the public schools. He wrote many books and manuals on these subjects. Among his volumes of verse are "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," 1851; "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," 1868; "The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems," 1871; and "Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land," 1895. Mr. Leland has also, among other works, made a translation of Heine's "Pictures of Travels," 1855.

LINDSEY, William, merchant, b. Fall River, Mass., 1858. Received his education in the schools of that city. Entered on a business life, 1877, removing to Boston, 1888. Author of "Apples of Istakhar," poems, 1895; "At Start and Finish," fiction, 1900.

LIPPMANN, Julie Mathilde, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 186–. A contributor to periodicals, and author of several books for children. A volume of her collected poems is to appear.

LITCHFIELD, Grace Denio, novelist, b. New York, N. Y., 1849. The daughter of Edwin C. Litchfield. Much of her early life was spent in Europe. She became a resident of Washington, D. C., in 1888. "Mimosa Leaves," 1895, contains her collected poems. Her volumes of fiction include "The Knight of the Black Forest," 1885; and "A Hard-Won Victory," 1888. Is a sister of the author Mrs. Francese Turnbull, of Baltimore, who, with her husband, Lawrence Turnbull, established the noted lecture-courses on Poetry, at Johns Hopkins University.

LLOYD, Beatrix Demarest, b. New York, N. Y., 188–. Daughter of the late David Demarest Lloyd, the lamented journalist and playwright, and herself a young writer of short stories, plays, and verse. Miss Lloyd is a grandniece of the late Chief Justice Chase.

LODGE, George Cabot, b. Boston, Mass., 1873. Son of Henry Cabot Lodge. A graduate of Harvard, 1895. — "The Song of the Wave, and Other Poems," 1898.

LOINES, Russell Hillard, Columbia University, Class of 1894.

LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth, b. Portland, Me., 27 Feb., 1807; d. Cambridge, Mass., 24 Mar., 1882. The most refined of our elder poets, and for many years the one best known to American and British readers as our pioneer of sentiment, romanticism, and artistic feeling. Son of Stephen Longfellow, whose Yorkshire ancestors emigrated about 1675. Graduated at Bowdoin, where he entered the sophomore class in 1822, with N. Hawthorne as one of his classmates. From 1826 to 1829 he studied modern languages in France, Spain, Italy, Germany. He was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin in 1829–35. In 1835 he revisited Europe for a course of study preparatory to occupying the chair of modern languages at Harvard, which he held from 1836 to 1854. In 1831 he had married Miss Mary Potter of Portland, who died in Rotterdam, 1835. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton, the tragedy of whose sudden death, in 1861, cast its shadow over his remaining years. The event occurred at their home in Cambridge, Craigie House, which had been the headquarters of Washington in the siege of Boston. During Longfellow's visit to England in 1868, he received the degrees of LL. D. from Cambridge, and D. C. L. from Oxford. In 1884 his bust in marble was placed in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Samuel Longfellow's "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," and "Final Memorials," 1886–87, were largely compiled from his brother's diaries and letters. While an undergraduate, the future American laureate published poetry in the Boston "Literary Gazette," etc.; while professor at Bowdoin, he wrote for the "North American Review;" and in 1833–34 contributed to the "New England Magazine" the papers called "The Schoolmaster," but forming the

basis of "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," 1835. "Hyperion," a prose romance full of the spirit of youth, and charged with poetic sentiment, appeared in 1839, and "Voices of the Night" in the same year. "Ballads and Other Poems," 1841, confirmed his reputation, and almost every work that he gave to the public thereafter received a warm welcome at home and abroad. His subsequent works include "Poems on Slavery," 1842; "The Spanish Student," drama, 1843; "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems," 1846; "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," 1847 (for years the most popular of our longer idyllic poems); "Kavanagh," tale, 1849; "The Seaside and the Fireside," 1850; "The Golden Legend," 1851; "The Song of Hiawatha," 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," 1858; "Birds of Passage," 1858-63; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," 1863; "Flower de Luce," 1867; "The Divine Comedy" of Dante, translation, 1867-70; "New England Tragedies," 1868; "The Divine Tragedy," 1871; "Three Books of Song," 1872; "Aftermath," 1873; "The Hanging of the Crane," 1874; "Morituri Salutamus," "The Masque of Pandora," 1875; "Keramos, and Other Poems," 1878; "Ultima Thule," 1880; "Hermes Trismegistus," 1882; "In the Harbor," 1882. He edited the anthology, "Poets and Poetry of Europe," containing some of his own translations, 1843; and "Poems of Places," 31 vols., 1876-79. The Riverside edition of Longfellow's complete works, 11 vols., 1886, is the authoritative and definite one. For an extended review of the life and works of the poet who may be said, all in all, to have been America's untitled laureate throughout his most productive career, cp. "Poets of America," chap. vi, pp. 51, 177, 178.

[L. C. B.]

LORD, William Wilberforce, clergyman, b. Madison Co., New York, 1819. Rector of an Episcopal church at Vicksburg, Miss., and more recently of a church at Cooperstown, New York. Served as chaplain in the Confederate army. Author of "Poems," 1845; "Christ in Hades," 1851; and "Andre, a Tragedy," 1856. Cp. "Poets of America," p. 123.

LORING, Frederick Wadsworth, b. Boston, Mass., 1848; d. near Wickenburg, Ar., 1871. Graduated at Harvard in 1870, and went in 1871, as correspondent of "Appleton's Journal," on a government expedition to Arizona, where he was killed by Apache Indians. Author of "Two College Friends," a novel, and of "The Boston Dip, and Other Verses." His best-known poem, "In the Old Churchyard at Fredericksburg," was based on a newspaper report that one of Shakespeare's pall-bearers, Helder by name, was buried in St. George's churchyard, Fredericksburg, Va. This report, originated during the Civil War, was investigated by Moncure D. Conway, who after several visits to Stafford Co., Va., discovered the tombstone of one Edmond Helder, a physician in another part of the county. Helder died in 1618, aged 76, and it is thought that some one may have suggested that he could have been in point of time one of Shakespeare's bearers, and thus started the legend. The stone itself bore no such record.

LOVEMAN, Robert, b. Cleveland, O., 1864. Received an academic education. Is a resident of Dalton, Ga. Author of "Poems," 1897; "A Book of Verses," 1900.

LOWELL, James Russell, b. Cambridge, Mass., 22 Feb., 1819; d. Cambridge, Aug. 12, 1891. Of cultured parents, he received the early training that such a nature needs. He entered Harvard in 1834, where he devoted himself to reading if not to study. He wrote the class poem; and after graduating from the law school, published a volume of poems, "A Year's Life," 1841. In 1844 his second book, entitled "Poems," appeared, containing the "Legend of Brittany," "Rhœcus," etc. Another volume, "Poems," was published in 1848, and "Poetical Works" in 1850. The "Biglow Papers" began to appear in 1846, and made an immediate hit. The second series came out in 1862-66. They won for him a fame that his most exquisite poems of nature had failed to bring. Even apart from his poetical works, Lowell's pen was never idle. His "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," 1844, is a proof of his critical ability, though an early specimen. In 1855 he became a professor of modern languages and belles lettres at Harvard, and his influence in that capacity was widespread. He became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857, a position he held five years, contributing constantly to its pages. From 1863 to 1872 he was an editor of the "North American Review," to which he contributed some literary essays of note. His prose work appeared in collected form in "Fireside Travels," 1864; "Among My Books," 1870; "My Study Windows," 1871; "Among My Books," second series, 1876. His prose style is individual and distinctive; his discrimination sure, and while he sometimes fails in construction, his trouble lies in an embarrassment of rich material. "Under the Willows, and Other Poems," appeared in 1868; "The Cathedral" in 1870; "Three Memorial Poems" in 1875-76. These last were delivered at Concord, 19 April, 1875, at Cambridge, 3 July, 1875, and Boston, 4 July, 1876. In 1877 he was appointed to the Spanish Mission by President Hayes, and in 1880 was transferred to London, where he remained until 1885. In 1887 he published "Democracy, and Other Addresses," which had been delivered in England. "Heartsease and Rue," poems, appeared in 1888; and "Political Essays" in the same year. The degree of D. C. L. was conferred on him in 1873, by Oxford; and LL. D. by Cambridge in 1874. For an extended review of the genius and writings of this representative poet, scholar, and writer of letters, cp. "Poets of America," chap. ix.

[B. D. L.]

LOWELL, Maria (White), b. Watertown,

Mass., 1821; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1853. She was the first wife of James Russell Lowell, to whom she was married in 1844. Her poems were published in a privately printed edition in 1853. Mrs. Lowell was beloved for her intellect and womanly charm.

LOWELL, Robert Traill Spence, brother of James Russell Lowell, b. Boston, Mass., 1816; d. Schenectady, N. Y., 1891. He studied medicine, but became an Episcopal clergyman in Bermuda, 1842. He passed three years in Newfoundland, was head master of a school in Massachusetts, and professor of Latin in Union College, Schenectady. Author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," novel, 1858; "Fresh Hearts that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago, and Other Poems," 1860; "A Story or Two from a Dutch Town," 1878. Among his poems is the stirring "Defence of Lucknow."

LUDERS, Charles Henry, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1858; d. there, 1891. A contributor of verse and prose to the magazines, and joint author with S. D. Smith, Jr., of "Hallo, my Fancy!" poems, 1887. A posthumous collection of his lyrics and idyls, "The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems," was published in 1892. He was a poet of unusual promise, whose memory is cherished tenderly by his surviving associates.

LUNT, George, b. Newburyport, Mass., 1803; d. Boston, Mass., 1885. He was graduated at Harvard, practised law, and with George S. Hillard edited the Boston "Courier" during the Civil War. He published "Poems," 1839; "The Age of Gold," 1843; "The Dove and the Eagle," 1851; "Lyric Poems," 1854; "Radicalism in Religion, Philosophy, and Social Life," 1858; "Origin of the Late War," 1866; "Old New England Traits," 1873; "Miscellanies, Poems, etc.," 1884.

LYTLE, William Haines, b. Cincinnati, O., 1826; fell at the battle of Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863. He was an officer in the Mexican and Civil wars, and by gallant conduct gained the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. An edition of his poems, with memoir by W. H. Venable, appeared in 1894.

MACE, Frances Parker (Laughton), b. Orono, Me., 1836; d. Los Gatos, Cal., 1899. She was married, in 1855, to B. H. Mace, a prominent lawyer of Bangor, Me. Author of "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," 1884; and "Under Pine and Palm," 1888.

MALONE, Walter, lawyer, b. De Soto Co., Miss., 1866. Educated at the University of Mississippi, and now a resident of New York City. He has published numerous volumes of verse, including "Songs of Dusk and Dawn," 1894; "Songs of December and June," 1896; "The Coming of the King," 1897.

MARKHAM, Edwin, educator and reformer, b. Oregon City, Ore., 23 April, 1852. A descendant of William Markham, first cousin of William Penn. His parents were early pioneers from Michigan. His father dying, the family settled in central California. Mr. Markham took the classical course at Christian College, Santa Rosa, Cal., and studied for the law, but did not practise. He was for many years superintendent and principal of various schools in California, and contributed to the advance of education in that State. In 1899 he resigned the head mastership of the Tompkins Observation School at Oakland, and took up his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., not long after the remarkable success of his poem, "The Man with the Hoe," — suggested by J. F. Millet's painting with the same title. His poems have been collected as "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," and "Lincoln, and Other Poems," 1900. For some years he has been at work upon a lyrical epic of the destiny of man here and hereafter.

MARTIN, Edward Sanford, b. "Willowbrook," Owasco Lake, N. Y., 1856. A graduate of Harvard University. He edited the N. Y. "Life" at its start in 1883. The selections in this Anthology are taken from his volume of verse, "A Little Brother of the Rich," 1888. Mr. Martin contributes to "Harper's Weekly" a special department entitled "This Busy World."

MASON, Agnes Louisa (Carter), b. New York, N. Y., 18—. Now a resident of Montclair, N. J. Daughter of Walter Carter, the publisher. She was married to Frank G. Mason in 1896. Mrs. Mason began to write when a young girl, and has published a volume of verse, "The White Nun."

MASON, Caroline Atherton (Briggs), b. Marblehead, Mass., 1823; d. 1890. Popularly known as the author of "Do They Miss Me at Home" and "The King's Quest." Published "Utterance, a Collection of Home Poems," 1852; "Lost Ring and Other Poems," 1891.

MASON, Mary Augusta, b. Windsor, N. Y., 18—. Educated at Windsor and Binghamton academies. Adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Dickinson, of Binghamton, N. Y. A contributor of verse and prose to the magazines, and author of "With the Seasons," poems, 1897. — Cp. *C. M. Dickinson.*

MATHEWS, Albert, "Paul Siegvolk," b. New York, N. Y., 1820. A younger brother of the late dramatic poet, Cornelius Mathews. Graduated at Yale. He practises law in New York City, where he is also prominent in literary circles, and has published "Walter Ashwood; a Love Story," 1860; "A Bundle of Papers," 1879; "Ruminations, and Other Essays," 1893.

MATHEWS, Cornelius, lawyer, b. Portchester, N. Y., 1817; d. New York, N. Y., 1889. He graduated at the University of New York, and followed his profession in that city. "Behemoth: a Legend of the Mound-Builders," 1839, "Puffer Hopkins," 1841, "Poems on Man," 1843, and several dramas which were

produced, were among his more important literary efforts.

MATTHEWS, (James) Brander, b. New Orleans, La., 21 Feb., 1852. Graduated from Columbia University, 1871, and from its law school, 1873, receiving also its degree of A. M., 1874. He was admitted to the N. Y. bar, but has devoted himself to letters and the drama, and is an authority on French dramatic literature. In 1892 he became a member of the Faculty at Columbia, and is one of its professors in literature. A founder of the Authors Club, and of the Dunlap Society, and prominent in the organization of the American Copyright League. Has for some years been active with his pen in the defence and maintenance of the national quality in American literature. Prof. Matthews is the author of many works of criticism, fiction, and of plays, but has written little in verse-form. His novels have to do with real life. His comedy "Peter Stuyvesant," written in collaboration with Bronson Howard, was produced in New York, 1899. He is an accomplished bibliophile, and on the alert with respect to the rights and traditions of the literary profession.

McCABE, William Gordon, b. near Richmond, Va., 4 Aug., 1841; graduated at the University of Virginia. He was a captain of artillery in the Confederate army, and in 1888 became head master of the celebrated University School at Petersburg, Va., now removed to Richmond. Author of "The Defence of Petersburg, Campaign of 1864-65," 1876; a Latin grammar, and several lyrics very popular in the Civil War. Mr. McCabe has enjoyed the intimate friendship of Tennyson, and has been a welcome member of the literary groups of England and America, among whom he is distinguished as a scholar, wit, and raconteur.

McGAFFEY, Ernest, lawyer, b. London, O., 1861. Now a resident of Chicago, Ill., where he practises his profession. Besides being identified as an author, Mr. McGaffey has standing as a sportsman, and celebrant of the gun and rod. "Poems of Gun and Rod," 1892; "Poems," 1895.

McLELLAN, Isaac, b. Portland, Me., 1806; d. Greenport, L. I., 1899. A lawyer and sportsman, who published "The Fall of the Indian," 1830; "The Year and Other Poems," 1832; "Poems of the Rod and Gun," 1883. "New England's Dead" has long been a school-reader classic.

McMASTER, Guy Humphreys, jurist, b. Clyde, N. Y., 1829; d. Bath, N. Y., 1887. A graduate of Hamilton College. In 1864 he was elected judge of Steuben Co., N. Y., and in 1884 surrogate of the same county. The unique, masterly, sonorous "Carmen Bellicosum" ("The Old Continentals") appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," 1849. He wrote a few other poems, "A History of Steuben County," and a series of letters from abroad to the Steuben "Courier."

MELLEN, Grenville, lawyer, b. Biddeford, Me., 1799; d. New York, N. Y., 1841. Followed his profession at Portland and North Yarmouth, Me. The last part of his life was passed in New York. Wrote "The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and Other Poems," 1833, and several prose volumes.

MELVILLE, Herman, romancer, b. New York, N. Y., 1 Aug., 1819; d. there, 28 Sept., 1891. He was descended from Major Thomas Melville, one of the participants in the Boston "tea-party," and the original of Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf." Mr. Melville early embraced a seafaring life, and gained, as a sailor before the mast, the experiences which are more or less realistically portrayed in his romances of adventure. The first and most successful, "Typee," 1846, was followed by "Omoo," 1847; "White Jacket," 1850; and "Moby Dick," 1851. On returning from his voyages, he resided for several years at Pittsfield, Mass., engaged in literary pursuits. In 1860 he removed to New York. His poetical works include "Battle-Pieces, and Aspects of the War," 1866, and two privately printed booklets containing his later poems. Melville now holds his station, both in Great Britain and America, as one of the most original romancers that this country has produced. His leading books, "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby Dick," and "White Jacket," were reprinted in a four volume edition, with an Introduction by Arthur Stedman, in 1892.

MERCER, Margaret, b. Annapolis, Md., 1791; d. 1846. She was a daughter of John Mercer, governor of Maryland. A writer of religious verse. Was engaged in teaching school for the greater part of her life.

MEREDITH, William Tuckey, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1839. An officer of the U. S. army, who served under Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay, and became his secretary. Afterwards a banker in New York City. He published a novel, "Not of Her Father's Race," 1891.

MERINGTON, Marguerite, b. Stoke Newington, London, England, 18—. A well-known and successful playwright of New York City, and writer of occasional short stories.

MERRILL, Charles Edmund, Jr., Yale University, Class of 1898.

MESSINGER, Robert Hinckley, b. Boston, Mass., 1811; d. Stamford, Conn., 1874. He lived in New York, and contributed short pieces to "The American" of that city.

MIFFLIN, Lloyd, b. Columbia, Penn., 1846. Son of J. Houston Mifflin, the portrait painter, and himself an artist. He was obliged to abandon painting in 1877, on account of failing health, and afterwards devoted himself to literary work. Always a resident of Columbia. Besides general contributions to the periodicals he has published the following volumes of poems: "The Hills," 1895; "At the Gates of

Song," 1897; "The Slopes of Helicon, and Other Poems," 1898; and "Sonnet Paraphrases from Bion, Moschus, and Bacchylides," 189–.

MILLER, Alice (Duer), sister of Caroline Duer (q. v.), b. near Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, N. Y., 187–. In 1899 she was married to Henry Wise Miller, and her present residence is Costa Rica, Central America. Mrs. Miller is the joint author with her sister of "Poems by Caroline and Alice Duer," 1896.

MILLER, Cincinnatus Hiner (Joaquin), b. Wabash District, Ind., 10 Nov., 1841. When about thirteen he removed to Willamette Valley, Oregon. After a brief experience in a California gold mine he returned, in 1860, to Oregon, studied law, was admitted to the bar, edited the Eugene "Democratic Register," and practised law in Canyon City. He wrote a defence of the Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta, and adopted his first name for a pseudonym. From 1866 to 1870 he was judge of Grant Co., Oregon. He visited England and other parts of Europe in 1870, and in the following year published his first volume of verse, "Songs of the Sierras." In 1887, after some years of journalistic work in Washington, D. C., he removed to Oakland, Cal. In 1898 he visited the Klondike. His picturesque home is on the heights behind Fruitvale, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Among his works are "Songs of the Sunlands," 1873; "The Ship of the Desert," "The Ships in the Desert," "Songs of the Desert," 1875; "The Baroness of New York," novel, 1877; "Songs of Italy," 1878; "Shadows of Shasta," 1881; "The Danites in the Sierras," 1881, a novel, dramatized and successfully produced as "The Danites;" "Memorie and Rime," 1884; "Songs of the Mexican Seas," 1887; "Songs of the Soul," 1896. A collective edition of his poems was issued in California, in 1897.

"MILLER, Joaquin." — See *C. H. Miller.*

MILLER, Katherine (Wise), b. Spezia, Italy, 18—. Daughter of the late Commodore Henry A. Wise, U. S. N. (author of "Los Gringos," "Capt. Brand," etc.), and wife of Commodore J. W. Miller of the naval reserve. Her poem, "Stevenson's Birthday," is based on an actual occurrence.

MITCHELL, Langdon Elwyn, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1862. Son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Received his education at Berlin and Heidelberg, Germany, and studied for several years at the Harvard law school. He passed the bar examination in New York City. His first book of verse, "Sylvian, a Tragedy, and Poems," 1885, was issued over the pen name of "John Philip Varley." His "Poems" appeared in 1894. Mr. Mitchell has made a study of dramatic construction. "Becky Sharp," his successful dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, by Mrs. Fiske, in 1899.

MITCHELL, Silas Weir, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 15 Feb., 1829. He was graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1850. Dr. Mitchell has published numerous technical and popular medical works of importance. His volume of short stories, "Hepzibah Guinness," 1880, was followed by "In War Time," 1884; "Roland Blake," 1886; "Characteristics," 1893; "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," 1897; "The Adventures of François," 1898; "The Autobiography of a Quack," 1899. His first volume of verse, "The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems," appeared in 1882, his collected poems to date in 1896, and "The Wager and Other Poems," 1900. It is interesting to note that Dr. Mitchell, through seniority of years, leads off the authors of the "Second Lyrical Period" (p. 311), although almost the first lyric by which he won the critical public was the delightful bit of "patrician verse," "A Decanter of Madeira," composed in 1880. His son, Langdon Elwyn, by a pleasant coincidence, and by transmission of the poetic gift, is the first-named author in the closing division of this Anthology.

MITCHELL, Walter, clergyman, b. Nantucket, Mass., 1826. He was graduated at Harvard, entered the Episcopal ministry, and presided over several churches in the East. Was editorially connected with "The Churchman," contributed to other periodicals, in verse and prose, and is the author of the well-known polemic novel, "Bryan Maurice," and of a volume of poems.

MONROE, Harriet, b. Chicago, Ill., 186–. Graduated at the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D. C. She has always resided at Chicago, where she wrote the text of the cantata for the opening of the Chicago Auditorium, 1889. Miss Munroe having been appointed to write the "Columbian Ode" on the occasion of the dedicatory ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition, her ode was read before a vast gathering on the 400th anniversary, — 21 Oct., 1892 — of the discovery of America. It was published the following year. Author of "Valeria, and Other Poems," 1891; "John Wellborn Root, a Memoir," 1896; and of many reviews and sketches.

MONTGOMERY, George Edgar, b. New York, N. Y., 1855; d. there, 1898. Studied at the College of the City of New York, and at Paris. Always a resident of New York. Was for some time dramatic critic of the N. Y. "Times," and correspondent for various papers. His writings in prose and verse have not been collected.

MOODY, William Vaughn, educator, b. Spencer, Ind., 1869. Graduated at Harvard, 1893, and has been instructor in English literature at the University of Chicago and assistant in the English department of Harvard. Editor of the "Cambridge" Milton, 1899, and author of uncollected poems and of "The Masque of Judgment," drama, 1900.

MOORE, Charles Leonard, lawyer, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1854. Was U. S. consular agent at San Antonio, Brazil, 1878–79. His poetical works are "Atlas," 1881; "Poems Antique and Modern," 1883; "Book of Day Dreams," 1888; "Banquet of Palacios," 1889; "Odes," 1896.

MOORE, Clement Clarke, educator, b. New York, N. Y., 1779; d. Newport, R. I., 1863. Professor of Oriental languages at the New York General Theological Seminary from 1821 until his death. His famous poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," written for his children, Christmas, 1822, was sent without his knowledge to the Troy "Sentinel," where it appeared anonymously Dec. 23, 1823. A collection of his verse was published in 1844.

MORGRIDGE, Harriet Sampson, b. Chesterville, Me, 18—. Miss Morgridge's occasional verse is often written in a quaint and original vein.

MORRIS, George Pope, journalist, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1802; d. New York, N. Y., 1864. Removed to New York at an early age, where he became a prominent figure in literary circles. In 1823 he established with Samuel Woodworth the "Mirror," which he edited until 1844. Two years later he founded the "Home Journal," with N. P. Willis as coeditor, and was connected with this periodical for the remainder of his life. His drama of the Revolution, "Briar Cliff," was produced with success. His best-known song is "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" Others are almost as popular. A volume of his prose sketches was published in 1836, and a collective edition of "Poems" in 1860.

MORRIS, Gouverneur, Yale University, Class of 1898.

MORRIS, Harrison Smith, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1856. Always a resident of that city, where he received his education in the grammar schools, supplementing it by reading and study. He was engaged in business and literary work until 1893, when his activity and learning in art matters brought him the appointment of managing director of the Penn. Acad. of the Fine Arts. In 1899 he became editor of the new "Lippincott's Magazine." Author of "Tales from Ten Poets," 1893; "Tales from Shakespeare," continuing the work of Charles and Mary Lamb, 1893; "Madonna, and Other Poems," 1894. Editor of "In the Yule Log Glow," 1892.

MORSE, James Herbert, educator and critic, b. Hubbardstown, Mass., 1841. Graduated at Harvard. He established the Morse and Rogers Collegiate School in New York City, and is a frequent contributor, in verse and prose, to periodical literature. Author of "Summer-Haven Songs," 1886. Mr. Morse is a leading member of the Authors Club, and of the Council of the American Copyright League.

MOULTON, Ellen Louise (Chandler), b. Pomfret, Conn., 1835. She was educated at a seminary in Troy, N. Y., wrote for publication in girlhood, and was married, at twenty, to the Boston publisher, William Moulton. She became the Boston literary correspondent of the N. Y. "Tribune," in which for years her letters and reports were conspicuous. Mrs. Moulton has visited Europe frequently, and was the literary executor of the English poet Philip Bourke Marston, whose poems she edited, with a feeling preface. Her works include "This, That, and the Other," stories, essays, and poems, 1854; "Juno Clifford," novel, 1855; "Poems," 1877; "Swallow-Flights, and Other Poems," 1878; "Random Rambles," 1881; "Some Women's Hearts," 1888; "In the Garden of Dreams, Lyrics and Sonnets," 1890; "At the Wind's Will," 1900. This last volume contains the following tribute to Miss Howells, which, because of the late publication of the book, could not be inserted on its rightful page in this Anthology.

THE CLOSED GATE

But life is short; so gently close the gate.
WINIFRED HOWELLS.

Thus wrote she when the heart in her was high,
And her brief tale of youth seemed just begun.
Like some white flower that shivers in the sun
She heard from far the low winds prophesy —
Blowing across the grave where she must lie —
Had strange prevision of the victory won
In the swift race that Life with Death should run,
And, hand in hand with Life, saw Death draw nigh.
Beyond this world the hostile surges foam:
Our eyes are dim with tears and cannot see
In what fair paths her feet our coming wait,
What stars rise for her in her far new home.
We but conjecture all she yet may be,
While on the Joy she was, we close the gate.

MUHLENBERG, William Augustus, Episcopal clergyman, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1796; d. New York, N. Y., 1877. Graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. He was rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in New York from 1843 until his death. "I would not live alway" is the best known of his hymns.

MUNGER, Robert Louis, Yale University, Class of 1897.

MUNKITTRICK, Richard Kendall, b. Manchester, England, 1853. Came to America in childhood, and received education at private academies. A resident of Summit, N. J. On editorial staff of "Puck," 1881–89. Some of his contributions in prose and verse to the periodicals have been published as "Farming," 1891; "The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs," 1893; "The Acrobatic Muse," 1897; etc.

NASON, Emma (Huntington), b. Hallowell, Me., 1845. She lives in Augusta, Me., and has written "White Sails," verse, 1888; "The Tower, with Legends and Lyrics," 1895.

NEAL, John, b. Portland, Me., 1793; d. Portland, Me., 1876. After admission to the bar at Baltimore, Md., 1819, he spent several

years in legal practice and in mercantile pursuits before he began his literary career. "Randolph" and "Seventy-Six," the most notable of his fiction, followed the production of several novels, some poems, and some historcial work. In 1824 he went abroad, where, under the guise of an Englishman, he appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" and other British quarterlies, to correct prevailing opinion of social and political conditions in the United States. He is said to have been the first American to write on American topics in England, the originator of the woman's suffrage movement, the first to establish a gymnasium in this country, and one of the earliest to encourage Poe's talents. "Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life," 1869, was his last volume.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS. — The editor has thought it well to represent the most characteristic folk-songs which this country has produced by a few of those "universal" among the colored population of the Southern States. They have the tunes and words, the essential melody and import that constitute original "themes." The text is chiefly that adopted for Stedman and Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature" from the collection edited by W. F. Allen, E. P. Ware, and Lucy McKim Garrison, 1867, and from the Hampton "Cabin and Plantation Songs" arranged by T. P. Fenner, 1875. Colonel Higginson's article entitled "Negro Spirituals" can be found in the "Atlantic Monthly," 1867.

NESMITH, James Ernest, artist, b. Mass., 1856; d. 1898. Mr. Nesmith resided in Lowell, Mass., and published "Monadnoc, and Other Sketches in Verse," 1888; "Philoctetes, and Other Poems and Sonnets," 1894. His poetry is refined and scholarly, with a thoughtful undertone, the second collection containing some vigorous "Later Sonnets."

NEWELL, Robert Henry, "Orpheus C. Kerr," b. New York, N. Y., 1836. He was on the staff of the N. Y. "Mercury," 1858–62, and of the N. Y. "World," 1869–74. Edited "Hearth and Home," 1874–76, and published "The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers," a famous satirical series during and after the Civil War, 1862–68; "The Palace Beautiful, and Other Poems," 1865; "The Cloven Foot," story, 1870; several other romances, and "Studies in Stanzas," 1882. Is now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORTON, Andrews, Unitarian clergyman, b. Hingham, Mass., 1786; d. Newport, R. I., 1853. He was graduated at Harvard, and was professor of sacred literature in that institution from 1819 to 1830. Besides numerous theological works, he was the author of several cherished hymns and of other poems.

O'BRIEN, Fitz-James, b. Limerick, Ireland, 1828; d. Cumberland, Md., 1862. Was educated at Dublin University, came to America in 1852, and lived in New York City till 1861, when he enlisted in the United States army; a year later he was fatally wounded. The facts that his literary career was chiefly in America, and that he gave his life for this country, eminently warrant his representation here. He was a frequent contributor to "Harper's Magazine." His story "The Diamond Lens" appeared in an early number of "The Atlantic Monthly." His most successful play was "A Gentleman from Ireland," produced at Wallack's Theatre. "The Poems and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien; Edited, with a Sketch of the Author, by William Winter," appeared in 1881; and a collection of his stories in 1887.

"OCCIDENTE, Maria del." — See *Maria Gowen Brooks.*

O'CONNOR, Joseph, journalist, b. Tribes Hill, N. Y., 1841. Graduated at the University of Rochester. Entered journalism in 1870, and became editor of the Rochester "Post-Express" in 1886. His "Poems" were published in 1895.

O'CONNOR, Michael, brother of the preceding, b. Eastchester, N. Y., 1837; d. Potomac Station, Va., 28 Dec., 1862. Sergeant of volunteers in the Civil War.

O'HARA, Theodore, soldier, b. Danville, Ky., 1820; d. near Guerryton, Ala., 1867. He served in the U. S. army during the Mexican War, and in the Confederate army during the Civil War, and at one time practised law in Washington. His oft-quoted poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," commemorates the Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista.

O'REILLY, John Boyle, b. Dowth Castle, Co. Meath, Ireland, 28 June, 1844; d. Hull, Mass., 10 Aug., 1890. Son of the master of Nettleville Institute at Dowth Castle. He did some journalistic work in Drogheda, near his birthplace, but was sent to England as an agent of the Fenian society. He was arrested and condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted, and he was sent to Australia. After a year of penal servitude he escaped in a boat, was rescued by an American whaler, and landed at Philadelphia, Penn., 1869. He became editor and joint owner of the Boston "Pilot," and published "Songs of the Southern Seas," 1873; "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," 1878; "Moondyne," novel, 1879; "Statues in the Block," poems, 1881; "In Bohemia," 1886; "The Ethics of Boxing," 1888; "Stories and Sketches," 1888. At the time of his death he was preparing a work on Ireland. In 1896 a statue of Mr. O'Reilly by Daniel French was unveiled in Boston. Below the statue, which is fourteen feet tall, is a group of symbolic figures.

"O'REILLY, Miles." — See *Charles Graham Halpine.*

OSBORNE, Samuel Duffield, journalist, b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1858. He graduated from Columbia College in 1879 and received the degree of LL. B. from its law school. Has con-

tributed extensively to magazines. His books, "The Spell of Ashtaroth," 1888, and "The Robe of Nessus," 1890, are historical romances.

OSGOOD, Frances Sargent (Locke), b. Boston, Mass., 1811; d. Hingham, Mass., 1850. When a child she contributed verses to Lydia Maria Child's "Juvenile Miscellany." In 1834 the artist S. S. Osgood won her heart while painting her portrait. Soon after their marriage they went to London, and while there she published "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," poems. Her play, "The Happy Release, or the Triumphs of Love," written at Sheridan Knowles's request, was accepted but never produced. During a residence in New York she formed a friendship with Poe, and her influence over him lasted till his death. Her "Poetry of Flowers" appeared in 1841, her "Poems," 1846, and "The Floral Offering," 1847.

OSGOOD, Kate Putnam, b. Fryeburg, Me., 1841. Sister of the late publisher, James R. Osgood. She has spent a number of years in Europe, and lives in Boston, Mass. Her poem "Driving Home the Cows" appeared in "Harper's Monthly," 1865.

PAGE, Thomas Nelson, b. Oakland, Va., 23 Apr., 1853. He was educated at the Washington and Lee University, and graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Practised law at Richmond from 1875 to 1893, when he removed to Washington, D. C. Some of this leading Southern novelist's books of fiction are "In Ole Virginia," 1887; "Two Little Confederates," 1888; "On New-found River," 1891; "Red Rock," 1899. He has also published "The Old South: Essays, Social and Political," 1892; and, with A. C. Gordon, "Befo' de War," verse, 1888.

PAINE, Albert Bigelow, b. New Bedford, Mass., 1861. Early removed to Illinois, where he was educated in the public schools. Engaged in business in the West until the success of his contributions of fiction and verse led him to make his home in New York. Joined the staff of "St. Nicholas," 1899. Author of "Rhymes by Two Friends," with W. A. White, 1893; "The Arkansaw Bear," fiction, 1898; "The Bread Line," fiction, 1900; etc.

PALFREY, Sarah Hammond, "E. Foxton," b. Massachusetts, 1823. Daughter of John Gorham Palfrey, the historian. Her verse includes "Prémices," 1855; "Sir Pavon and St. Pavon," 1867; "The Chapel and Other Poems," 1880; "The Blossoming Red and Other Poems," 1886. In fiction she has published "Hermann, or Young Knighthood," 1866; "Katherine Morse, or First Love and Best," 1867.

PALMER, John Williamson, physician, b. Baltimore, Md., 1825; d. New York, N. Y., 1896. Early in life he practised his profession in San Francisco. He resided in New York after 1870, where he engaged in general literary work, and was editorially connected with the "Century Dictionary." His ballad "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was written at Oakland, Md., on the 17th of September, 1862, while the battle of Antietam was in progress.

PALMER, Ray, Cong. clergyman, b. Little Compton, R. I., 1808; d. Newark, N. J., 1887. Pastor at Bath, Me., and Albany, N. Y. His hymn "My Faith Looks up to Thee" has been translated into twenty languages. He published several volumes of hymns. His complete poetical works appeared in 1876.

PARADISE, Caroline Wilder (Fellowes), b. East Orange, N. J., 186-. She was married, in 1890, to the Rev. Frank Ilsey Paradise, of Boston, Mass. Her poetry has not been collected.

PARKER, Theodore, the eminent Unitarian clergyman and abolitionist, b. Lexington, Mass., 1810; d. Florence, Italy, 1860. The poem "Jesus," given in the Anthology, is taken from his lecture, "Mistakes about Jesus." His complete works, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, appeared in London, 1863–65, and a Boston edition in 1870. Among his biographers are Weiss and Frothingham.

PARSONS, Thomas William, b. Boston, Mass., 18 Aug., 1819; d. Scituate, Mass., 3 Sept., 1892. He received his education at the Boston Latin School and at home. Visited Europe in 1836, and pursued in Italy the studies which culminated in his metrical translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's "Inferno," 1843, reissued in extended form in 1867 and 1893. He studied dentistry, and practised in Boston and London, residing in the former city after 1872. Dr. Parsons's noble lyric "Lines on a Bust of Dante" first appeared in the Boston "Advertiser and Patriot," 1841. His books of original poetry are "The Magnolia, and Other Poems," 1867; "The Old House at Sudbury," 1870; "The Shadow of the Obelisk, and Other Poems," 1872; and "Poems," definitive edition, 1893. Cp. "Poets of America," p. 55.

"**PAUL, John.**" — See *Charles Henry Webb.*

PAULDING, James Kirke, early novelist, b. Pleasant Valley, N. Y., 1779; d. Hyde Park, N. Y., 1860. Associated with Washington and William Irving in the publication of "Salmagundi," 1807–08. Secretary of the navy under President Van Buren, 1837–41. His works, chiefly fiction, include "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," 1812; "The Backwoodsman," a poem, 1818; "Königsmarke," 1823; "The Dutchman's Fireside," 1831; "The Puritan and His Daughter," 1849; "Letters on Slavery," 1835; "Life of George Washington," 1854.

PAYNE, John Howard, actor and dramatist, b. New York, N. Y., 9 June, 1791; d. Tunis, Africa, 9 April, 1852. Entered Union College, which he left for his first appearance

on the stage at New York in 1809. He had already gained attention as the editor of a juvenile paper, the "Thespian Mirror." Was successful as an actor in America and England. His best-known plays are "Brutus" and "Charles II." The song "Home, Sweet Home" is contained in Payne's opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1823. He was U. S. consul at Tunis from 1841 until his death. In 1883 his remains were removed, under the supervision of John Worthington, U. S. consul at Malta, and at the expense of W. W. Corcoran, to Washington, D. C., and were interred in the Oak Hill Cemetery.

PAYNE, William Morton, educator and critic, b. Newburyport, Mass., 1858. He assisted Dr. Poole in the Chicago Public Library, 1874–76, and since 1876 has been a professor in the high schools of that city. Became associate editor of "The Dial," 1892, and is its leading reviewer. Author of "Our New Education," 1884; "Little Leaders," 1895; and translator of Norwegian classics. Mr. Payne is an authority upon modern Scandinavian literature, and prominent among American scholars and critics.

PEABODY, Josephine Preston, b. New York, N. Y., 187–. Now resident in Boston. Author of "The Wayfarers," published in 1898, a little volume containing some of the most expressive and essentially poetic verse that has come from our rising group of lyrists.

PEABODY, William Oliver Bourne, D. D., b. Exeter, N. H., 1799; d. Springfield, Mass., 1847. Graduated at Harvard. Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Springfield, 1820–47. Edited "The Springfield Collection of Hymns," 1833; wrote the report on "Birds of the Commonwealth," 1839. A prominent contributor to the "North American Review" and "Christian Examiner." The selection from Dr. Peabody relates to a passage in which Thomas Hope's Anastasius laments the death of his child Alexander. His "Literary Remains" appeared in 1850. Dr. Peabody's twin brother, Oliver William Bourne Peabody, wrote an eloquent lyric, "Hymn to the Stars," which may be found in "A Library of American Literature," vol. v.

PECK, Harry Thurston, L. H. D., educator and critic, b. Stamford, Conn., 1856. He graduated at Columbia, and afterward became professor of Latin in that university. Since 1895 he has been the American editor of "The Bookman," and is also literary editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser." Author of "The Semitic Theory of Creation," 1886; "Latin Pronunciation," 1890; "The Personal Equation," essays, 1897; "What is Good English, and Other Essays," 1899; "Greystone and Porphyry," verse, 1900. Editor of "The International Cyclopædia," 1892, and of classical text-books and reference works.

PECK, Samuel Minturn, b. Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1854. Graduated at the University of Alabama, and afterwards studied medicine in New York. A resident of his native town, where he divides his time between literature and farming. His published volumes are "Caps and Bells," 1886; "Rings and Love-knots," 1892; "Rhymes and Roses," 1895; "Fair Women of To-day," 1898.

PELLEW, George, b. Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, 1859; d. New York, N. Y., 1892. He was a grandson of John Jay. Graduated at Harvard, 1880, and at the Harvard law school, 1883. Although admitted to the bar, he devoted himself to literary work. A trip to Ireland resulted in his book "In Cabin and Castle," 1888, commended by John Morley. Also author of "Women and the Commonwealth," 1888; "John Jay," in "American Statesmen" series, 1890; "Poems," edited by W. D. Howells, 1892.

PERCIVAL, James Gates, geologist, b. Berlin, Conn., 15 Sept., 1795; d. Hazel Green, Wis., 2 May, 1856. He was graduated at Yale, and practised as a physician at Charleston and in the U. S. recruiting service. Began the study of geology at New Haven in 1827, and prepared state reports on the geological conditions of Connecticut and Wisconsin. His first volume of poems, "Prometheus," appeared in 1820. "Poetical Works," 1859, contains his miscellaneous poems and tragedies. Cp. "Poets of America," p. 38.

"PERCY, Florence." — See *E. A. (Chase) (Akers) Allen.*

PERRY, Lilla Cabot, b. Mass., 185–. Wife of Thomas Sargeant Perry. Author of "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century," etc. A resident of Boston. She has published a volume of poems, "Impressions," 1898.

PERRY, Nora, b. Dudley, Mass., 183–; d. there, 1896. Her early life was passed in Providence, R. I. She was Boston correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," and later of the Providence "Journal." Among her writings are: "After the Ball, and Other Poems," 1875; "Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems," 1879; "A Book of Love Stories," 1881; "For a Woman," novel, 1885; "New Songs and Ballads," 1886; "Legends and Lyrics," 1890; and numerous stories for girls.

PETERSON, Arthur, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1851. Son of Henry Peterson. Entering the navy as a paymaster, Mr. Peterson has served on many cruises since 1877. His poems have been published as follows: "Songs of New Sweden," 1887; "Penekyn's Pilgrimage," 1894; and "Collected Poems," 1900.

PETERSON, Frederick, physician, b. Faribault, Minn., 1859. A graduate of the University of Buffalo, and instructor in mental and nervous diseases at Columbia University. Author of "Poems and Swedish Translations," 1883, and "In the Shade of Ygdrasil," 1893.

PETERSON, Henry, publisher, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1818; d. 1891. For twenty years assistant editor of the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post." He published "Poems," 1863 and 1883; "The Modern Job, and Other Poems," 1869; "Faire-Mount," poem, 1874; "Confessions of a Minister," 1874; "Bessie's Lovers," 1877; "Cæsar, a Dramatic Study," 1879. His drama "Helen, or 100 Years Ago," was produced in 1876. The "Ode for Decoration Day," from which an extract is given on pp. 180, 181, was one of the earliest poems of its class and is memorable for the line, "Foes for a day and brothers for all time."

PHELPS, Charles Henry, b. Stockton, Cal., 1853, but belongs to the distinguished Phelps family of Eastern Massachusetts. Educated at the University of California and the Harvard law school. He practised law in San Francisco, edited "The Californian" (afterwards "Overland Monthly"), 1880–82; and published "Californian Verses," 1882. Is still an occasional writer for the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines. Now a leading member of the New York bar, and an authority on copyright law.

PIATT, John James, b. James Mill, now Milton, Ind., 1 March, 1835. He studied at Kenyon College, and became private secretary to G. D. Prentice, of the Louisville "Journal." During the Civil War he was in the Treasury Department, Washington, having gained the friendship of Mr. Chase. In 1871 he became librarian of the House of Representatives at Washington, and in 1882, U. S. consul at Cork, Ireland, where he remained till 1894. With W. D. Howells he wrote "Poems of Two Friends," 1860 (now "rare" and valuable as a "first book" of each author); and with Mrs. Piatt, "The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems," 1864, and "The Children Out of Doors," 1884. He has also published "Poems in Sunshine and Firelight," 1866; "Western Windows, and Other Poems," 1869; "Landmarks, and Other Poems," 1871; "Poems of House and Home," 1879; "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley," 1884, 1888, 1893; "At the Holy Well," 1887; "A Book of Gold, and Other Sonnets," 1889; "Little New-World Idyls, and Other Poems," 1893; "Pencilled Fly-Leaves," and "A Return to Paradise" in prose. He has edited "The Union of American Poetry and Art." Mr. Piatt is a representative poet of the middle West. His wife was Sallie Bryan, of Kentucky, and the two, like the Stoddards, often receive the appellation, once bestowed upon the Brownings, of "the wedded poets." Cp. "Poets of America," p. 453.

PIATT, Sarah Morgan (Bryan), b. Lexington, Ky., 1836. She studied at the Henry female college of New Castle, Ky., and published her first verses in the Louisville "Journal." In 1861 she was married to John G. Piatt. Her works include "A Woman's Poems," 1871; "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," 1874; "That New World, and Other Poems," 1876; "Poems in Company with Children," 1877; "Dramatic Persons and Moods," 1880; "An Irish Garland," 1884; "Child-World Ballads," 1887; "The Witch in the Glass, and Other Poems," 1889; "An Enchanted Castle," 1893. For volumes issued in collaboration with her husband, see *Piatt, J. J.* Mrs. Piatt's verse has met with high favor both here and in Great Britain.

PIERPONT, John, Unitarian clergyman, b. Litchfield, Conn., 1785, thus antedating Bryant; d. Medford, Conn., 1866. Graduated at Yale, 1804. Occupied himself successively with teaching, business, and the law. Entered the Unitarian ministry in 1819, and was for twenty-six years pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston. Becoming embroiled with his congregation on account of his sympathy with the abolition and temperance movements, he resigned his charge in 1845. Preached for a time at Troy, N. Y., and at Medford, Mass. Volunteered at the age of seventy-six as chaplain in the Civil War, but was soon afterward, in consideration of his infirmities, transferred to the Treasury Department, where he retained a clerkship until his death. Author of "Airs of Palestine, and Other Poems," 1816 and 1840; and "Poems," 1845.

PIKE, Albert, lawyer, b. Boston, Mass., 1809; d. Washington, D. C., 1891. Studied at Harvard. In 1831 he made Western explorations. Edited the "Arkansas Advocate." He was an officer in the Mexican War, and afterwards as a Confederate general led Indians to battle in the Civil War. His nobly planned and classical "Hymns to the Gods," first published in "Blackwood's Magazine," 1839, were included in "Nugae," privately printed, 1854. General Pike rose to be at the head of Freemasonry in America. His "Morals and Dogma of Freemasonry" appeared in 1870. Editions of his "Poems" were issued in 1873 and 1881.

PINKNEY, Edward Coate, b. London, England, 1802; d. Baltimore, Md., 1828. Son of William Pinkney, American minister to Great Britain. Entered the U. S. navy in 1816, resigning in 1824. Practised law at Baltimore, but without success, and fell into an early decline. His "Poems," a tiny volume containing some exquisite songs, was published in 1825.

POE, Edgar Allan, b. Boston, Mass., 19 Jan., 1809; d. Baltimore, Md., 7 Oct., 1849. In 1811, on the death of both his parents in the same week, Poe was received into the family of Mr. and Mrs. Allan, at Richmond, Va. He was sent to a small private school, and, being a child of great beauty and precocious talents, won his way in all hearts. He had a talent for declamation, probably inherited from his parents, who were actors by profession, and he often recited before company. In 1815 he was taken abroad with the family, and put to school near London. In 1820 the Allans returned to Richmond, where he was set to his studies

under a new master. He was an acknowledged leader among his schoolmates, and in 1824 became lieutenant of the Richmond Junior Volunteers. He was usually at the head of his classes, learning without effort, and constantly writing verses, sometimes in Latin. In athletics he was foremost of the boys, renowned especially for his feats of swimming. He entered, 1826, the University of Virginia, where his scholarship was satisfactory, but where a fondness for excitants seems to have taken hold of him never to relinquish its grasp. Mr. Allan refused to honor his debts, but started him in a commercial career. The prospect was not attractive to the young man, and he ran away to Boston, enlisting in the army, 1827, under the alias "Edgar Perry." He seems to have devoted his spare time to literature, and in the summer of the war published a pamphlet entitled "Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian." In 1829 his second publication appeared, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," under his own name. In 1830 he entered West Point, but within the next year brought about his own expulsion. At the same time, in 1831, obtaining subscriptions from his mates, he issued a volume of "Poems." After the death of his patroness, Mrs. Allan, and the remarriage of her husband, Poe had no hope of further assistance from the latter. He went to Baltimore, living with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm. His first bit of good fortune was in 1833, when the "Saturday Visitor" awarded him a prize of $100 for the "MS. Found in a Bottle." In 1835 T. W. White, the editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger," gave him some remunerative employment. In 1836 he married his cousin Virginia Clemm, a girl of thirteen. In 1837 he went to New York, and in the next year the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" was brought out. He then removed to Philadelphia, contributed to many periodicals, and published "The Conchologist's First Book." Shifting to New York again, he became associate editor of Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine," 1839. His connection with the paper lasted one year. His stories were collected, 1840, under the title "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque," and in 1843 "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe" appeared, and met with favor. He continued to contribute to the periodicals, notably a succession of critical and personal sketches of contemporary American authors, and had intervals of energy and hopefulness, alternating with attacks of inebriation and despondency. In 1845 a volume of "Tales" and "The Raven and Other Poems" appeared. The "Raven" was copied everywhere, and Poe suddenly found himself the most talked-of writer of the day. He seems never to have abandoned the hope of publishing a magazine of his own. In 1846 he moved to a cottage at Fordham with his wife, who was dangerously ill with consumption, and in January of the next year she died. In 1848 "Eureka; a Prose Poem" was published. In the summer of 1849 he revisited Richmond, where he lectured with success, was socially well received, and regained his vagrant hopefulness. He left in September, starting north, but did not get beyond Baltimore. There he was taken to the Washington Hospital in a stupor, and died after four days of delirium. From that time the world has mourned the untimely end of a man of genius, who struggled ineffectually against the recurrent habits that destroyed him. His work, for all its charm and its wonder, is the uneven and unfulfilled suggestion of what might have been. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, whom the poet made his literary executor, promptly brought together his "Tales, Poems, and Essays" in three volumes, 1850; and a fourth volume, containing "Arthur Gordon Pym and Miscellanies," was added in 1856. Since then Poe's writings have been repeatedly translated into French, German, Italian, etc., and many editions in English have been published. The definitive edition in ten volumes, edited and rearranged by Stedman and Woodberry, with memoir, bibliography, critical introductions, and variorum text of the poems, appeared in 1894-95. From the present condensed note, most important details of an exceptional career are necessarily absent. For an inclusive and critical review of the most famous Southern poet, essayist, and romancer, cp. "Poets of America," chap. vii. [B. D. L.]

POLLOCK, Edward, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1823; d. San Francisco, Cal., 1858. When a child he worked in a cotton factory, and at fourteen became a sign-painter's apprentice. In 1852 he went to California, where he was admitted to the bar. He wrote for the "San Francisco Pioneer," and in 1876 his poems were collected posthumously.

"POTTER, Mrs." — See *M. P. T. Higginson.*

PRATT, Anna Maria, b. Chelsea, Mass., 18—. For some years engaged in teaching. A resident of Cleveland, Ohio. Has written chiefly for children's periodicals. Author of "Little Rhymes for Little People," 1896.

PRENTICE, George Denison, journalist, b. Preston, Conn., 1802; d. Louisville, Ky., 1870. After a brief experience as editor in Connecticut he removed to Kentucky, assuming charge of the Louisville "Journal," which he edited until his death. "Prenticeana, or Wit and Humor," appeared in 1860. A volume of his "Poems" was brought out in 1876.

PRESTON, Margaret (Junkin), b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1820; d. Baltimore, Md., 1897. Her father, Rev. Dr. Junkin, was founder of Lafayette College. In 1848 he was made president of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., which place became the daughter's home. She had written considerably when, in 1857, she was married to Col. John T. L. Preston. Her books of verse include "Beechenbrook, a Rhyme of the War," 1866; "Old Songs and New," 1870; "Cartoons," 1875; "For

Love's Sake," 1887; and "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse," 1887.

PROCTOR, Edna Dean, b. Henniker, N. H., 1838. She has made her home in Concord, N. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., and South Framingham, Mass., spending much time in Europe. Author of "Poems," 1866; "A Russian Journey," 1872; "The Song of the Ancient People," 1892.

PROUDFIT, David Law, b. Newburgh, N. Y., 1842; d. New York, N. Y., 1897. He enlisted in the U. S. army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and became a major. Afterwards in business in New York City. He was induced to adopt a pseudonym, "Peleg Arkwright," which he later discarded. Author of "Love among the Gamins," 1877; "The Man from the West," "Mask and Domino," poems, 1888.

PULLEN, Elisabeth (Jones), (Elisabeth Cavazza), b. Portland, Me., 18—. Daughter of Charles Jones, a merchant of that city, where she has always resided. She was first married to Nino Cavazza, an Italian gentleman. Her second husband is Stanley T. Pullen, a journalist and financier of Portland. For several years Mrs. Pullen was a staff writer for the "Literary World" of Boston. Her contributions of verse and prose to the periodicals have been not numerous, but of a very high order. Her metrical satires, "Algernon in London" and "Algernon the Footstool-Bearer," published in the Portland "Transcript" some years ago, attracted wide attention. Some of her short stories were issued as "Don Finimondone: Italian Sketches," 1892.

PULLEN, Eugene Henry, b. Baltimore, Md., 1832; d. Brooklyn, 1899. He was vice-president of the "National Bank of the Republic" of New York, president of the "American Bankers' Association," 1895–96. His "Now I lay me down to Sleep," p. 470, was published many years before Eugene Field's poem, p. 527, on the same theme.

RANDALL, James Ryder, journalist, b. Baltimore, Md., 1839. He was a student at Georgetown College, D. C.; was afterwards connected with the New Orleans "Sunday Delta." At Poydras College, La., he composed, in 1861, the battle-hymn "Maryland, My Maryland!" In 1866 Mr. Randall became editor-in-chief of the Augusta, Ga., "Constitutionalist," and more recently was a member of the staff of the Baltimore "American." He is now a press correspondent at Washington and Augusta. His poems, appearing in various periodicals and compilations, have never been collected.

RANDOLPH, Anson Davies Fitz, publisher, b. Woodbridge, N. J., 1820; d. Westhampton, L. I., N. Y., 1896. He conducted a publishing house in New York, over his own name, from 1851 to his death. "Hopefully Waiting, and Other Verses," 1867 (enlarged edition, 1885), is a collection of his religious poetry. Its title-poem is widely familiar.

RANKIN, Jeremiah Eames, educator, b. Thornton, N. H., 1828. He graduated at Middlebury College, and entered the Congregational ministry. He became president of Howard University, Washington, in 1889. Some of Dr. Rankin's hymns have found place in the religious collections. Beside his prose volumes, he is the author of "Auld Scotch Mither, and Other Poems," 1873; "Ingleside Rhaims," 1887; "Broken Cadences," 1889; "Hymns Pro Patria," 1889; and "German-English Lyrics," 1897. Stanzas of Dr. Rankin's charming little lyric "The Babie" have been wrongly but not unnaturally attributed by collectors to the pen of Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist, and the error was repeated by the present editor in the early editions of his "Victorian Anthology." For this mistake he now makes amends. The poem has been expunged from the last-named collection and now appears, on page 296 of this volume, accredited to its veritable author.

"RAYMOND, Grace." — See *Annie Raymond Stillman.*

READ, Thomas Buchanan, artist, b. Chester Co., Penn., 12 March, 1822; d. New York, N. Y., 11 May, 1872. He studied portrait painting as a specialty, and practised his art in various Eastern cities. For several years his studies were carried on at Rome, which city he revisited later in life. Mr. Read was chiefly identified with Philadelphia, where he brought out his first volume "of Poems." in 1847. Beside editing a well-known collection of verse, "The Female Poets of America," 1848, illustrated by engravings from his own portraits, he published his "Lays and Ballads," 1848; "The New Pastoral," 1855; "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," 1862; and "A Summer Story, Sheridan's Ride, and Other Poems," 1865.

REALF, Richard, b. Framfield, near Lewes, Sussex, England, 1834; d. by his own hand, Oakland, Cal., 1878. He wrote verses when about fifteen, and won the regard of the poet Rogers, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, — and of Lady Byron, who made him steward on one of her estates. His first volume of poems, "Guesses at the Beautiful," London, 1852, was edited by Thackeray's nephew Charles de la Pryme. In 1854 he emigrated to Kansas, and, removing to New York, was an assistant at the Five Points House of Industry, 1855–56. He seconded the plans of John Brown, and just before the outbreak at Harper's Ferry went to Europe to give lectures in behalf of the anti-slavery movement. He enlisted in the Union army, and was commended for gallantry at Chickamauga and elsewhere. A posthumous edition of his poems, with a memoir by his loyal friend and executor, Colonel Richard J. Hinton, appeared in 1899.

REESE, Lizette Woodworth, b. Waverly, Md., 186–. Early removed to Baltimore, which place has since been her residence. Author of

"A Branch of May," 1887; "A Handful of Lavender," 1891; "A Quiet Road," 1896. Miss Reese's poetry is of a rare quality, — artistic, natural, beautiful with the old-time atmosphere and associations, and at times rising to a noble classicism, of which the lines "To a Town Poet," p. 611, afford a fine example.

RICE, Wallace, "Cecil de Groot," b. Hamilton, Canada, 1859, of American parentage. Educated at Harvard, Class of 1883. Since 1890 has been engaged in critical as well as creative literary work: "Under the Stars, and Other Songs of the Sea" (Barrett Eastman, collaborator), 1898; "Heroic Deeds," prose and verse, 1898; "Flying Sands," verse, 1898. Later, "Ballads of Valor and Victory," (Clinton Scollard, collaborator); "Great Travellers." Also editor of "Poems," 1898, by Francis Brooks, and "Poems," by Rudyard Kipling.

RICHARDS, Laura Elizabeth, b. Boston, Mass., 185-. The daughter of Samuel G. and Julia Ward Howe. In 1871 she married Henry Richards, of Gardiner, Me., where she afterwards resided. Author of successful books for children in prose and verse, and of poems and other contributions to the magazines.

RICHARDSON, Charles Francis, b. Hallowell, Me., 1851. He graduated at Dartmouth College, where he was appointed professor of English literature in 1882, having served on the editorial staff of the "Independent" from 1872–78. His books include the valued "Primer of American Literature," 1878, enlarged, 1896; "The Cross," verse, 1879; "The Choice of Books," 1881; an important "History of American Literature," 2 vols., 1887–89; "The End of the Beginning," fiction, 1896.

RICHARDSON, George Lynde, Williams College, Class of 1888.

RILEY, James Whitcomb, "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone," b. Greenfield, Ind., 1853. His father, an attorney of Greenfield, intended that his son should follow his own profession, but the latter tired of study and joined a patent-medicine travelling wagon. After various experiences as sign-painter, actor, etc., he returned and began newspaper work on a Greenfield paper. He began contributing verse to the Indianapolis papers in 1873, and secured a position on the "Journal" of that city, where he has since resided. More recently he has given readings from his poetry in all parts of the country with more than usual success. His first book of verse in the "Hoosier" dialect, "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems," 1883, has been followed by a series of volumes, the humor, pathos, originality, and natural sentiment of which have particularly endeared him to his countrymen. "Afterwhiles," 1888; "Old-Fashioned Roses," 1888; "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," 1889; "Rhymes of Childhood," 1890; "Flying Islands of the Night," 1891; "Neighborly Poems," 1891; "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," 1891; "Green Fields and Running Brooks," 1892; "Poems here at Home," 1893; "Armazindy," 1894; "A Child-World," 1896; "Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers," 1899. "The Boss Girl, and Other Sketches," prose, appeared in 1886.

RIVES, Amélie. — See *Princess Troubetskoy.*

ROBINSON, Annie Douglas (Green), "Marian Douglas," b. Plymouth, N. H., 1842. A writer of Bristol, N. H., who has published "Picture Poems," for children, 1872; "Peter and Polly, or Home Life in New England One Hundred Years Ago," 1876.

ROBINSON, Edwin Arlington, b. Head Tide, Me., 1869. Now a resident of New York City. Engaged in literary pursuits. His poetry has an individual cast, and is contained, thus far, in his two collections "The Torrent and the Night Before," 1896; "The Children of the Night," 1897.

ROBINSON, Lucy Catlin (Bull), b. Hartford, Conn., 186-. With the exception of two years in Paris, she has lived in New York since 1891. Author of "A Child's Poems," composed in her tenth year, and published with a preface by her mother. This unique volume gained critical attention, and was reviewed by the late Mr. Dennett, of "The Nation," as written by "One of America's Pet Marjories." In 1899 she was married to the poet Tracy Robinson of Colon, Panama, and accompanied her husband to the tropics.

ROBINSON, Tracy, b. Clarendon, N. Y., 1833. He was educated at Rochester University, and was an official of railways in Tennessee and Louisiana until 1861, when he became connected with the Panama railroad, and removed to Colon, Panama. He has published "Song of the Palm and Other Poems," 1889, and contributed poems to the New York magazines.

ROCHE, James Jeffrey, b. Queen's Co., Ireland, 1847. His early life was passed in Prince Edward Island and at St. Dunstan's College. He has edited the Boston "Pilot" since 1890, and published "Songs and Satires," 1887; "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," 1891; "Ballads of Blue Water," 1895; "The Vase and Other Bric-a-Brac," 1900.

ROGÉ, Madame. — See *Charlotte (Fiske) Bates.*

ROGERS, Robert Cameron, b. Buffalo, N. Y., 1862. Son of the late Sherman S. Rogers, a noted lawyer of Buffalo. Graduated at Yale, and afterwards resided in his native city, and at Santa Barbara, Cal., engaged in literary work. Author of two books of fiction, "Will o' the Wasp: a Sea Yarn of the War of 1812," and "Old Dorset: Chronicles of a New York Country Side." His poems have been collected and published as "The Wind in the

Clearing, and Other Poems," 1895; "For the King, and Other Poems," 1899.

ROLLINS, Alice Marland (Wellington), b. Boston, Mass., 1847; d. Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y., 1897. She received instruction from her father, Ambrose Wellington, visited Europe, and in 1876 was married to Daniel M. Rollins, of New York City. She wrote "The Ring of Amethyst," poems, 1878; "My Welcome Beyond, and Other Poems," "The Story of a Ranch," 1885; "Uncle Tom's Tenement," 1888, and several books of travel, and was an efficient and favorite member of the N. Y. literary circles.

ROONEY, John Jerome, broker, b. Binghamton, N. Y., 1866. Educated at Mt. St. Mary's College. He has devoted much time to journalistic work. His spirited poems relating to the phases and incidents of the Spanish-American war are a feature of its literature.

ROSENBERG, James Naumburg, Columbia University, Class of 1895.

ROSENFELD, Morris, b. Boksha, Poland, 1861. Born of humble parents, he received the education that is given to Jewish boys of like origin. Some years ago, he came to this country, and supported himself in the sweat-shops of New York City. Although well-read in German and English literature, he is master only of his native tongue — Yiddish. Mr. Rosenfeld was first known in literary circles by his "Songs from the Ghetto," translated by Leo Wiener, 1898. These songs, at once spontaneous, simple, and pathetic, are fraught with the desolation and despair of life in the Jewish slums. The poem included in this Anthology was the first written in English by its author.

RUNKLE, Bertha Brooks, b. Berkeley Heights, N. J., 18—. Daughter of the distinguished critic and journalist, Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Runkle. Her serial romance, "The Helmet of Navarre," appeared in "The Century Magazine," 1900.

RUSSELL, Irwin, b. Port Gibson, Miss., 1853; d. New Orleans, La., 1879. Among Southern writers he was one of the first to introduce the negro character to metrical literature. After his early death, his verse was collected, and published as "Poems," 1888.

RYAN, Abram Joseph, "Father Ryan," b. Norfolk, Va., 1839; d. Louisville, Ky., 1886. He was a Catholic priest and chaplain in the Confederate army, editor of several religious periodicals, and pastor of a church in Mobile, Ala. The title-piece of his volume, "The Conquered Banner, and Other Poems," 1880, was written soon after Lee's surrender. He also published "Poems, Patriotic, Religious, and Miscellaneous," 1880, and "A Crown for Our Queen," 1882. He died before completing his "Life of Christ."

"RYAN, Father." — See *Abram Joseph Ryan.*

SALTUS, Francis Saltus, b. New York, N. Y., 1849; d. Tarrytown, N. Y., 1889. Educated in his native city and at the Roblot Institution, Paris. He was an extensive traveller and mastered many languages. His first volume of verse, "Honey and Gall," was published in 1873. A posthumous edition of his metrical works, in four volumes, was edited by his father, Francis H. Saltus. He left many writings which have not yet seen the light, among which is said to be a noteworthy life of Donizetti.

SANBORN, Franklin Benjamin, b. Hampton Falls, N. H., 1831. A graduate of Harvard, 1855. The next year he was elected secretary of the Mass. state Kansas committee. In 1866 he began his continued service as literary correspondent of the Springfield "Republican," chiefly from Boston and Concord. Mr. Sanborn has been closely identified with, and often the inaugurator of, various social and political reforms. He was one of the founders of the American Social Science Association and of the Concord School of Philosophy. He has written biographies of Thoreau, Emerson, Alcott, Dr. Earle, and John Brown, and with the latter was closely associated at historic periods of his career. The first two lines of the sonnet "Ariana," given in this Anthology, were written by A. B. Alcott, at whose request Mr. Sanborn perfected the tribute to his own wife.

SANDS, Robert Charles, journalist, b. Flatbush, L. I., 1799; d. Hoboken, N. J., 1832. Graduating from Columbia, 1815, he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but practised only a few years. From early boyhood devoted to literature, both as a reader and writer, Mr. Sands had connections with several distinguished authors. He was co-editor with W. C. Bryant of the N. Y. "Review," 1825-27, and issued with Bryant and Verplanck the "Talisman," 1828-30. He was on the staff of the N. Y. "Commercial Advertiser" from 1827 until his death. His life of Paul Jones was published in 1831, and a posthumous edition of his collected "Writings," with a memoir by G. C. Verplanck, in 1834. Mr. Sands was cut down in the early prime of a notable career.

SANGSTER, Margaret Elizabeth (Munson), journalist, b. New Rochelle, N. Y., 1838. Editor of "Harper's Bazar," 1889-99. Formerly associate editor of the New York "Hearth and Home," "Christian at Work," and "Christian Intelligencer;" editor of "Harper's Young People," 1882-89. She has published "Poems of the Household," 1882; "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," 1887; "Hours with Girls," and several other volumes of verse and juvenile books.

SANTAYANA, George, b. Madrid, Spain, 1863, of Spanish parentage. He graduated from Harvard in 1886, and has since been connected with that university as assistant professor of philosophy. His writings include "Sonnets

and Other Poems," 1894; "The Sense of Beauty," 1896; "Lucifer, a Theological Tragedy," 1899; "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," 1900.

SARGENT, Epes, author of the song "A Life on the Ocean Wave," b. Gloucester, Mass., 1813; d. Boston, Mass., 1880. He was one of the editors of the New York "Mirror," and editor for several years of the Boston "Evening Transcript." His play "The Bride of Genoa," 1836, was performed with success and followed by three others: "Velasco," 1837; "Change Makes Change," and "The Priestess." He published "Wealth and Worth," a novel, 1840; a "Life of Henry Clay," 1843, and a memoir of Benjamin Franklin; "Songs of the Sea," poems, 1847; "Antic Adventures by Sea and Land," 1857; and several works on spiritualism. He compiled a "Cyclopædia of English and American Poetry," published after his death.

SARGENT, John Osborne, lawyer, b. Gloucester, Mass., 1811; d. New York, N. Y., 1891. Brother of Epes Sargent. Graduating from Harvard in 1830, he studied law and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1833. In 1841, after several years of journalism as well, he became a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. During his practice in Washington he was one of the managers of "The Republic." Mr. Sargent edited some of the English poets, with biographies. It was his purpose to make translations of all the Odes of Horace; and though he did not live to complete this work, his "Horatian Echoes," 1893, issued posthumously, with an introduction by O. W. Holmes, contains the majority of the Odes.

SAVAGE, Minot Judson, liberal Unitarian clergyman, b. Norridgewock, Me., 1841; educated at Bowdoin College and Bangor theological seminary. After some years of mission work in California, he was pastor, for twenty-two years, of the Church of the Unity, Boston, Mass., where his liberal preaching soon gathered a large congregation, and is now pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Besides many books on religious and social themes, he has written "Bluffton, a Story of Today," 1878; "Poems," 1882; "Life beyond Death," 1899.

SAVAGE, Philip Henry, b. North Brookfield, Mass., 1868; d. Mass., 1899. Son of the Rev. Minot Judson Savage. Graduated at Harvard University. His "First Poems and Fragments" appeared in 1895, and was followed by "Poems," in 1898. He died, with fortitude, almost at the outset of what promised to be an enviable career.

SAXTON, Andrew Bice, b. Middlefield, N. Y., 1856. Graduated at Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. Was occupied as a farmer and teacher until 1890, when he accepted an editorial position on "The Herald" of Oneonta, N. Y.

SCHUYLER, Montgomery, journalist, b. Ithaca, N. Y., 1843. Son of the Rev. Anthony Schuyler, of Orange, N. J. Studied at Hobart College. He was connected with the N. Y. "World" from 1865 to 1883, and more or less with "Harper's Weekly," when he joined the editorial staff of the N. Y. "Times." He is engaged in preparing "A History of Architecture in the United States."

SCOLLARD, Clinton, b. Clinton, N. Y., 18 Sept., 1860. Graduated at Hamilton College, and took graduate courses at Harvard, and at Cambridge, England. He was professor of English literature at Hamilton College from 1888 to 1896, Clinton being his permanent residence. Author of "With Reed and Lyre," 1886; "Old and New World Lyrics," 1888; "Giovo and Giulia," 1891; "Songs of Sunrise Lands," 1892; "Pictures in Songs," 1894; "The Hills of Song," 1895; "Skenandoa," 1896; "A Boy's Book of Rhyme," 1896; and two prose works, "Under Summer Skies," 1892; "On Sunny Shores," 1893.

SCOTT, Mary McNeil. — See *M. McN. Fenollosa.*

SCUDDER, Eliza, b. Barnstable, Mass., 1821; d. Weston, Mass., 1896. She was a daughter of Elisha Gage Scudder. The volume of her "Hymns and Sonnets," 1880, was reissued in 1896 with an introduction by her cousin, Horace E. Scudder.

SEARING, Laura Catherine (Redden), "Howard Glyndon," b. Somerset Co., Md., 1840. She lost her speech and hearing at the age of ten, yet has done much journalistic work. In 1876 she was married to Edward W. Searing, of New York City, and in 1886 removed with him to California. Author of "Idyls of Battle," 1864; "Sounds from Secret Chambers," 1873.

SEARS, Edmund Hamilton, b. Sandisfield, Mass., 1810; d. Weston, Mass., 1876. Pastor of several Unitarian churches, and editor of "The Monthly Religious Magazine." He published "Christian Lyrics," 1860; "Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life," 1875; "That Glorious Song of Old," etc.

SEWALL, Alice Archer. — See *A. A. (S.) James.*

SEWALL, Frank, b. Bath, Me., 1837. Graduated at Bowdoin. A Swedenborgian minister living in Washington, D. C. Author of "Moody Mike, or the Power of Love," 1869; "Angelo, the Circus Boy," 1879; "The New Ethics," 1881; "Carducci and the Classic Realism," 1892; and a translation of Carducci's poems, 1892.

SEWALL, Harriet (Winslow), b. Portland, Me., 1819; d. Wellesley, Mass., 1889. She was twice married, in 1848 to Charles List, of Philadelphia, and in 1857 to Samuel E. Sewall, of Boston, and afterwards resided in the last-

named city. Her "Poems" were published in 1889, with a memoir by Ednah D. Cheney.

SHAW, John, physician, b. Annapolis, Md., 1778; d. on a voyage to the Bahamas, 1809. Took his degree in medicine in Philadelphia, and practised later at Baltimore. His "Poems," 1810, were collected by his friends and published after his death. The book is now very "rare."

SHEPHERD, Nathaniel Graham, journalist, b. New York, N. Y., 1835; d. there, 1869. During the Civil War he was for some time a war correspondent for the New York "Tribune." Author of several stirring poems of army life.

SHERMAN, Frank Dempster, educator, b. Peekskill, N. Y., 6 May, 1860. He graduated at Columbia, and took a graduate course at Harvard. He became a fellow of Columbia in 1887, and was instructor in architecture there until his appointment as adjunct professor. Though best known by his metrical work, he has done much literary reviewing. Author of "Madrigals and Catches," 1887; "Lyrics for a Lute," 1890; "Little-Folk Lyrics," 1892, enlarged edition, 1897. Joint author, with John Kendrick Bangs, of "New Waggings of Old Tales. By Two Wags," 1887.

SHINN, Milicent Washburn, b. Washington Township, Alameda Co., Cal., 1858. She graduated at the University of California, and in 1882 assumed the editorship of the new "Overland Monthly," which she held until 1894. Besides her work of an editorial nature Miss Shinn has been a leading contributor to the magazines. Of late she has been engaged in the psychological study of children. Her investigations have met with both scientific and literary recognition and have brought her the degree of Ph. D. m. c. l., from her own university.

SICKLES, David Banks, diplomat, b. New York, N. Y., 1837. Engaged in newspaper work, and was a correspondent in the Civil War. He was United States minister to Siam from 1876 to 1881. He has lectured extensively on Oriental subjects, and is the author of "Leaves of the Lotus," 1896; "The Land of the Lotus," 1899, and of much miscellaneous prose and verse.

"SIEGVOLK, Paul." — See *Albert Mathews*.

SIGOURNEY, Lydia (Huntley), educator and philanthropist, b. Norwich, Conn., 1 Sept., 1791; d. Hartford, Conn., 10 June, 1865. A pioneer among American women in literature and in advocacy of the higher education for women. She taught for two years in Norwich, and afterward established her famous select school for young ladies at Hartford in 1814. She was married in 1819 to Charles Sigourney. Among her fifty-three volumes of prose and verse are "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," 1815; "Traits of the Aborigines," 1822; "Poems by the Author of Moral Pieces," 1827; "Poetry for Children," 1823; "Zinzendorff, and Other Poems," 1836; "Pocahontas, and Other Poems," 1841; "Water Drops, a Plea for Temperance," 1847; "Post Meridian," 1854; "The Daily Counsellor," poems, 1858; "The Man of Uz, and Other Poems," 1862; "Letters of Life," issued posthumously, 1866.

SILL, Edward Rowland, b. Windsor, Conn., 1841; d. Cleveland, O., 1887. He was graduated at Yale in 1861, and after teaching several years at Cuyahoga Falls, O., was professor of English literature at the University of California, 1874–82. He wrote "Hermione, and Other Poems," 186–; "The Hermitage, and Later Poems," 1867; "The Venus of Milo, and other Poems," a posthumous volume, 1888; and a posthumous collection of "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill: Being Essays in Literature and Education, and Friendly Letters," 1900. Sill was a man of rare temperament and insight, and those who knew him have never ceased to regret his loss.

SIMMS, William Gilmore, novelist, b. Charleston, S. C., 1806; d. there, 1870. Published "Lyrical and Other Poems," 1826. Became editor and owner of the Charleston "City Gazette." His best-known poem is "Atalantis, a Tale of the Sea," 1832. Among his colonial, Revolutionary, and frontier novels are "Yemassee," "The Partisan," 1835; "Castle Dismal," 1845; "The Wigwam and the Cabin, or Tales of the South," 1845–46. Wrote biographies of Marion, Greene, Capt. John Smith, Chevalier Bayard. "A History of South Carolina" appeared in 1840; "Areytos, or Songs and Ballads of the South," in 1846; and his selected works in 19 vols., 1859. He wrote a number of dramas for the stage.

SMITH, Elizabeth Oakes (Prince), b. Cumberland, Me., 1806; d. 1893. Her later years were spent in New York, N. Y., and Hollywood, S. C. Wife of the journalist and satirist Seba Smith. She advocated woman's rights, and was the earliest woman lecturer in America. Author of "The Sinless Child and Other Poems," 1841; "Old New York, or Jacob Leisler," a tragedy, etc. Her children assumed the name of Oaksmith.

SMITH, Harry Bache, librettist, b. Buffalo, N. Y., 1860. He wrote dramatic and literary criticisms for the newspaper press until he turned his attention to dramatic authorship. "The Begum," his first opera, was produced in 1887. Of the many others "Robin Hood" appeared in 1891, and "Rob Roy" in 1893. His miscellaneous poems were published as "Lyrics and Sonnets," 1894.

SMITH, Mary ("May") Louise Riley, b. Brighton, N. Y., 1842. After her marriage to Albert Smith she removed to New York City. She has published "A Gift of Gentians, and Other Verses," 1882; "The Inn of Rest," 1888; "Cradle and Armchair," poems, 1893; "Sometime, and Other Poems," 1897.

SMITH, Samuel Francis, Baptist clergyman, b. Boston, Mass., 1808; d. Bridgeport, Conn., 1895. He wrote "America," "The Morning Light is Breaking," 1832, and many other hymns; "Knights and Sea Kings;" "Mythology and Early Greek History," and "Poor Boys Who Became Great," for the young. He edited "Lyric Years" and "The Psalmist," 1843; "Rock of Ages," 1866.

SPALDING, John Lancaster, Catholic bishop of Peoria, Ill., b. Lebanon, Ky., 1840. He is actively interested in education and literature. Author of a "Life of Archbishop Spalding," his uncle, 1872; "Essays and Reviews," 1876; "America, and Other Poems," 1885; "The Poet's Praise," 1891; "Education and the Higher Life," 1891; "Things of the Mind," 1894; "Songs, Chiefly from the German," 1896. Bishop Spalding is one of the most refined and imaginative of latter-day meditative poets.

SPALDING, Susan (Marr), b. Bath, Me., 18—. She was educated at a young ladies' seminary. Her parents' death occasioned her removal to the home of relatives in New York, where she married a gentleman of that city. A few years later she made Philadelphia her permanent residence. Author of "The Wings of Icarus, and Other Poems," 1892.

SPINGARN, Joel Elias, Columbia University, Class of 1895.

SPOFFORD, Harriet Elizabeth (Prescott), b. Calais, Me., 1835. She studied at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H. Her father becoming an invalid, she added to her family's scanty income by writing stories for periodicals. Her first story of unusual merit was "In a Cellar," "Atlantic Monthly," 1859. Since her marriage to Richard S. Spofford, she has lived on Deer Island, in the Merrimac River, near Newburyport, Mass. Her works include "Sir Rohan's Ghost," 1859; "The Amber Gods, and Other Stories," 1863, which gave her an instant reputation; "Azarian," an episode, 1864; "New England Legends," 1871; "The Thief in the Night," 1872; "Marquis of Carabas," poems, 1882; "Ballads about Authors," 1887; "In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems," 1897.

SPRAGUE, Charles, b. Boston, Mass., 1791; d. there, 1875. From 1824 to 1865 he was cashier of the Globe Bank in Boston. Mr. Sprague was a pioneer among the early American poets, and was greatly honored by his own generation. Author of "The Winged Worshippers," "Curiosity," "The Family Meeting," and other poems included in a collected edition of "Poetical and Prose Writings," 1841 (revised eds. 1850–76).

STANTON, Frank Lebby, journalist, b. Charleston, S. C., 1857. A resident of Atlanta, Ga., and a member of the staff of the "Atlanta Constitution." Author of "Songs of the Soil," 1894; "Comes One with a Song," 1899. His lyrics are familar to all newspaper readers, and are widely popular.

STARR, Hattie, composer, b. Rome, N. Y., 18—. She married the late Chas. L. Harris, an actor. Miss Starr is the composer, as well as the verse-maker, of many popular songs. Her "Little Alabama Coon" is perhaps the most notable example of the so-called "coon-songs," a typical class of attempts to revive for the end of the century something of the melody and charm belonging to the earlier songs of the South.

STEBBINS, Mary Elizabeth (Moore) (Hewitt), b. Malden, Mass., 1818; was married to James L. Hewitt, and in 1829 removed to New York. She wrote a "Memorial of F. S. Osgood;" "Songs of Our Lord, and Other Poems," 1845; "Heroines of History;" "Poems Sacred, Passionate, and Legendary." Her poem "Harold the Valiant" appeared closely upon the date of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," with which it has points of resemblance. The present editor has been unable to determine which lyric has the right of chronological precedence.

STEDMAN, Edmund Clarence, b. Hartford, Conn., 8 Oct., 1833. (Son of Mrs. E. C. Kinney, q. v.) He entered Yale at the age of fifteen, and took first prize for his poem on "Westminster Abbey," but was suspended for irregularities at the end of his sophomore year. In 1871, he was restored to his class (that of '53) and given the degree of M. A. Edited the Norwich "Tribune" and Winsted "Herald," 1852–55, but in the latter year went to New York. After a temporary connection with Greeley's "Tribune" — where he first printed his "Tribune Lyrics" ("Osawatomie Brown," "The Diamond Wedding," etc.) — he joined the staff of the N. Y. "World" in 1860, and was its war correspondent, 1861–63. For a time he served in Washington under Lincoln's attorney general, Edmund Bates. In 1864 he aided in the construction and financiering of the first section of the first Pacific Railway. This led him into Wall Street, and, desiring to have time and means for strictly literary work, he there remained from 1864; becoming, 1869, an active member of the Stock Exchange, and holding his seat until 1900. Among his works are "Poems Lyric and Idyllic," 1860; "Alice of Monmouth," 1863; "The Blameless Prince," 1869; "Victorian Poets," 1875 (London, 1876); "Hawthorne, and Other Poems," 1877; "Lyrics and Idylls" (London), 1879; "Poems, Household Edition," 1884; "Poets of America," 1885; "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" (lectures forming the initial course of the Turnbull Chair of Poetry, Johns Hopkins Univ.), 1892; "Poems Now First Collected," 1897. Since 1866 has worked for international copyright, and succeeded Mr. Lowell as president of the American Copyright League in 1891. He re-delivered his lectures on poetry at the University of Pennsylvania, and at Columbia University, and received from Columbia the

degree of L. H. D. In 1894, his Alma Mater, Yale, gave him the degree of LL. D., and he wrote the "Commencement Ode," set to imposing music by Prof. Parker and sung at Yale on stated occasions. Has edited, among other works, "A Library of American Literature," with Ellen M. Hutchinson, 1888–89; "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe," with G. E. Woodberry, 1895; "A Victorian Anthology," 1895. The present Anthology completes a critical series begun in "Victorian Poets." [L. C. B.]

STEIN, Evaleen, b. LaFayette, Ind., 18—, where she still resides. Besides poetic contributions to various periodicals and her children's stories of old Provence, Miss Stein has published "One Way to the Woods," 1897, a collection of lyrics showing a very genuine gift.

"STERNE, STUART." — See *Gertrude Bloede.*

STETSON, Charlotte (Perkins), socialist, b. Hartford, Conn., 186–. Great-granddaughter of Lyman Beecher. Much of her time has been given to lecturing on various reforms. Mrs. Stetson received the gold medal of the Alameda Country Trades and Labor Union for an essay on "The Labor Movement," and is the author of "Woman and Economics." "In this our World," verse, was published in 1893.

STETSON, Grace Ellery Channing. — See *Mrs. Channing-Stetson.*

STILLMAN, Annie Raymond, "Grace Raymond," b. Charleston, S. C., 1855. Descended from Elias Badeau, one of the Huguenot settlers in New Rochelle. Resided at Charleston until 1892, when she removed to Birmingham, Ala. Author of "How They Kept the Faith: a Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc," 1889, and of occasional poems and sketches.

STOCKARD, Henry Jerome, educator, b. North Carolina, 1858. Graduated from the University of North Carolina, where he was afterwards associate professor. Later he was professor at Fredericksburg College. His "Fugitive Lines" appeared in 1897.

STODDARD, Charles Warren, b. Rochester, N. Y., 1843. When a boy he received encouragement from Bret Harte, who edited his first book of verse. Some of his life since 1864 has been spent in the Hawaiian Islands. From 1873 to 1878 he visited many countries as correspondent of the San Francisco "Chronicle." He was professor of English literature at Notre Dame College, Ind., and is now a lecturer on English literature at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Author of "Poems," 1867; "South Sea Idyls," 1873; "Summer Cruising in the South Seas," 1874; "Mashallah!" 1880; "The Lepers of Molokai," 1885. The first selection from Mr. Stoddard's verse, p. 445, is a poem delivered on the reception by the Bohemian Club of a royal mummy from the tombs of Egypt.

STODDARD, Elizabeth Drew (Barstow), b. Mattapoisett, Mass., 6 May, 1823. Her father was connected with shipping interests. Mrs. Stoddard was educated at a young ladies' seminary. She was married to Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, in 1851, and since then has resided in New York City. She began to contribute poems to the periodicals a few years after her marriage. In 1862 the first of her highly original novels, "The Morgesons," appeared, followed by "Two Men," 1865, and "Temple House," 1867. They were reissued in 1888, with an introduction by the editor of this work. Her "Poems" were collected and published in 1895. A series of articles giving Mrs. Stoddard's recollections of "Literary Folk as They Came and Went, with Ourselves," appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, 1900.

STODDARD, Lavinia (Stone), b. Guilford, Conn., 1787; d. Blakely, Ala., 1820. She was the wife of Dr. William Stoddard, and with him conducted an academy at Troy, N. Y. Her poem "The Soul's Defiance" is the best-known of her writings.

STODDARD, Richard Henry, poet and journalist, b. Hingham, Mass., 2 July, 1825. His father was a sea-captain, and was lost at sea; his mother removed to New York in 1835, and there re-married. The son obtained his education at the public schools of that city, and sought work in an iron foundry, which he continued until 1849, supplementing his earlier studies by reading the best authors, and more particularly poetry. He made friends with Bayard Taylor, just after the publication of the latter's "Views Afoot." Mrs. Caroline Kirkland was then editing the "Union Magazine," and going abroad in 1847, she left the magazine in Mr. Taylor's charge, and recommended Mr. Stoddard to him. Stoddard's first poem appeared in this magazine, and in 1849 he issued a small volume of verse, "Footprints," the edition of which was afterwards suppressed. Failing health having obliged him to give up his occupation at the foundry, he devoted himself altogether to literary work. He became a contributor to the "Knickerbocker" and other leading magazines; and his second volume, "Poems," was published in 1852, containing "Leonatus," "The Witch's Whelp," and other poems, which brought him into much favor. He had become acquainted with Read, Boker, and other prominent authors of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, and visited Hawthorne at Concord, with James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple, in the summer of 1852. In 1852, also, he married Miss Elizabeth Barstow, of Mattapoisett, Mass. The following year, with the assistance of Hawthorne, he obtained a position in the New York custom-house, which he held until 1870, having found that the literary market of that time gave returns that needed supplementing by another means of support. The poems contained in "Songs of Summer," 1857, had appeared in "Putnam's

Monthly" and other periodicals, and this book marked a new phase in American poetry, wholly devoted as it was to beauty and feeling, and not to didactics or reform. Mr. Stoddard was literary editor of the N. Y. "World" from 1860 to 1870. "The King's Bell," a narrative poem, appeared in 1863, as also the grandly phrased "Abraham Lincoln: a Horatian Ode," 1865; and these confirmed his reputation. They were followed by "The Book of the East," 1867. From 1859 to 1861 the Stoddards and Taylors occupied the same house in New York, and in the former year their long friendship with the editor of the present work began. In 1872, Stoddard became editor of "The Aldine," a New York literary journal, which he managed for several years. From 1880 to the present time he has been literary editor of the N. Y. "Mail and Express." His studies in early and recent English poetry, which have made him a leading authority on this subject, have taken shape in several volumes. "The Loves and Heroines of the Poets," 1861, is of biographical, critical, and descriptive character. He edited "Melodies and Madrigals, mostly from the Old English Poets," 1865, and selections from "The Late English Poets," 1865. More recently he has edited, with W. J. Linton, "English Verse," in five volumes, 1883; and a volume of his essays, chiefly concerning modern English poets, has been published as "Under the Evening Lamp," 1892. Mr. Stoddard also edited the enlarged edition of Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" and "Female Poets of America," 1872–73, and wrote a Memoir of Poe for the reissue of Griswold's edition of the "Select Works," 1880. He prepared the monographs on Bryant, Irving, Shelley, and other authors, and edited the "Bric-a-Brac" series, in ten volumes, 1874–76. A collective edition of his "Poems" appeared in 1880. His later poetry is mostly contained in "The Lion's Cub, with Other Verse," 1890. He delivered, before the Army of the Potomac, at Springfield, Mass., a poem entitled "The Victories of Peace" in 1878, and the same year recited his poem "History," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. Mr. Stoddard was the guest of the Authors Club, assisted by members of the Century Association, at New York, at a brilliant dinner given in his honor on March 26, 1897. His voice is as lyrical, and his touch as fine and strong as ever, despite the years that weigh upon the most distinguished of living American poets. The poem of "The Witch's Whelp," p. 279, was written as a companion piece to, and at the same time with, Bayard Taylor's "Ariel," p. 271. Cp. "Poets of America," pp. 57, 58, 403, and "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," p. 252.

STORY, William Wetmore, sculptor, b. Salem, Mass., 12 Feb., 1819; d. Vallombrosa, near Florence, Italy, 7 Oct., 1895. He was a son of Justice Joseph Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Graduating at Harvard, and entering the bar, he was occupied with legal work until 1848, preparing several volumes of law books; but in that year he abandoned his profession, and thereafter making his residence in Rome, devoted himself to sculpture, in which art he gained a leading position. Mr. Story's "Poems" appeared in 1847, and was followed by numerous volumes of poetry, fiction, and essays. Among his poems "Cleopatra" is perhaps the best known. His books include "Life and Letters of Joseph Story," 1851; "Roba di Roma," prose, 1862; "Graffiti d' Italia," poems, 1868; "Nero: an Historical Play," 1875; "He and She; or a Poet's Portfolio," 1883; "Fiammetta," a novel, 1885; "Poems," 1886; "Conversations in a Studio," 1890; and "Excursions in Art and Letters," essays, 1891.

STOWE, Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, b. Litchfield, Conn., 14 June, 1812; d. Hartford, Conn., 1 July, 1896. Before removing to Cincinnati with her father, Lyman Beecher, in 1832, she studied and taught in her sister Catherine's school at Hartford. In 1836 she was married to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, of Lane Seminary. Having strong anti-slavery opinions, they received fugitives in their home, and were close observers of slavery in the Southern States. In 1849 Mrs. Stowe published "The Mayflower, or Short Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims." "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly," first appeared, as a serial, in the Washington "National Era," in 1851; in 1852 it was issued in book-form, and by the end of the year, it is said, its sale on both sides of the water had amounted to more than a million copies. "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "A Peep for Children into Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in 1853. After her first visit to Europe, where she was received with great distinction, she published, with her husband, two volumes of travel, "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," 1854. Among later works by this world-famous woman are "Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," 1856; "The Minister's Wooing," 1859; "The Pearl of Orr's Island," 1862; "Agnes of Sorrento," 1862; "Religious Poems," 1865; "Men of our Times," 1868; "Lady Byron Vindicated, a History of the Byron Controversy," 1869; "Pink and White Tyranny," 1871; "Palmetto Leaves," 1873; "Footsteps of the Master," 1876; "Poganuc People," 1878; "A Dog's Mission," 1881.

STREET, Alfred Billings, b. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1811; d. Albany, N. Y., 1881. For thirty-three years librarian of New York State. Author of "The Burning of Schenectady, and Other Poems," 1842; "Drawings and Tintings," poems, 1844; "Fugitive Poems," 1846; "Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois, a Metrical Romance," celebrating the expedition of Frontenac, governor-general of Canada, against the Iroquois; London and New York, 1849; "Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks," 1865.

SUTPHEN, William Gilbert van Tassel,

b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1861. Since graduating at Princeton he has been engaged in editorial work, residing at Morristown, N. J. Author of fugitive poems and sketches, and of "The Golficide," 1898; "The Golfer's Alphabet," 1898.

SWIFT, Frances Dorr. — See *F. D. S. Tatnall.*

TABB, John Banister, b. Amelia Co., Va., 1845. A Catholic priest, professor of English literature in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. He served as captain's mate on a blockade-runner in the Civil War; was ordained in 1884, and has published "Poems," 1894; "Lyrics," 1897; "An Octave to Mary." A revised edition of his poems is soon to appear. Father Tabb's lyrics are marked by exquisite beauty, point, and finish, and have won him a deserved reputation.

TAPPAN, William Bingham, b. Beverly, Mass., 1794; d. West Needham, Mass., 1849. Was engaged for a large part of his life as a general agent of the American Sunday School Union in Cincinnati and Boston. Several volumes of his poems were published, largely devotional in character.

TASSIN, Algernon, Harvard University, Class of 1892.

TATNALL, Frances Dorr (Swift), b. Newark, N. J., 187–. Since 1889 she has been a resident of Wilmington, Del., where she was married, in 1897, to H. L. Tatnall, Jr. Her song "Art Thou the Same" was set to music by her mother.

TAYLOR, Bayard, b. Kennett Square, Penn., 11 Jan., 1825; d. Berlin, Germany, 19 Dec., 1878. It is impossible to give an adequate account in condensed form of this nomadic and eventful life, with its constantly shifting background. Reared in a little Quaker town, his two great ambitions as a child, both destined to be realized, were to become a poet and to travel. He was seven years old when he wrote his first verse, and the first published poem appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," 1841, a "Soliloquy of a Young Poet." "Ximen; or the Battle of the Sierra Morena, and Other Poems, by James Bayard Taylor," appeared in 1844. The restless desire for travel overcame him in this year, and he went to Europe, where he tramped about for nearly two years on foot and in the face of great privation. He afterwards published "Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," which brought him ample reward for his endurance. In 1848 he became chief of the literary department of the New York "Tribune." His reputation began, and increased, and he found many friends and plenty to do. His vivacity and humor as well as his genius won the public heart. In 1849 he sailed to California, where he spent five months, sharing the hardships of the gold-diggers. The record of his journey appeared under the title "Eldorado," etc. In July he read "The American Legend" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, where it was received with marked favor. In October he married Miss Mary Agnew, whom he had loved since childhood. She was incurably ill, and died two months after their marriage. He sailed for Europe in 1851, and shortly after his departure "A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs" was published. He journeyed into the East, and his letters to the "Tribune" brought fame to him at home. During his life he published many books of travel, and was in constant demand in the lecture halls. In 1856 he broke down from overwork, and in July sailed again for Europe with his brother and sisters. He was everywhere received with distinction, but especially in Germany. Here he met Miss Marie Hansen, daughter of the astronomer, Prof. Hansen, and they were married in Gotha, 1857. In 1859 he was able to establish his well-known home, "Cedarcroft," in a broad-acred tract within his native town. But his life was a series of long travellings and trips abroad, letters and other contributions to the press, and innumerable lecture tours. The amount of work that he produced, in spite of this constant change and activity, seems almost incredible, but much of his prose was done with facile speed. His novels and poetry, however, were the result of careful and critical labor. His position in the literary world was enviable, and his friends were the most cultured men the country has produced. In 1862 he became secretary to the legation in Russia. The year following he published a novel, "Hannah Thurston," which was followed by "John Godfrey's Fortunes," 1864, and "The Story of Kennett," 1866. In 1870 his translation of Goethe's "Faust" appeared, and nearly the entire first edition was sold in one day. His other poetical work includes "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and Poems," 1848; "Poems of the Orient," 1854; "Poems of Bayard Taylor," 1864; "Poems," 1865; "Picture of St. John," 1866; "The Masque of the Gods," 1872; "Lars, a Pastoral of Norway," 1873; "The Prophet," 1874; "Prince Deukalion," 1878. In 1878 he went to Germany as United States minister, eagerly intending, also, to complete his researches for a "Life of Goethe," which he had long projected, and was above all others fitted to write. But he soon fell ill, and suffered great pain, which he bore with courage for many days until his death. His widow has devoted herself to the re-editing of his "Works," and also wrote with H. E. Scudder his "Life and Letters," 1884. For an account of Taylor and his time, cp. "Poets of America," chap. xi. [B. D. L.]

TAYLOR, Charles Edward, Trinity College, Class of 1892.

TAYLOR, Joseph Russell, educator, b. Circleville, O., 1868. His poems have not yet been collected.

THAXTER, Mrs. Celia (Laighton), b. Portsmouth, N. H., 1836; d. Appledore Island,

N. H., 29 June, 1894. Her father was keeper of the lighthouse on the Isles of Shoals, where much of her life was spent, both before and after her marriage to Levi Lincoln Thaxter, the Browning scholar. Her works include "Among the Isles of Shoals," 1873, papers published in "The Atlantic Monthly;" "Poems," 1874, with later enlarged editions; "Drift-Weed," 1878; "Poems for Children," 1883; "The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems," 1886; "The Yule Log," 1889; "An Island Garden," 1894; "Letters," and "Stories and Poems for Children," 1895. Mrs. Thaxter was something of an artist, and chiefly illustrated her own books in water-color for friends and collectors.

THAYER, Stephen Henry, b. New Ipswich, N. H., Dec., 1839. He attended Appleton Academy, N. H., and after removing to Tarrytown, N. Y., became a banker in New York City. He has published "Songs of Sleepy Hollow," 1886, and is a frequent contributor of verse and critical essays to the current press.

THAYER, William Roscoe, historian, b. Boston, Mass., 1859. He graduated at Harvard University, and was for several years instructor there in English. Editor of "The Harvard Graduates' Magazine" since its foundation, in 1892. His volumes of verse include "The Confession of Hermes, and Other Poems," 1884; "Hesper," an American drama, 1888; "Poems, New and Old," 1894. Mr. Thayer has made modern Italy the field of his important historical works and studies.

THOMAS, Charles Edward, Yale University, Class of 1897.

THOMAS, Edith Matilda, b. Chatham, O., 12 Aug., 1854. She had written but little for publication when in 1881 she met Mrs. Helen Jackson. The latter showed a keen interest in Miss Thomas's poetical work, and encouraged her to write for the public. Her poems, by turns strong and delicate, and always exquisitely finished, at once came into favor. As a prose writer, her sketches of nature, bird life, etc., have been of high order, and touched with a quality all her own, while other essays reveal the sympathy for the antique, — the classicism that has so refined and chastened the beauty of her verse. Her place is secure among the truest living poets of our English tongue. Since 1888 she has lived in New York City. Among her best-known volumes in prose are "The Round Year," 1886; "Children of the Seasons" series, 1888; "Babes of the Year," 1888; "Babes of the Nation," 1889; "Heaven and Earth," 1889. Her poems are contained chiefly in "A New Year's Mask," 1885; "Lyrics and Sonnets," 1887; "The Inverted Torch," 1890; "Fair Shadow Land," 1893; "In Sunshine Land," 1894; "In the Young World," 1895; "A Winter Swallow, and other Verse," 1896.

THOMAS, Frederick William, lawyer and journalist, b. Providence, R. I., 1808; d. Washington, D. C., 1866. He grew up in Charleston, S. C., and removed to Cincinnati, O., where he published "The Emigrant," poem, 1833; the novels, "Clinton Bradshaw," 1835; "East and West," 1836; "Howard Pinckney," 1840; "The Beechen Tree, and Other Poems," 1840; "Sketches of Character," 1849; "John Randolph of Roanoke," 1853.

THOMPSON, James Maurice, b. Fairfield, Ind., 9 Sept., 1844. His early life was passed in Kentucky and Georgia. He served in the Confederate army, and after the war practised law at Crawfordsville, Ind. From 1885 to 1889 he was state geologist of Indiana. In 1890 he joined the literary staff of the N. Y. "Independent." Among his writings are "Hoosier Mosaics," 1875; "A Tallahassee Girl," novel, 1882; "Songs of Fair Weather," 1883; "Byways and Bird-notes," 1885; "Sylvan Secrets in Bird-Songs and Brooks," 1887; "The Story of Louisiana," 1888; "Poems," 1892; "The Ocala Boy," 1895; "Lincoln's Grave," poem. Mr. Thompson stands at the head of our poetic celebrants of forest archery, fishing, and other outdoor sports. His critical writings are marked by classicism, independence, and a sense of what should characterize American literature.

THOMPSON, John Randolph, journalist, b. Richmond, Va., 23 Oct., 1823; d. New York, N. Y., 30 April, 1873. He graduated at the University of Virginia, and studied for the law. In 1847 he assumed the editorship of the "Southern Literary Messenger," which he held until 1859, during which period he made this magazine a notable success, and promoted the interests of literature in the South. In the last years of his life he was literary editor of the New York "Evening Post." He contributed much verse to American and English periodicals, including some popular lyrics, but his poems have not been issued in book-form.

THOMPSON, Vance, b. 1862, of English parentage. After a boyhood in Pittsburgh, Penn., he graduated at Princeton and studied at German universities. Has since resided chiefly in New York, engaged as a journalist and playwright. Founded and edited "M'lle New York," an illustrated town-fortnightly. Among his plays are "In Old Japan;" "The Dresden Shepherdess;" "Floriane's Dream." Author of "Songs and Symbols," 1900; "French Portraits: Being Appreciations of the Writers of Young France," 1900.

THOMPSON, Will Henry, lawyer, b. Calhoun, Gordon Co., Ga., 1848. A brother of Maurice Thompson, and his comrade in the sports of outdoor life. Served in Confederate army through the war. Removed to Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1868, and later established there a law partnership with his brother. Became a resident of Seattle, Wash., in 1889. Noted as an orator, and the author of various poems, among which is a strong ballad, "The High Tide at Gettysburg."

THOREAU, Henry David, nonconformer and naturalist, b. Concord, Mass., 12 July, 1817; d. there, 6 May, 1862. Graduated at Harvard, 1837. He had no settled occupation, but did just enough teaching, lecturing, land-surveying, farming, and pencil-making to secure the necessities of life. He disliked society, and lived for more than two years in a hut built with his own hands, in 1845, near Walden Pond, on the property of his fellow-philosopher Emerson. In 1849 he published "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," describing a few days spent with his brother in boating and camping out, ten years before. "Walden, or Life in the Woods," followed in 1854, and "Echoes of Harper's Ferry" in 1860. He was imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes to a State that did not condemn slavery. He observed nature closely, studied animals minutely, and struck a transcendental note in his poetry. He was a frequent contributor to "The Dial," "The Atlantic Monthly," the New York "Tribune," and other periodicals. His posthumous works were "Excursions in Field and Forest," with a memoir by Emerson, 1863; "The Maine Woods," 1864; "Cape Cod," "Letters to Various Persons," edited by Emerson, 1865; "A Yankee in Canada," 1866; "Early Spring in Massachusetts," 1881; "Summer," 1884; "Winter," 1888; "Autumn," 1892; "Works," ten vols., "Familiar Letters," 1894; "Poems of Nature," 1895. They were compiled for the most part from his diary, begun in 1835 and numbering 30 vols.

TICKNOR, Francis Orrery, physician, b. Baldwin Co., Ga., 1822; d. near Columbus, Ga., 1874. He resided near Columbus, where he practised his profession, and is remembered for several favorite poems of the Civil War. His "Poems," 1879, were edited by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

TILLEY, Lucy Evangeline, b. Chatham, O., 1859; d. Medina, O., 1890. She removed to Medina early in life. Many of her poems appeared in magazines and weekly publications. They were collected in two volumes, "Little Rhymes in Brown," 1886; and "Verses," 1892.

TILTON, Theodore, journalist and orator, b. New York, N. Y., 1835. Graduated at the College of New York. After fifteen years of editorial work on "The Independent," he founded and edited "The Golden Age." Has lived abroad since 1883, and makes his home in Paris. His works include "The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems," 1867; "Tempest Tossed," story, 1873; "Swabian Stories," 1882. Two volumes, "The Chameleon's Dish," 1893, and "Heart's Ease," 1894, both published in London, contain his revised complete poetical works.

TIMROD, Henry, b. Charleston, S. C., 1829; d. Columbia, S. C., 1867. Son of the bookbinder, William Henry Timrod, who published a volume of verse. Slender means prevented the son from taking the full course at the University of Georgia, and he became a tutor in the family of a Carolina planter. During the Civil War he was a correspondent of the Charleston "Mercury," and assistant editor of the Columbia "South Carolinian." The death of a favorite child and the destruction wrought by Sherman's troops in Columbia broke up his little home, and after a severe struggle with poverty he fell a prey to disease. His poems, having the misfortune to appear in 1860, had attracted less attention than they deserved; but in 1873 they were republished, with a sketch of the author by Paul H. Hayne, and a revised edition has appeared, 1899.

TOOKER, Lewis Frank, b. Port Jefferson, L. I., 1855. A graduate of Yale, 1877, and long in the employ of the Century Company, New York. His poems have appeared in magazines, but are not yet collected. A ballad more effective, in diction, structure, and dramatic power, than "The Sea-Fight" will be hard to find in recent literature.

TORRENCE, Frederic Ridgely, librarian, b. Xenia, O., 1875. Educated at Miami and Princeton universities. His initial volume, "The House of a Hundred Lights," written after reading couplets from Bidpai, was published early in 1900.

TOWNSEND, George Alfred, journalist, b. Georgetown, Del., 30 Jan., 1841. He was a New York "World" and "Herald" correspondent during the Civil War, and in 1866 a correspondent in the Austro-Prussian War, and throughout his subsequent life has been a breezy and picturesque writer, chiefly from Washington, for various journals. Among his publications are "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," 1865; "Poems," 1870; "Washington Outside and Inside," 1871; "Tales of the Chesapeake," 1880; "The Entailed Hat," novel, 1884; also lives of Garibaldi, Lincoln, and Levi P. Morton. Mr. Townsend's country home is on South Mountain, Md., where through his exertions a stately mural monument has been erected in memory of the Army Correspondents of the Civil War. An elegant "limited edition" of his poems was issued by subscription in 1898.

TOWNSEND, Mary Ashley (Van Voorhis), "Xariffa," b. Lyons, N. Y., 1832. Since her marriage to Gideon Townsend she has lived in New Orleans, La. She was chosen poet of the New Orleans exposition of 1884. Her works include "The Brother Clerks," 1859; "Poems," 1870; "The Captain's Story," 1874; "Xariffa's Poems," 1881; "Down the Bayou, and Other Poems," 1882; "Distaff and Spindle," sonnets, 1895.

TRASK, Kate (Nichols). — See *Katrina Trask*.

TRASK, Katrina (Kate Nichols Trask), b. Brooklyn, N. Y., 18—. She was married to Spencer Trask, the banker, in 1874. Her "Under King Constantine," 1893, legends and poems, composed in finished blank verse, has

passed through several editions. Mrs. Trask has also issued "Sonnets and Lyrics," 1894.

TRAUBEL, Horace Logo, b. Camden, N. J., 1858. Editorially connected with the Boston "Commonwealth" and Chicago "Unity," 1882–88. Established "The Conservator" at Camden, 1888, of which journal he has always been proprietor and editor. He was devoted to the personal welfare of Walt Whitman, assisted him in preparing the final editions of his prose and verse, and was one of his literary executors. Editor of "Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman," 1889; "Good-bye and Hail, Walt Whitman," 1892; "In Re Walt Whitman," with R. M. Bucke and T. B. Harned, 1893.

TROUBETSKOY, Princess Amélie (Rives), b. Richmond, Va., 1863. The granddaughter of Senator William C. Rives, of Virginia, and the daughter of Alfred L. Rives, engineer, of Castle Hill, Cobham, Va. She received her education from private instructors. Was first married to John Armstrong Chanler, of New York. She was afterwards married to Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, of Russia, and has since resided chiefly at Castle Hill. The success of "A Brother to Dragons, and Other Old-Time Tales," 1888, was repeated by "The Quick or the Dead?" in the same year. Among her other works of fiction are "Virginia of Virginia," "According to St. John," and "Barbara Dering." In verse, she is the author of "Herod and Mariamne: a Drama," 1889; and of many uncollected poems.

TROWBRIDGE, John Townsend, b. Ogden, N. Y., 18 Sept., 1827. He was born on a farm, and received his education in the common schools, supplemented by a term at a classical school and by private studies. In 1847 he began writing for the press, having come to New York, and soon afterwards he removed to Boston, in the vicinity of which he subsequently resided, engaged in editorial and literary work. He became a popular writer of juvenile fiction, of which he published many volumes, and was managing editor of "Our Young Folks" from 1870 to 1873. His books of verse include "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems," 1869; "The Emigrant's Story," 1875; "A Home Idyl," 1881; and "The Lost Earl," 1888.

TRUMBULL, Annie Eliot, b. Hartford, Conn., 1857. Graduated at the High School, Hartford, in which city she has since resided. — "An Hour's Promise," 1889; "White Birches," 1893; "A Masque of Culture," play, 1893; "A Christmas Accident, and Other Stories," 1897; "Mistress Content Cradock," 1899.

TUCKER, St. George, jurist, b. Bermuda, 1752; d. Warminster, Va., 1828. Graduated from William and Mary College, 1772; lieutenant-colonel in the Revolutionary War; judge of the Court of Appeals, 1804–11. Author of numerous law treatises, "The Probationary Odes of Jonathan Pindar, Esq.," 1896; and of occasional poems.

TUCKERMAN, Henry Theodore, essayist, b. Boston, Mass., 1813; d. New York, 1871. He travelled much in Europe, and after 1845 lived in New York. Among his works are "Italian Sketch-Book," 1835; "Isabel, or Sicily," 1839; "Thoughts on the Poets," 1846; "Artist Life," 1847; "Characteristics of Literature," 1849–51; "The Optimist," 1850; "Poems," 1851; "Essays," 1857; "Art in America," 1858; "America and her Commentators," 1864; "Maga Papers about Paris," 1867; "Book of the Artists," 1867; "The Collector, Essays," 1868; "Life of John Pendleton Kennedy," 1871.

UNDERWOOD, Wilbur, b. Washington, D. C., 1876. Educated in that city, which is his residence. Author of occasional poems and of "The Burden of the Desert," 1896.

URMY, Clarence (Thomas), organist, b. San Francisco, Cal., 1858. His productions in book-form are "A Rosary of Rhyme," 1884; "A Vintage of Verse," 1897.

VALENTINE, Edward Abram Uffington, b. Bellefonte, Penn., 1870. He was educated at Haverford College, and afterwards studied law in the Old Maryland University. He gave up the law for journalism and became literary editor of the Baltimore "Evening News."

"VANDEGRIFT, Margaret." — See *Margaret Thomson Janvier.*

VAN DYKE, Henry, D. D., LL. D., b. Germantown, Penn., 1852. Graduated at Princeton, 1873; Princeton Theo. Sem., 1877; and Berlin University, 1879. Became pastor of the United Cong. Church, Newport, R. I. In 1882 was called to the pastorate of the "Brick Presbyterian Church" of New York. In 1899, he accepted the professorship of English literature at Princeton. He delivered the memorial ode on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his Alma Mater. The wide range of Dr. Van Dyke's equipment is shown by the record of his varied and felicitously written work. — "The Reality of Religion," 1884; "The Story of the Psalms," 1887; "The Poetry of Tennyson," 1890, enlarged edition, 1895; "Straight Sermons to Young Men," 1893; "Little Rivers," 1895; "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," 1896; "The Builders, and Other Poems," 1897; "The Gospel for a World of Sin," 1899; "The Toiling of Felix, and Other Poems," 1899; "Fisherman's Luck, and Other Uncertain Things," 1899.

VAN RENSSELAER, Peyton, b. New York, N. Y., 1863. A resident of Stockbridge, Mass. His song "At Twilight" has been set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.

VAN VORST, Marie, b. New York, N. Y., 187–. A daughter of the late Hooper C. Van Vorst, first president of the Holland Society, and long a justice of the Supreme Court of

New York. For some years past she has been active with her pen, writing verse, children's stories, and special articles. Now a resident of Paris.

"VARLEY, John Philip." — See *Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*

VENABLE, William Henry, b. near Waynesville, O., 1836. He was president of Chickering Institute, Cincinnati, 1881–86, and has published "June on the Miami, and Other Poems," 1871; "Melodies of the Heart," 1885; "The Last Flight," 1893; "Biography of William D. Gallagher," 1888; "Footprints of the Pioneers in the Ohio Valley;" "The Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley." He edited "Dramatic Scenes from the Best Authors," 1874.

VERY, Jones, transcendentalist, b. Salem, Mass., 28 Aug., 1813; d. there, 8 May, 1880. He made voyages with his father, a cultivated sea-captain, and had schooling in Salem and New Orleans. A graduate of Harvard in 1836, he taught Greek there for two years. His first volume of essays and poems appeared in 1839. In 1843 the Cambridge Association licensed him to preach, but he was never ordained. He was the intimate friend of Emerson and Channing, and a frequent contributor to "The Christian Register" and other Unitarian journals. His friend James Freeman Clarke edited a complete posthumous edition of his poems and essays. In 1883 Very's "Poems" were reëdited by William P. Andrews, with a memoir. The sonnet, somewhat on the Shakesperean model, was the form of expression most natural to him.

WALLACE, Lewis, soldier, lawyer, and novelist, b. Brookville, Ind., 10 Apr., 1827. Participated in the Mexican and Civil wars, gaining the rank of general in the latter. A resident of Crawfordsville, Ind., where he has practised law for many years. Gen. Wallace was U. S. minister to Turkey, 1881–85. Author of "The Fair God," 1873; "Ben Hur," 1880; "The Prince of India," 1893.

WARD, Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps), b. Andover, Mass., 1844. Daughter of Prof. Austin Phelps and of Elizabeth (Stuart) Phelps, also an author. Miss Phelps was married, 1888, to Rev. Herbert D. Ward, of New York City, a man of letters (son of Dr. W. Hayes Ward), and has since lived in Newton, Mass. Among her many works are "Ellen's Idol," 1864; "The Gates Ajar," 1868, which met with success, and has been followed by "Beyond the Gates," 1883; "The Gates Between," 1887; the "Trotty" and "Gipsy" series for children; "Poetic Studies," poems, 1875; "The Story of Avis," 1877; "Songs of the Silent World," 1885, and "The Master of the Magicians," with her husband, 1890; "The Story of Jesus Christ," 1897.

WARD, Samuel, b. New York, N. Y., 1813; d. Pegli, Italy, 1884. Graduated at Columbia, and about 1862 removed to Washington. In 1871 he published "Lyrical Recreations." He was a brother of Julia Ward Howe; by turns a banker, diplomat, classicist, and expert in American Indian dialects. To the arts of a select *bon vivant* and man of the world, he diverted talents that might have gained him more than a passing distinction. His personal charm was a rare and lovable endowment.

WARD, William Hayes, archæologist, b. Abington, Mass., 1835. Graduated at Amherst, 1856, and at Andover, 1859. He was professor of Latin at Ripon College, Wis., 1860–68, and became superintending editor of the New York "Independent," 1870, in which position he has since remained. He conducted the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia, 1884–85, and wrote a pamphlet on the subject. Author of "Notes on Oriental Antiquities," and numerous archæological articles in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" and elsewhere.

WARE, Eugene Fitch, "Ironquill," lawyer, b. Hartford, Conn., 1841. Served during the Civil War, and afterwards was captain of cavalry and aid to Maj.-Gen. G. M. Dodge. He has twice been elected to the Kansas Senate. His quaint "Rhymes of Ironquill" appeared in 1885. An enlarged edition was published in 1899.

WARNER, Charles Dudley, man of letters, b. Plainfield, Mass., 12 Sept., 1829. This honored author, editor, and social scientist has occasionally written verse, of which the sonnet upon an Oriental theme, p. 308, is an interesting example.

WATSON, Edward Willard, physician, b. Newport, R. I., 1843; now a resident of Philadelphia, Penn. Educated at the University of Pennsylvania and the University Medical School. Besides contributing to medical literature, Dr. Watson has published two volumes of verse: "To-day and Yesterday," 1895; "Songs of Flying Hours," 1897.

WAYLAND, John Elton, "Idas," lawyer, b. Waterbury, Conn., 1860. Graduated at Yale, 1883, and at the Columbia Law School, 1895. He was admitted to the New York bar the same year, and has since practised in that city. His poem "An Epilogue at Wallack's" appeared in the "Yale Courant" for 1882, and in W. Winter's "John Gilbert," published by the Dunlap Society, 1890.

WEBB, Charles Henry, "John Paul," b. Rouse's Point, N. Y., 1834. He ran away to sea in boyhood, and three years later went into business in Chicago. He afterwards lived in New York, California, and Nantucket. Mr. Webb founded "The Californian," and has been on the staff of the New York "Times." He, like Bret Harte, was a pioneer in the literature of the Pacific Slope; and, beginning as a humorist, he has produced lyrics of a true poetic vein. Author of "John Paul's Book,"

1874; "Parodies, Prose and Verse," 1876; "Vagrom Verse," 1889, and several burlesque plays.

WEBSTER, Daniel, statesman, b. Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., 18 Jan. 1782; d. Marshfield, Mass., 24 Oct., 1852. U. S. representative, 1813–17, and 1823–27. U. S. senator from Mass., with the exception of three years as secretary of state, 1827–50. A few poems, including "The Memory of the Heart," published posthumously in his "Private Correspondence," 1856, are the only examples of verse extant from the pen of Daniel Webster.

WEEDEN, Howard, b. Huntsville, Ala., 18—, of Virginia and Georgia parentage. Her father and grandfather were prosperous cotton planters; and from her mother's family, of Scottish ancestry, Miss Weeden inherited a taste for letters. — "Bandanna Ballads," 1899.

WEEKS, Robert Kelley, b. New York, N. Y., 1840; d. there, 1876. A graduate of Yale and member of the New York bar, who gave up law for literature, and published "Poems," 1866; "Episodes and Lyric Pieces," 1870.

WELBY, Amelia B. (Coppuck), b. St. Michael's, Md., 1819; d. Louisville, Ky., 1852. Her family removed to Louisville, where she was married in 1838 to George B. Welby, of that city. "Poems by Amelia" was published in 1844. An illustrated edition appeared in 1850.

WHARTON, Edith (Jones), b. New York, N. Y., 186–. Of Revolutionary ancestry. Daughter of George Frederic Jones, of N. Y., and the wife of Edward Wharton. Author, with Ogden Codman, Jr., of "The Decoration of Houses;" "The Greater Inclination," a volume of short stories, 1899; "The Touchstone," 1900.

WHICHER, George Mason, educator, b. Muscatine, Iowa, 1860. Educated at Iowa College. Professor of classical languages at the Normal College, city of New York. Editor of Greek and Latin text-books, and a contributor of essays and verse to the periodicals.

WHITE, Edward Lucas, b. Bergen, N. J., 1865. A resident of Baltimore, Md., where he is engaged in teaching Latin and Greek. His poems, hitherto uncollected, may soon be published in book-form.

WHITE, Eugene Richard, b. Buffalo, N. Y., 1872. Editor of the Niagara Falls "Gazette." He graduated at Williams in 1894. In 1898 his volume "Songs of Good Eighting" was published.

WHITING, Charles Goodrich, critic of letters and art, b. St. Albans, Vt., 1842. He grew up in Springfield, Mass., and has been connected with "The Republican" of that city since 1866, becoming in 1874 its literary editor, and also paying constant and influential attention to the progress of American art. In 1885 he wrote the poem for the unveiling of the soldiers' monument at Springfield. He has published "The Saunterer," prose and verse, 1886; "Essays on Nature."

WHITING, Lilian, journalist, b. Niagara Falls, N. Y., 185–. She has been successful in editorial work and as a newspaper correspondent, and was literary editor of the Boston "Traveller," 1883–90. Her permanent residence is Boston. Author of "The World Beautiful," 1st, 2d, 3d, series, essays, 1894–98; "After Her Death: the Story of a Summer," 1897; "From Dreamland Sent," poems, 1899; "Kate Field: a Record," 1899.

WHITMAN, Sarah Helen (Power), b. Providence, R. I., 1803; d. 1878. Widowed, 1833; betrothed to Poe, 1848. The engagement was broken, but she defended him in her monograph, "Edgar A. Poe and His Critics," 1860. Her published works include "Fairy Ballads," written with her sister, Anna M. Power; "Hours of Life and Other Poems," 1853; and "Poems," posthumous, 1878.

WHITMAN, Walt (originally **Walter**), b. West Hills, Huntington township, Suffolk Co., L. I., N. Y., 31 May, 1819; d. Camden, N. J., 26 March, 1892. He was descended from Connecticut, English, and Long Island Dutch forbears. His father left the ancestral farm for Brooklyn, 1823, where Walt lived until 1836, studying in the public schools and learning the printer's trade. He taught school, and edited a paper at Huntington for about a year in 1839. Until 1861 he was occupied as a printer, editor, and miscellaneous writer. Whitman had always devoted as much time as possible to the study of nature on the Long Island beaches, and to observing the throngs of people at the Brooklyn ferries and in the New York streets, when, in 1853, he began to experiment in the direction of the new forms of poetry and philosophy developed in "Leaves of Grass," 1855. His previous work had been altogether conventional. At the same time he assumed the dress of a workingman, and became conspicuous as an associate of the common people. His book created much discussion. Enlarged editions appeared in 1856 and 1861, and Whitman's verse became a "cult." It was in 1862 that he began his three years' service as a volunteer army nurse in the hospitals about Washington. This experience is set forth in "Memoranda during the War," 1875. His health failing, he secured a place in the Interior Department, 1865, from which he was dismissed by the secretary, who had read and disapproved of passages in "Leaves of Grass." This incident called out the pamphlet by W. D. O'Connor, entitled the "Good Gray Poet: A Vindication," from which Whitman's sobriquet originated. He soon obtained another clerkship in the attorney-general's office, which he held until his final breakdown from paralysis in 1873. He resided with his brother at Camden until 1883, when his own resources and the assistance of friends enabled

him to secure the home in Mickle Street, Camden. Some of his best verse is contained in "Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps," 1865–66, inspired by the war and by President Lincoln's assassination. A selected edition of his "Poems," edited by W. M. Rossetti, and published in England, 1868, was the beginning of his fame in that country, and brought him letters from Tennyson and others. Enlarged editions of "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1867, 1871, 1872. His prose volume, "Democratic Vistas," was published, 1871, and in this he took occasion to reply to his critics. In 1876, the "Centennial" edition of his works was issued by the author in two volumes. Whitman lectured in New York, Boston, and other cities, on the anniversary of Lincoln's death. His lecture brought him an offer from a Boston publisher, and a definitive edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1882. The attorney-general of Massachusetts called upon the publisher to suppress certain passages in the book, and it was withdrawn, and subsequently issued in Philadelphia. "Specimen Days and Collect," 1883, was a collection of his prose works. Volumes supplementary to "Leaves of Grass" are "November Boughs," 1888, and "Good Bye, My Fancy," 1891. The final edition, "Leaves of Grass," 1892, includes these. Whitman lies in a massive tomb in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden, which he designed and built shortly before his death. Cp. "Poets of America," chap. x. [A. S.]

WHITNEY, Hattie, b. St. Louis, Mo., 18—. Of New England descent. Her early life was passed in the country. Her present residence is in St. Louis. She has written much verse and fiction for literary publications.

WHITNEY, Joseph Ernest, educator, b. Cornwall, Conn., 1858; d. Colorado Springs, Col., 1893. Graduated at Yale, where he was appointed instructor in English, 1884, resigning on account of ill-health, 1888. Joint editor with Henry S. Durand of "Elm Leaves," a collection of Yale verse, 1881. His miscellaneous writings gave evidence of his fine natural qualities, and of the high standard at which he aimed throughout his brief term of service.

WHITTIER, John Greenleaf, New England's Quaker Poet, b. East Haverhill, Mass., 17 Dec., 1807; d. Hampton Falls, N. H., 7 Sept. 1892. Having scant schooling and few books, he steeped his mind in the Bible, and in the journals of Friends. A chance knowledge of Burns's poetry had a stimulating effect upon his imagination. The poems of his boyhood were numerous, but the earliest that he saw fit to include in the complete and definitive edition of his writings (7 vols. 1888–89) are dated 1825. One of them, "The Exile's Departure," was sent by his sister Mary to the Newburyport "Free Press." Its editor, William Lloyd Garrison, accepted the poem, and gave its young author a home in his own family, enabling him to attend the Haverhill Academy. Here he paid for a winter's schooling with money earned by making slippers. Afterwards he wrote for the press, and successively edited "The American Manufacturer," Boston; "The Haverhill Gazette;" and "The New England Weekly Review," Hartford, Conn. In 1833 he published at his own expense the pamphlet "Justice and Expediency," which identified him with the anti-slavery movement. In 1836, he became a secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and made, with the poem "Mogg Megone," his first appearance in book-form. "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse," pamphlet, had appeared in 1831; "Moll Pitcher," a pamphlet, in 1832. In 1837 the collection, "Poems Written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States" was published without his knowledge. Frail health closed his service in the Massachusetts legislature, and also his editorship of the Philadelphia "Pennsylvania Freeman," 1837–40. He retired to the home in Amesbury, Mass., whither his mother and sister had removed. Here and in Danvers, in the same county, the rest of his life was quietly passed. He never married, but found happiness in the companionship of his sister Elizabeth, who died in 1864. The complete edition of his works includes a number of her poems. Whittier wrote for Garrison's "Liberator" and for the Washington "National Era," where also Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared. To the "Atlantic Monthly," established in 1857, he became a favorite contributor. "Voices of Freedom," 1849, was the first comprehensive collection of his poems. It was followed by "Songs of Labor," 1850; "The Chapel of the Hermits," "A Sabbath Scene," 1853; "The Panorama," 1856; "Home Ballads," 1860; "In War Time," 1863; "National Lyrics," 1865; "Snow Bound," 1866; "The Tent on the Beach," 1867; "Among the Hills," 1868; "Ballads of New England," 1869; "Miriam and Other Poems," 1870; "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," 1872; "Mabel Martin," 1874; "Hazel Blossoms," 1875; "Centennial Hymn," 1876; "The Vision of Echard," 1878; "The King's Missive," 1881; "The Bay of Seven Islands," 1883; "Poems of Nature," 1885; "St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems," 1886; "At Sundown," 1890, dedicated to E. C. Stedman, and ending with his last poem, addressed to O. W. Holmes. His prose works are "The Stranger in Lowell," 1845; "Supernaturalism in New England," 1847; "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," 1849; "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," 1850; "Literary Recollections," 1854. He edited "John Woolman's Journal," 1873, and "The Letters of Lydia Maria Child," 1882. He compiled "Songs of Three Centuries," 1873; "Child-Life," 1873; and "Child-Life in Prose," 1873. The authoritative Life of Whittier is written by his nephew-in-law and literary executor, Samuel T. Pickard, 1894. His home in Amesbury, Mass., has been purchased by the Whittier Home Association; a club has been formed

there ; the house and grounds are thrown open to members on special occasions ; and on the poet's birthday memorial ceremonies are held. For an extended review of Whittier's career and writings, cp. "Poets of America," chap. iv. [L. C. B.]

WILCOX, Ella Wheeler, b. Johnstown Centre, Wis., 185–. She was educated at the University of Wisconsin, and was married, 1884, to Robert M. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn. Her home is in New York City. Among her writings are "Drops of Water," temperance poems, 1872 ; "Shells," 1873 ; "Maurine, and Other Poems," 1882 ; "Poems of Passion," 1883 ; "Mal Moulée," story, 1885 ; "Poems of Pleasure," 1888 ; "Custer, and Other Poems," 1895.

WILDE, Richard Henry, lawyer, b. Dublin, Ireland, 1789 ; d. New Orleans, La., 1847. Reared in poverty, but a natural poet and scholar. Prepared himself for the law and rose by his own effort to a position of eminence in letters and in public life. Lived in Italy from 1835 to 1840. Was afterward until his death a prominent lawyer in New Orleans. Author of fugitive poems, notably "My Life is Like a Summer Rose." Wrote also, as a result of his Italian studies, "Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," 1842.

WILKINS, Mary Eleanor, b. Randolph, Mass., 1862. Miss Wilkins is known by her prose work rather than by her poetry, of which she has written comparatively little. Early in 1893, "Giles Corey," a poetic drama, was produced in Boston, under the auspices of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. Her well-known novels are charming realistic tales of New England, delineating the life and manners of its people.

WILKINSON, William Cleaver, D. D., b. Westford, Vt., 1833. A Baptist clergyman, formerly professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and professor of poetry and criticism at the University of Chicago since 1892. Among his writings are "A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters," 1874 ; "Webster, an Ode," 1882 ; "Poems," 1883 ; "Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer," 1884 ; "The Epic of Saul," 1891 ; "A College Greek Course in English," 1893 ; "The Epic of Paul," 1898.

WILLARD, Emma (Hart), educator, b. New Berlin, Conn., 1787 ; d. Troy, N. Y., 1870. She conducted the Troy female seminary from 1821 to 1838, inaugurating many reforms in the education of women. She was the author of several prose works, and of "Poems," 1830, the latter including the well-known "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

WILLIAMS, Francis Howard, b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1844. Connected with a trust company in Philadelphia, and an able contributor to various journals. Author of "The Princess Elizabeth : a Lyric Drama," 1880 ; "The Higher Education," comedy, 1881 ; "A Reformer in Ruffles," comedy, 1881 ; "Theodora : a Christmas Pastoral," 1882 ; "Master and Man," play, 1884 ; "Boscosel," short story in the collection, "The Septameron," 1888 ; "Atman : the Documents in a Strange Case," story, 1891 ; "Pennsylvania Poets of the Provençal Period," essay, 1893 ; "The Flute Player, and Other Poems," 1894.

WILLIS, Nathaniel Parker, poet and essayist, b. Portland, Me., 1806 ; d. "Idlewild," near Newburgh, N. Y., 1867. Won at Yale, where he was graduated, 1827, a prize for the best poem. His earliest verses appeared in the "Youth's Companion" and "Boston Recorder," both founded by his father. In 1829, he established the "American Monthly Magazine," afterwards the "New York Mirror." In 1831 he visited Europe and the East, contributing letters to the "Mirror." A rebuke from Capt. Marryat in the "Metropolitan Magazine," for reporting private interviews, led to a bloodless duel. In 1839 he published the "Corsair," to which Thackeray contributed. In 1846 he founded, with G. P. Morris, the "Home Journal," remaining associate editor till his death, at the estate on the Hudson which he purchased in 1846 and named "Idlewild." Published "Poetical Scripture Sketches," 1827 ; "Melanie, and Other Poems," "Lady Jane, and Other Poems," 1844 ; and many volumes of brilliant prose sketches, letters, travels, etc. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1868. Cp. "Poets of America," pp. 41, 42.

WILLSON (Byron), Forceythe, b. Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837 ; d. Alfred, N. Y., 1867. He spent part of his childhood in Kentucky, studied at Harvard, and was on the staff of the Louisville "Courier." Author of "The Old Sergeant, and Other Poems," written during the Civil War and published in 1867. A strongly imaginative balladist, whose death was a loss to poetry.

WILSON, Alexander, ornithologist, b. Paisley, Scotland, 1766 ; d. Philadelphia, Penn., 1813. Emigrated to America, 1794. Followed his trades, — weaving and peddling, — taught school, and was editor of an edition of "Rees's Cyclopædia." In 1804 he began his "American Ornithology ;" published seven volumes, 1808–13 ; the other two volumes being edited after his death by a friend. Author of "Poems," 1790 and 1791 ; "Watty and Meg," 1792 ; "The Foresters," 1805 ; "Poems and Literary Prose," 1876.

WILSON, Robert Burns, b. Washington Co., Penn., 1850. Early in life he became a resident of Frankfort, Ky. He studied painting, and his pictures were exhibited with success. His verse has gained him a prominent position among Western poets. Besides many uncollected poems in the magazines, he is the author of "Life and Love," 1887, and "The Shadows of the Trees," 1898.

WINTER, William, b. Gloucester, Mass., 15 July, 1836. He graduated at the Harvard Law School, and for a time was in the office of Rufus Choate. In 1859 he removed to New York, and soon won respect by the standard of his work for the "Saturday Press," "Vanity Fair," "Albion," etc. With an instinct for comradeship, he was the attached friend of George Arnold, O'Brien, and others among whom his lot was cast in the struggling days of authorship, and he survived to become their loyal editor and memorialist. Since 1865 he has been the dramatic critic of the N. Y. "Tribune," and in that capacity has gained distinction for both his journal and himself, ranking with his most eminent contemporaries here and abroad, and held in intimacy and honor by the foremost actors of his time. He has indulged to the full his passion for the scenes and traditions of old England, and on many sentimental journeys thither, and his resultant books have become "little classics" on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Winter's home is on Staten Island, where he has associated his name with the Staten Island Academy, by founding its Arthur Winter library, in memory of a gifted and favorite child. In New York he long has held the primacy as poet and orator of festive or memorial occasions, having the stops of humor and pathos at full command in classical speech as well as in his song. Author of "The Convent, and Other Poems," 1854; "The Queen's Domain," poems, 1858; "My Witness," poems, 1871; "Thistledown," poems, 1878; "Poems," complete to date, 1880; "The Jeffersons," 1881; "Henry Irving," 1885; "The Stage-Life of Mary Anderson," 1886; "Shakespeare's England," 1886; "Wanderers," poems, 1888; "Gray Days and Gold," 1891; "Old Shrines and Ivy," 1892; "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," 1894; "Brown Heath and Blue Bells," 1895. He has edited "Life, Stories, and the Poems of John Brougham," 1881; the poems of G. Arnold and O'Brien, and various other works of this class, besides the "Shakespearan and Miscellaneous Plays of Edwin Booth," 1899. Cp. "Poets of America," p. 440.

WINTHROP, Theodore, b. New Haven, Conn., 1828; fell at Great Bethel, Va., 1861. An early and distinguished writer of the Civil War. He was graduated at Yale, and after spending two years in Europe and several in Panama, removed to New York City, where he was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he became General Butler's secretary, and planned with him the campaign that cost him his own life. Though he published a notable article, "The March of the Seventh," in the "Atlantic Monthly," the writings which were to preserve his name and fame appeared after the close of his sorrowfully brief career, and comprise the following volumes: "Cecil Dreeme," 1861; "John Brent," 1862; "Edwin Brothertoft," 1862; "The Canoe and the Saddle," 1862; "Life in the Open Air, and Other Papers," 1863. His novels were in some degree the forerunners of a new departure in American fiction.

WOODBERRY, George Edward, poet, critic, and educator, b. Beverly, Mass., 12 May, 1855. Was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and graduated at Harvard, 1877. He was acting professor of rhetoric, English literature, and history, at the State University of Nebraska, 1877–78, and professor of Anglo-Saxon and rhetoric, and instructor in composition, at the same university, 1880–82. From 1878 to 1879 he was engaged on the staff of "The Nation." He resided at Beverly, occupied with literary work until his appointment, in 1891, to a professorship of English literature at Columbia. Author of "History of Wood Engraving," 1883; "The North Shore Watch: a Threnody," privately printed, 1883; "Edgar Allan Poe," in "American Men of Letters," 1885; "The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems," 1890; "Studies in Letters and Life," essays, 1890; "Heart of Man," essays, 1899; "Wild Eden," verse, 1899; "Makers of Literature," essays, 1900. Professor Woodberry has edited "Selected Poems" of Aubrey de Vere, 1895; "The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," 4 vols., 1892; "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe," with Edmund C. Stedman, 10 vols., 1894. Is editor of the "National Studies in American Letters" series, to which he contributes "Flowers of Essex," 1900.

WOODWORTH, Samuel, journalist and writer, b. Scituate, Mass., 13 Jan., 1785; d. New York, N. Y., 9 Dec., 1842. Connected with several papers, notably with the N. Y. "Mirror," of which he was one of the founders. Author of "The Champions of Freedom," 1816, and several operettas and dramatic pieces. A collection of his poems was made in 1861 under the patronage of De Witt Clinton, but only "The Old Oaken Bucket" is now remembered.

WOOLSEY, Sarah Chauncey, "Susan Coolidge," b. Cleveland, O., about 184-. Niece of President Woolsey of Yale College. Her home is in Newport, R. I. She has published "Old Convent School in Paris;" "The New Year's Bargain," 1871; the series beginning with "What Katy Did," 1872; and many other books for young girls; "Verses," 1880; "Ballads of Romance and History," with others, 1887; "A Few More Verses." She has edited "The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delaney," 1879; "The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney," 1880, and has made translations from the French.

WOOLSEY, Theodore Dwight, scholar, b. New York, N. Y., 1801; d. New Haven, Conn., 1889. Graduated at Yale, and studied for the ministry at Princeton. He was appointed professor of Greek at Yale in 1831, and was president of the same institution from 1846 to 1871. Author of numerous classical text-

books and works on political and social science. "Eros, and Other Poems" was privately printed in 1880.

WOOLSON, Constance Fenimore, novelist, b. Claremont, N. H., 1840; d. Venice, Italy, 1894. A grand-niece of James Fenimore Cooper; educated at Cleveland, O., and at a French school in New York City. From 1873 to 1879 she lived chiefly in Florida. The last years of her life were passed in Italy. In 1870 she began to contribute stories to "Harper's Monthly," and most of her prose and verse appeared in that magazine. Author of "The Old Stone House," 1873; "Castle Nowhere," "Lake-Country Sketches," 1875; "Anne," 1882; "East Angels," 1886; "Jupiter Lights," 1889; "The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories;" "Horace Chase," 1894. No woman of rarer personal qualities, or with more decided gifts as a novelist, figured in her own generation of American writers.

WRIGHT, William Bull, physician and teacher, b. New York, N. Y., 1840; d. Atlanta, Ga., 1880. His home was in Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Wright served in the Civil War, and was professor of ancient languages in the Buffalo normal school, 1871–78. Author of "Highland Rambles," poems, 1868; and "The Brook, and Other Poems," 1873.

"XARIFFA." — See *M. A. (Van V.) Townsend.*

YOUNG, Edward, b. Bristol, Eng., 1818. He came to the United States in 1832. His parents settled in Trenton, N. J., where he learned the watchmaker's trade. After changes of residence he removed to Lexington, Ga., which became his permanent home. His volume, "Ladye Lillian, and Other Poems," appeared in 1859.

YOUNG, William, b. Monmouth, Ill., 1847. He took a course in law, but wishing to become a dramatist, for a while went on the stage. He also made a study of the drama while living in London. His plays, "Jonquil," 1871; "The Rogue's March," 1872; "Pendragon," verse, 1881; "The Rajah," 1883; "Ganelon," verse, 1889, — were produced in Chicago and New York City. His "Wishmaker's Town," 1885 (new ed. 1898, with a preface by T. B. Aldrich), is a series of quaint and imaginative poems on one theme. His dramatic setting of Wallace's "Ben Hur" was placed on the New York stage, 1899–1900.

INDEXES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A BABY lying on his mother's breast, 360.
A bale-fire kindled in the night, 676.
A ball of fire shoots through the tamarack, 326.
A beam of light, from the infinite depths of the midnight sky, 718.
A bed of ashes and a half-burned brand, 735.
A bird in my bower, 483.
A bluebird lives in yonder tree, 552.
A brave little bird that fears not God, 654.
A breath can fan love's flame to burning, 449.
About her head or floating feet, 492.
Above them spread a stranger sky, 48.
A boy named Simon sojourned in a dale, 473.
A cheer and salute for the Admiral, and here 's to the Captain bold, 717.
A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands, 222.
A cloud possessed the hollow field, 508.
A cold coiled line of mottled lead, 655.
A crazy bookcase, placed before, 159.
Across the Eastern sky has glowed, 520.
Across the gardens of Life they go, 755.
Across the narrow beach we flit, 369.
Across the sombre prairie sea, 720.
A darkened hut outlined against the sky, 532.
A day and then a week passed by, 142.
A dead Soul lay in the light of day, 740.
Adieu, fair isle! I love thy bowers, 73.
Adieu, kind Life, though thou hast often been, 441.
Admiral, Admiral, sailing home, 717.
A Dresden shepherdess was one day, 768.
A dryad's home was once the tree, 170.
A flame went flitting through the wood, 633.
A fleet with flags arrayed, 125.
After all, 622.
After an interval, reading, here in the midnight, 232.
Age cannot wither her whom not gray hairs, 465.
A giant came to me when I was young, 352.
Agnes, thou child of harmony, now fled, 766.
A great, still Shape, alone, 351.
Ah, be not false, sweet Splendor! 477.
Ah, blessedness of work! the aimless mind, 565.
Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever! 147.
Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last, 155.
Ah, Jack it was, and with him little Jill, 473.
Ah, June is here, but where is May? 346.
Ah! little flower, upspringing, azure-eyed, 495.
Ah, me! I know how like a golden flower, 692.
Ah, moment not to be purchased, 275.
A house of sleepers — I, alone unblest, 575.
Ah, what can ever be more stately and admirable to me than mast-hemmed Manhattan? 226.
A lady red upon the hill, 321.
Alas! that men must see, 624.
A life on the ocean wave, 177.
A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands, 231.
A little blind girl wandering, 243.
A little face there was, 418.
A little Maid of Astrakan, 281.
A little way below her chin, 650.
A little way to walk with you, my own, 624.
A little while (my life is almost set!), 319.
All day and all day, as I sit at my measureless turning, 657.
All day and many days I rode, 655.
All day long roved Hiawatha, 119.
All day the waves assailed the rock, 97.
All Green Things on the earth, bless ye the Lord! 367.
All hail! thou noble land, 18.
All in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by, 657.
All night long through the starlit air and the stillness, 749.
"All quiet along the Potomac," they say, 454.
All up and down in shadow-town, 651.
All ye who love the springtime — and who but loves it well, 461.
Almost afraid they led her in, 377.
Aloft he guards the starry folds, 236.
Alone I walked the ocean strand, 30.
Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat, 325.
A long, rich breadth of Holland lace, 411.
Along the country roadside, stone on stone, 707.
Along the pastoral ways I go, 612.
Along the shore the slimy brine-pits yawn, 279.
Alter? When the hills do, 321.
A man by the name of Bolus — (all 'at we 'll ever know), 563.
A man more kindly, in his careless way, 730.
A mariner sat on the shrouds one night, 127.
A mighty fortress is our God, 192.
A mighty Hand, from an exhaustless Urn, 67.
Amid the chapel's chequered gloom, 621.
A million little diamonds, 588.
A mist was driving down the British Channel, 120.
Among the priceless gems and treasures rare, 523.
Among the thousand, thousand spears that roll, 365.

Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory, 468.
And do our loves all perish with our frames? 21.
And if he should come again, 705.
And, lo! leading a blessed host comes one, 660.
And oh, to think the sun can shine, 372.
"And this is freedom!" cried the serf; "At last," 524.
And this is the way the baby woke, 560.
And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend! 18.
And Thou! whom earth still holds, and will not yield, 243.
"And you, Sir Poet, shall you make, I pray," 701.
An English lad, who, reading in a book, 612.
An heritage of hopes and fears, 710.
A nightingale once lost his voice, 752.
A night: mysterious, tender, quiet, deep, 663.
A noisette on my garden path, 690.
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, 93.
An old man in a lodge within a park, 124.
Anonymous — nor needs a name, 489.
Another guest that winter night, 138.
A nymph there was in Arcadie, 767.
A pale Italian peasant, 551.
A path across a meadow fair and sweet, 277.
A peasant stood before a king and said, 266.
A pilgrim am I, on my way, 298.
A pitcher of mignonette, 597.
A poet's soul has sung its way to God, 329.
A poet writ a song of May, 645.
A public haunt they found her in, 608.
A purple cloud hangs half-way down, 419.
A raven sat upon a tree, 742.
Are there favoring ladies above thee? 666.
Arise, O soul, and gird thee up anew, 630.
A rose's crimson stain, 607.
Around this lovely valley rise, 294.
Art thou some wingëd Sprite, that, fluttering round, 497.
Art thou the same, thou sobbing winter wind? 678.
As a bell in a chime, 550.
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er, 124.
As a twig trembles, which a bird, 204.
As by the instrument she took her place, 330.
A scent of guava-blossoms and the smell, 330.
As doth his heart who travels far from home, 298.
As dyed in blood the streaming vines appear, 400.
As flame streams upward, so my longing thought, 544.
As I came down from Lebanon, 658.
As I came down Mount Tamalpais, 635.
A sight in camp in the daybreak gray and dim, 231.
A silver birch-tree like a sacred maid, 410.
A simple-hearted child was He, 669.
As I sit on a log here in the woods among the clean-faced beeches, 620.
As I was strolling down a woodland way, 743.
A soldier of the Cromwell stamp, 380.
As one advances up the slow ascent, 724.
As one by one the singers of our land, 684.
As one who follows a departing friend, 259.
As one who held herself a part, 138.
A song lay silent in my pen, 767.
A song! What songs have died, 253.
As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying, 162.
As some mysterious wanderer of the skies, 634.
As the insect from the rock, 415.
As the transatlantic tourists, 472.
As the wind at play with a spark, 358.
As through the Void we went I heard his plumes, 497.
As to a bird's song she were listening, 597.
As we the withered ferns, 728.
At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay, 123.
"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell," 455.
At Eutaw Springs the valiant died, 3.
A throat of thunder, a tameless heart, 613.
A thousand silent years ago, 220.
At midnight, in his guarded tent, 36.
At midnight, in the month of June, 146.
At Shelley's birth, 489.
At table yonder sits the man we seek, 617.
At the king's gate the subtle noon, 324.
Autumn was cold in Plymouth town, 553.
A viewless thing is the wind, 646.
Awake! Awake! 506.
Awake, ye forms of verse divine! 46.
A weapon that comes down as still, 34.
A week ago to-day, when red-haired Sally, 291.
A whisper on the heath I hear, 763.
A whisper woke the air, 170.
A white rose had a sorrow, 571.
Ay, Dwainie! — My Dwainie! 563.
A year ago how often did I meet, 326.
Ay, not at home, then, didst thou say? 376.
A youth in apparel that glittered, 734.
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! 153.
Ay, this is freedom! — these pure skies, 59.
Ay! Unto thee belong, 347.
Azaleas — whitest of white! 349.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight, 329.
Bathsheba came out to the sun, 611.
Battles nor songs can from oblivion save, 610.
Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't her match in the country, 403.
Before Him weltered like a shoreless sea, 387.
Behind him lay the gray Azores, 426.
Behind the hilltop drops the sun, 516.
Behold a hag whom Life denies a kiss, 710.
"Behold another singer!" Criton said, 348.
Behold, the grave of a wicked man, 734.
Behold the portal: open wide it stands, 564.
"Believe in me," the Prophet cried, 467.
Bend low, O dusky Night, 355.
Beneath the burning brazen sky, 655.
Beneath the Memnonian shadows of Memphis, it rose from the slime, 413.
Beneath the midnight moon of May, 371.
Beneath thy spell, O radiant summer sea, 636.
Beside her ashen hearth she sate her down, 662.
Beside that tent and under guard, 670.
Beside the landsman knelt a dame, 526.
Between the dark and the daylight, 122.
Between the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath, 377.
Between the mountains and the sea, 447.

Between the sunken sun and the new moon, 318.
Be ye in love with April-tide? 660.
Beyond the bourn of mortal death and birth, 671.
Beyond the low marsh-meadows and the beach, 173.
Beyond the sea, I know not where, 579.
Bind us the morning, mother of the stars, 574.
Birds are singing round my window, 280.
Black riders came from the sea, 734.
Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise, 384.
Blessings on thee, little man, 130.
Blind as the song of birds, 252.
Blow softly, thrush, upon the hush, 723.
Blue gulf all around us, 247.
Blue hills beneath the haze, 431.
Bold, amiable, ebon outlaw, grave and wise! 531.
Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans, 541.
Boy, I detest these modern innovations, 769.
Break forth, break forth, O Sudbury town, 609.
Break not his sweet repose, 332.
Break thou my heart, ah, break it, 282.
Breathe, trumpets, breathe, 189.
Bring me a cup of good red wine, 181.
Broad bars of sunset-slanted gold, 532.
Broncho Dan halts midway of the stream, 690.
Brook, would thou couldst flow, 425.
Brother of mine, good monk with cowlëd head, 610.
Brown earth-line meets gray heaven, 718.
Bugles! 703.
Burly, dozing humble-bee, 92.
But do we truly mourn our soldier dead, 736.
By the flow of the inland river, 292.
By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom, 580.
By the rude bridge that arched the flood, 100.
By the waters of Life we sat together, 343.
By the wayside, on a mossy stone, 108.

Calling, the heron flies athwart the blue, 710.
Calm as that second summer which precedes, 316.
Calm Death, God of crossed hands and passionless eyes, 649.
Can freckled August, — drowsing warm and blonde, 708.
Captain of the Western wood, 407.
Carved by a mighty race whose vanished hands, 522.
Cast on the water by a careless hand, 446.
Channing! my Mentor whilst my thought was young, 77.
Child of sin and sorrow, 19.
Children, do you ever, 521.
Child, weary of thy baubles of to-day, 631.
Child with the hungry eyes, 692.
Circling on high, in cloudless sky, 763.
City of God, how broad and far, 254.
Climbing up the hillside beneath the summer stars, 641.
Clime of the brave! the high heart's home, 84.
Close his eyes; his work is done! 264.
Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn, 381.
"Come a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup," 388.
Come, all you sailors of the southern waters, 353.
Come back and bring my life again, 196.
Come, dear old comrade, you and I, 158.
Come down, ye graybeard mariners, 556.
Come hither and behold this lady's face, 356.
Come learn with me the fatal song, 96.
Come, let us plant the apple-tree, 62.
Come listen, O Love, to the voice of the dove, 429.
Come not again! I dwell with you, 536.
Come, on thy swaying feet, 640.
Come, Silence, thou sweet reasoner, 425.
Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails, 277.
Come to me, angel of the weary hearted! 169.
Come, Walter Savage Landor, come this way, 332.
Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven, 40.
"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried, 456.
Could but this be brought, 685.
Could she come back who has been dead so long, 673.
Couldst thou, Great Fairy, give to me, 354.
Coward, — of heroic size, 404.

"Dame, how the moments go," 556.
Darest thou now, O soul, 232.
Darkness and death? Nay, Pioneer, for thee, 483.
Dark, thinned, beside the wall of stone, 611.
Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes! 272.
Daughter of Venice, fairer than the moon! 496.
Daughters of Time, the hypocritic days, 96.
Day and night my thoughts incline, 282.
Day in melting purple dying, 73.
Days of my youth, 10.
Day of wrath, that day of burning, 193.
Dear, if you love me, hold me most your friend, 731.
Dear little Dorothy, she is no more! 539.
Dear Lord! Kind Lord! 564.
Dear Lord, thy table is outspread, 297.
Dear marshes, by no hand of man, 695.
Dear singer of our fathers' day, 358.
Dear Sir, — you wish to know my notions, 206.
Dear, when the sun is set, 539.
Dear, when you see my grave, 539.
Dear wife, last midnight, whilst I read, 529.
Death could not come between us two, 759.
Death in this tomb his weary bones hath laid, 4.
Death 's but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray, 312.
Death, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare, 434.
Deep in a Rose's glowing heart, 624.
Deep in the heart of the forest the lily of Yarrow is growing, 546.
Deep in the wave is a coral grove, 70.
De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top, 623.
Delayed till she had ceased to know, 322.
De massa ob de sheepfol', 635.
Did Chaos form, — and water, air, and fire, 652.
Dimpled and flushed and dewy pink he lies, 701.
Disguise upon disguise, and then disguise, 570.
Dismiss your apprehension, pseudo bard, 359.
Divinely shapen cup, thy lip, 650.

Dixon, a Choctaw, twenty years of age, 480.
Does the pearl know, that in its shade and sheen, 754.
Don Juan has ever the grand old air, 361.
Do not waste your pity, friend, 702.
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, 233.
Dost deem him weak that owns his strength is tried? 515.
Down from a sunken doorstep to the road, 742.
Down in a garden olden, 651.
Down in the bleak December bay, 256.
Down the long hall she glistens like a star, 519.
Down the world with Marna! 702.
Do you fear the force of the wind, 656.
Do you remember, my sweet, absent son, 537.
Drink! drink! to whom shall we drink? 17.
Dumb Mother of all music, let me rest, 745.

Each golden note of music greets, 613.
Each of us is like Balboa: once in all our lives do we, 549.
Edith, the silent stars are coldly gleaming, 187.
Eileen of four, 540.
Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani? 413.
Enamoured architect of airy rhyme, 382.
Enchantress, touch no more that strain! 332.
En garde, Messieurs, too long have I endured, 638.
England, I stand on thy imperial ground, 594.
Ere last year's moon had left the sky, 184.
Ere yet in Vergil I could scan or spell, 696.
Ermine or blazonry, he knew them not, 239.
Even as tender parents lovingly, 351.
Even at their fairest still I love the less, 422.

Faint, faint and clear, 447.
Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer, 343.
Fair flower, that dost so comely grow, 4.
Fair is each budding thing the garden shows, 721.
Fair lady with the bandaged eye! 47.
Fair Roslin Chapel, how divine, 546.
Fair star, new-risen to our wondering eyes, 675.
Fairy spirits of the breeze, 374.
Fallen? How fallen? States and empires fall, 244.
Far, far away, beyond a hazy height, 715.
Far-off a young State rises, full of might, 350.
Farragut, Farragut, 457.
Far up the lonely mountain-side, 331.
Fasten the chamber! 290.
Fathered by March, the daffodils are here, 609.
Father, I scarcely dare to pray, 325.
Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame, 166.
"Father of lakes!" thy waters bend, 87.
Father! whose hard and cruel law, 443.
Farewell, my more than fatherland! 27.
Few, in the days of early youth, 89.
Few men of hero-mould, 595.
Fierce burns our fire of driftwood; overhead, 735.
Fifty leagues, fifty leagues — and I ride, 765.
Finding Francesca full of tears, I said, 240.
Fit theme for song, the sylvan maid, 600.
Flower of the moon! 662.
Flower of youth, in the ancient frame, 508.
Flower, that I hold in my hand, 565.
For a cap and bells our lives we pay, 204.
For death must come, and change, and, though the loss, 673.
Foreseen in the vision of sages, 272.
Forever am I conscious, moving here, 383.
Forgiveness Lane is old as youth, 714.
For, lo! the living God doth bare his arm, 661.
For many blessings I to God upraise, 412.
For me the jasmine buds unfold, 536.
For sixty days and upwards, 317.
For them, O God, who only worship Thee, 242.
For, O America, our country! — land, 533.
Four straight brick walls, severely plain, 313.
Four things a man must learn to do, 547.
Framed in the cavernous fire-place sits a boy, 632.
Freedom's first champion in our fettered land! 79.
Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong, 161.
Fringing cypress forests dim, 576.
From far away, from far away, 521.
From some sweet home, the morning train, 366.
From the Desert I come to thee, 272.
From the drear wastes of unfulfilled desire, 467.
From their folded mates they wander far, 645.
From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendors of the moon, 547.
From this quaint cabin window I can see, 735.
Frowning, the mountain stronghold stood, 481.
Furl that Banner, for 't is weary, 402.

"Garçon! You — *you*," 286.
Gather all kindreds of this boundless realm, 201.
Gaunt, rueful knight, on raw-boned, shambling hack, 552.
Gay, guiltless pair, 51.
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us, 19.
Give honor and love for evermore, 429.
"Give me a fillet, Love," quoth I, 707.
Give me a race that is run in a breath, 638.
Give me the room whose every nook, 650.
Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling, 225.
Give me to die unwitting of the day, 338.
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried, 274.
Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven, 435.
Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation, 476.
Go bow thy head in gentle spite, 267.
God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above, 139.
God dreamed — the suns sprang flaming into space, 444.
God keep you, dearest, all this lonely night, 449.
Godlike beneath his grave divinities, 490.
God made a little gentian, 321.
God makes sech nights, all white an' still, 207.
Gone, gone, — sold and gone, 128.
Good-by: nay, do not grieve that it is over, 662.
Good Master, you and I were born, 313.
Good-night! I have to say good-night, 380.
Good oars, for Arnold's sake, 665.

Go, Rose, and in her golden hair, 650.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal, 727.
Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin', 568.
Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess, 160.
Great Sovereign of the earth and sea, 407.
Great thoughts in crude, unshapely verse set forth, 384.
Green be the turf above thee, 37.
Green blood fresh pulsing through the trees, 719.
Green grew the reeds and pale they were, 691.
Guvener B. is a sensible man, 205.

Had I the power, 660.
Hail, Columbia! happy land! 14.
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, 19.
Hail to the land whereon we tread, 70.
Handsome? I hardly know. Her profile 's fine, 700.
Happy are they and charmed in life, 236.
Happy Song-sparrow, that on woodland side, 175.
Hark! 509.
Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell, 651.
Haro! Haro! 598.
Haroun, the Caliph, through the sunlit street, 467.
Has any one seen my Fair, 423.
Hast thou a lamp, a little lamp, 634.
Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? 94.
Hath not the dark stream closed above thy head, 572.
Hats off! 756.
Headless, without an arm, a figure leans, 648.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece, 202.
Hear the sledges with the bells, 150.
Heart, we will forget him! 321.
He ate and drank the precious words, 320.
Heaven is mirrored, Love, deep in thine eyes, 671.
Heaven is open every day, 432.
He brought a Lily white, 490.
He came too late! — Neglect had tried, 682.
He caught his chisel, hastened to his bench, 499.
He comes, the happy warrior, 732.
He crawls along the mountain walls, 360.
He cried aloud to God: "The men below," 714.
He did n't know much music, 623.
He 'd nothing but his violin, 580.
Heedless she strayed from note to note, 408.
Heed the old oracles, 95.
He gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly, 480.
He knelt beside her pillow, in the dead watch of the night, 371.
Helen, thy beauty is to me, 144.
He lies low in the levelled sand, 427.
He loved her, having felt his love begin, 643.
He loves not well whose love is bold! 371.
He might have won the highest guerdon that heaven to earth can give, 568.
Her aged hands are worn with works of love, 687.
Her casement like a watchful eye, 297.
Her dimpled cheeks are pale, 577.
Here, 345.
Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlëd pines, 61.
Here at the country inn, 646.
Here, Charmian, take my bracelets, 218.
Here falls no light of sun nor stars, 706.
Here — for they could not help but die, 3.
Here from the brow of the hill I look, 232.
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere, 199.
Here in the dark what ghostly figures press! 550.
Here in this room where first we met, 667.
Here lived the soul enchanted, 487.
"Here, O lily-white lady mine," 525.
Here room and kingly silence keep, 428.
Here they give me greeting, 745.
Her eyes be like the violets, 609.
Her hands are cold; her face is white, 159.
He rides at their head, 235.
Her lips were so near, 503.
Her suffering ended with the day, 197.
Her voice was like the song of birds, 477.
Her ways were gentle while a babe, 126.
He sang one song and died — no more but that, 505.
He sang the airs of olden times, 168.
He sleeps at last — a hero of his race, 614.
He speaks not well who doth his time deplore, 478.
He was in love with truth and knew her near, 620.
He was six years old, just six that day, 588.
He who hath loved hath borne a vassal's chain. 716.
He who would echo Horace' lays, 200.
He wrought with patience long and weary years, 762.
Hey, laddie, hark, to the merry, merry lark, 711.
High above hate I dwell, 667.
High-lying, sea-blown stretches of green turf, 663.
High towered the palace and its massive pile, 71.
High walls and huge the body may confine, 102.
His body lies upon the shore, 725.
His broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air, 428.
His cherished woods are mute. The stream glides down, 326.
His echoing axe the settler swung, 171.
His face is truly of the Roman mould, 399.
His falchion flashed along the Nile, 34.
His feet were shod with music and had wings, 496.
His footprints have failed us, 429.
His fourscore years and five, 391.
His grace of Marlborough, legends say, 375.
His soul extracted from the public sink, 6.
His tongue was touched with sacred fire, 548.
His way in farming all men knew, 451.
Hit 's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane 514.
Ho, a song by the fire! 705.
Ho! City of the gay! 48.
Hold high the woof, dear friends, that we may see, 761.
Holy of England! since my light is short, 665.

Home from the observatory, 631.
Home of the Percys' high-born race, 37.
Honest Stradivari made me, 641.
Hope, is this thy hand, 620.
Hopes grimly banished from the heart, 613.
Ho! pony. Down the lonely road, 417.
"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!" 303.
How are songs begot and bred? 280.
How, as a spider's web is spun, 590.
How beautiful to live as thou didst live! 536.
How can it be that I forget, 719.
How cold are thy baths, Apollo! 125.
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, 20.
How fades that native breath, 686.
"How I should like a birthday!" said the child, 761.
How long it seems since that mild April night, 369.
How long I 've loved thee, and how well, 624.
How shall we know it is the last good-by? 357.
How shall we tell an angel, 700.
How slight a thing may set one's fancy drifting, 563.
How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart! 574.
How still the room is! But a while ago, 363.
How they are provided for upon the earth (appearing at intervals), 221.
Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky, 588.
Hymettus' bees are out on filmy wing, 188.

I am a white falcon, hurrah! 282.
I am dying, Egypt, dying! 303.
I am immortal! I know it! I feel it! 772.
I am not what I was yesterday, 732.
I am old and blind! 193.
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet, 760.
I am the spirit of the morning sea, 474.
I am the Virgin; from this granite ledge, 687.
I am Thy grass, O Lord! 611.
I and my cousin Wildair met, 554.
I ask not how thy suffering came, 719.
I bear an unseen burden constantly, 524.
I beg the pardon of these flowers, 631.
I broke one day a slender stem, 364.
I burn no incense, hang no wreath, 82.
I cannot look above and see, 192.
I cannot make him dead! 35.
I celebrate myself, and sing myself, 221.
I could have stemmed misfortune's tide, 198.
I count my time by times that I meet thee, 475.
I crave, dear Lord, 561.
I dare not think that thou art by, to stand, 725.
I did not think that I should find them there, 728.
I died; they wrapped me in a shroud, 523.
I do affirm that thou hast saved the race, 400.
I do not own an inch of land, 299.
I don't go much on religion, 397.
I dreamed two spirits came — one dusk as night, 630.
I explain the silvered passing of a ship at night, 734.
If all the trees in all the woods were men, 161.
If all the voices of men called out warning you, and you could not join your voice with their voices, 639.
If any record of our names, 703.
I fear no power a woman wields, 670.
I feel a poem in my heart to-night, 331.
I feel the breath of the summer night, 259.
If I, athirst by a stream, should kneel, 739.
If I but knew what the tree-tops say, 678.
If I could know, 409.
If I lay waste and wither up with doubt, 387.
I fill this cup to one made up, 81.
If I must die, 744.
If I shall ever win the home in heaven, 233.
If I were a cloud in heaven, 290.
If I were very sure, 420.
If Jesus Christ is a man, 478.
If my best wines mislike thy taste, 385.
I found a yellow flower in the grass, 652.
I found the phrase to every thought, 320.
If recollecting were forgetting, 320.
If spirits walk, love, when the night climbs slow, 693.
If still they live, whom touch nor sight, 576.
If there be graveyards in the heart, 712.
If the red slayer think he slays, 93.
If this little world to-night, 697.
If thou wert lying cold and still and white, 463.
If, when I kneel to pray, 540.
If wisdom's height is only disenchantment, 730.
If with light head erect I sing, 182.
I gazed upon the glorious sky, 56.
I had my birth where stars were born, 466.
I have a little kinsman, 333.
I have not told my garden yet, 322.
I have two friends — two glorious friends — two better could not be, 270.
I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring, 478.
I heard the trailing garments of the Night, 111.
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, 666.
I hear you, little bird, 543.
I hung my verses in the wind, 101.
I idle stand that I may find employ, 173.
I know a place where the sun is like gold, 692.
I know a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder, 374.
I know a way, 432.
I know, I know where violets blow, 767.
I know it must be winter (though I sleep), 575.
I know not what will befall me: God hangs a mist o'er my eyes, 469.
I lay in silence, dead. A woman came, 444.
I lay on Delos of the Cyclades, 496.
I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square, 382.
I lift mine eyes against the sky, 772.
I lift this sumach-bough with crimson flare, 351.
I like a church; I like a cowl, 91.
I like the man who faces what he must, 467.
I call thy frown a headsman, passing grim, 263.
I 'll not believe the dullard, 746.
I looked one night, and there Semiramis, 542.
I look upon thy happy face, 614.
I loved thee long and dearly, 197.
I love the old melodious lays, 128.
I love thy kingdom, Lord, 10.

I love to steal awhile away, 28.
I made a song for my dear love's delight, 636.
I made the cross myself whose weight, 720.
I 'm a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Saviour, 459.
I met a little Elf-man, once, 693.
I mid the hills was born, 188.
I 'm king of the road ! I gather, 680.
In a branch of willow hid, 7.
In an ocean, 'way out yonder, 528.
In a tangled, scented hollow, 606.
Inaudible move day and night, 412.
In a valley, centuries ago, 461.
In battle-line of sombre gray, 625.
In days when George the Third was King, 769.
In each green leaf a memory let die, 756.
I never build a song by night or day, 542.
I never had a happier time, 470.
I never saw a moor, 322.
In good condition, 768.
In Heaven a spirit doth dwell, 148.
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, 92.
In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain, 437.
Innocent spirits, bright, immaculate ghosts, 386.
Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing, 495.
In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray, 487.
In spite of all the learned have said, 4.
In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars, 460.
In Tennessee the dog-wood tree, 763.
In the coiled shell sounds Ocean's distant roar, 649.
In the darkness deep, 679.
In the gloomy ocean bed, 498.
In the greenest of our valleys, 149.
In the groined alcoves of an ancient tower, 649.
In their ragged regimentals, 451.
In the loud waking world I come and go, 423.
In the night, 733.
In the still, star-lit night, 258.
In the old churchyard at Fredericksburg, 583.
In the white moonlight, where the willow waves, 623.
In thy coach of state, 719.
Into the caverns of the sea, 725.
Into the noiseless country Annie went, 239.
Into the west of the waters on the living ocean's foam, 591.
Into the woods my Master went, 437.
In vain we call old notions fudge, 215.
In what a strange bewilderment do we, 324.
I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold, 124.
I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden, 681.
I picture her there in the quaint old room, 422.
I pray you, what 's asleep? 669.
I put thy hand aside, and turn away, 448.
I read somewhere that a swan, snow-white, 375.
I read the marble-lettered name, 287.
I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James, 405.
I said "My heart, now let us sing a song," 417.
I said to Sorrow's awful storm, 29.
I 's a little Alabama Coon, 680.
I saw a man, by some accounted wise, 255.
I saw a picture once by Angelo, 646.
I saw her scan her sacred scroll, 307.
I saw him once before, 154.
I saw Love stand, 767.
I saw not they were strange, the ways I roam, 747.
I saw the constellated matin choir, 2.
I saw them kissing in the shade, 752.
I saw these dreamers of dreams go by, 656.
I saw the twinkle of white feet, 204.
I saw thy beauty in its high estate, 311.
I saw — 't was in a dream, the other night, 444.
I saw two clouds at morning, 76.
I say it under the rose, 384.
I 's boun' to see my gal to-night, 738.
I see a tiny fluttering form, 612.
I see before me now a travelling army halting, 231.
I see the cloud-born squadrons of the gale, 318.
I see the star-lights quiver, 362.
I see thee still ! thou art not dead, 197.
I see them, — crowd on crowd they walk the earth, 174.
I send thee a shell from the ocean beach, 341.
I served in a great cause, 638.
I shall go out when the light comes in, 720.
I shot an arrow into the air, 115.
I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life, 219.
I stand upon the summit of my life, 305.
I stood within the cypress gloom, 616.
I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too, 588.
"Is water nigh?" 655.
I take my chaperon to the play, 600.
It came upon the midnight clear, 194.
It cannot be that He who made, 469.
I think if I should cross the room, 482.
I think it is over, over, 319.
I think that we retain of our dead friends, 488.
It is dark and lonesome here, 282.
It is good to strive against wind and rain, 698.
It is in Winter that we dream of Spring, 531.
It is not death to die, 192.
It is that pale, delaying hour, 515.
It is the bittern's solemn cry, 677.
It is the hour when Arno turns, 741.
It is the same infrequent star, 191.
It is time to be old, 97.
It lies around us like a cloud, 194.
I tink I hear my brudder say, 459.
I tripped along a narrow way, 701.
I told myself in singing words, 667.
I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while, 665.
It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say, 693.
It settles softly on your things, 700.
It sings to me in sunshine, 289.
It 's only we, Grimalkin, both fond and fancy free, 410.
It trembled off the key, — a parting kiss, 715.
It was a Sergeant old and gray, 456.
It was a still autumnal day, 488.
It was but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high, 76.
It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen, 301.
It was many and many a year ago, 151.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her, 354.
It was only the clinging touch, 592.
I understand the large hearts of heroes, 223.
I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss, 567.
I waked; the sun was in the sky, 346.
I walked beside the evening sea, 305.
I wanted you when skies were red, 715.
I warn, like the one drop of rain, 537.
I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city, 226.
"I was with Grant" — the stranger said, 406.
I watch the leaves that flutter in the wind, 351.
I watch her in the corner there, 289.
I weep those dead lips, white and dry, 691.
I went to dig a grave for Love, 719.
I will not look for him, I will not hear, 754.
I will rise, I will go from the places that are dark with passion and pain, 592.
I wish I were the little key, 403.
I wish that I could have my wish to-night, 391.
I won a noble fame, 363.
I wonder, dear, if you had been, 541.
I would I had been island-born, 696.
I would not live alway — live alway below! 74.
I would unto my fair restore, 666.
I write my name as one, 141.
I wrote some lines once on a time, 154.

Jeannie Marsh of Cherry Valley, 84.
Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine, 166.
Jubilant the music through the fields a-ringing, 345.
Just as the spring came laughing through the strife, 401.
Just ere the darkness is withdrawn, 613.
Just lost when I was saved! 320.
Just when each bud was big with bloom, 672.
Just where the Treasury's marble front, 334.

Keep back the one word more, 612.
Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way, 529.
King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord, 364.
Kiss me but once, and in that space supreme, 754.
Kit, the recording angel wrote, 534.
Know I not who thou mayst be, 403.

Lady, there is a hope that all men have, 185.
Land of unconquered Pelayo! land of the Cid Campeador! 396.
Last night Alicia wore a Tuscan bonnet, 601.
Last night, when my tired eyes were shut with sleep, 286.
Launched upon ether float the worlds secure, 390.
Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass, 738.
Lean close and set thine ear against the bark, 632.
Leap to the highest height of spring, 484.
Lear and Cordelia! 't was an ancient tale, 263.
Lend me thy fillet, Love! 420.
Les morts vont vite! Ay, for a little space, 598.
Let hammer on anvil ring, 679.
Let me come in where you sit weeping, — ay, 561.
Life of Ages, richly poured, 254.
Lighter than dandelion down, 724.
Light of dim mornings; shield from heat and cold, 268.
Light-winged Smoke! Icarian bird, 183.
Like as the lark that, soaring higher and higher, 241.
Like Crusoe with the bootless gold we stand, 762.
Like some great pearl from out the Orient, 756.
Like some huge bird that sinks to rest, 736.
Like to a coin, passing from hand to hand, 534.
Like to the leaf that falls, 639.
Linked to a clod, harassed, and sad, 384.
List to that bird! His song — what poet pens it, 751.
Little, I ween, did Mary guess, 417.
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the robin in the tree, 561.
Little masters, hat in hand, 489.
Little Orphant Annie 's come to our house to stay, 562.
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown, 90.
Lo! above the mournful chanting, 747.
Lo! Death has reared himself a throne, 147.
Long hours we toiled up through the solemn wood, 736.
Look how it sparkles, see it greet, 763.
Lo! through a shadowy valley, 176.
Lo! 't is a gala night, 149.
Lofty against our Western dawn uprises Achilles, 567.
Lonely and cold and fierce I keep my way, 491.
Long I followed happy guides, 93.
Long has the summer sunlight shone, 306.
Long, long before the Babe could speak, 490.
Look now, directed by yon candle's blaze, 50.
Look on this cast, and know the hand, 335.
Look out upon the stars, my love, 82.
"Look up," she said; and all the heavens blazed, 416.
"Love your neighbor as yourself," 589.
Love must be a fearsome thing, 745.
Low-anchored cloud, 183.

Maiden, thy cheeks with tears are wet, 763.
Many things thou hast given me, dear heart, 500.
Mark me how still I am! — The sound of feet, 674.
Master of human destinies am I! 466.
Maud Muller on a summer's day, 131.
May de Lord — He will be glad of me, 460.
Memory cannot linger long, 554.
Men of the North, look up! 52.
Men say the sullen instrument, 217.
Methinks the measure of a man is not, 766.
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, 85.
Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand, 268.
Mid the white spouses of the Sacred Heart, 470.
Mimi, do you remember, 504.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, 220.
Misfortune to have lived not knowing thee! 77.

Misshapen, black, unlovely to the sight, 552.
More shy than the shy violet, 555.
Most men know love but as a part of life, 316.
Mother of nations, of them eldest we, 594.
Much have I spoken of the faded leaf, 257.
Mute, sightless visitant, 337.
My absent daughter — gentle, gentle maid, 464.
My body answers you, my blood, 718.
My body, eh? Friend Death, how now? 325.
My boy Kree? 606.
My brigantine! 30.
My brudder sittin' on de tree of life, 459.
My chile? Lord, no, she 's none o' mine, 749.
My Christmas gifts were few: to one, 240.
My country, 't is of thee, 153.
My Dearling! — thus, in days long fled, 327.
My faith looks up to Thee, 153.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs, 224.
My foe was dark, and stern, and grim, 501.
My highway is unfeatured air, 186.
My life closed twice before its close, 320.
My life is like a stroll upon the beach, 182,
My life is like the summer rose, 27.
My little girl is nested, 577.
My little Mädchen found one day, 363.
My little neighbor's table 's set, 633.
My little one begins his feet to try, 672.
My love leads the white bulls to sacrifice, 733.
My Love too stately is to be but fair, 483.
My mind lets go a thousand things, 384.
My mother says I must not pass, 375.
My prow is tending toward the west, 359.
My short and happy day is done, 398.
My son, thou wast my heart's delight, 28.
My soul to-day, 252.
Myriads of motley molecules through space, 669.
Myrtle, and eglantine, 506.
My window is the open sky, 506.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes, 296.
Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small," 586.
Nay, I have loved thee! 496.
Near strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide, 522.
Near the lake where drooped the willow, 83.
Never a beak has my white bird, 587.
Never yet was a springtime, 391.
New England 's dead! New England 's dead! 190.
Nigger mighty happy w'en he layin' by co'n, 513.
Night after night we dauntlessly embark, 492.
Nightingales warble about it, 590.
Nigh to a grave that was newly made, 681.
No ceaseless vigil with hard toil we keep, 467.
No freeman, saith the wise, thinks much on death, 688.
No life in earth, or air, or sky, 404.
No more the battle or the chase, 490.
None call the flower! . . . I will not so malign, 497.
No! No! 511.
No, no, I well remember — proofs, you said, 24.
No, not in the halls of the noble and proud, 167.
No one could tell me where my Soul might be, 621.
Not as when some great Captain falls, 282.
Not by the ball or brand, 446.
Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idless, 647.
Not from the whole wide world I chose thee, 475.
Not in the sky, 107.
Not in the world of light alone, 157.
Not least, 't is ever my delight, 724.
Not lips of mine have ever said, 695.
Not merely for our pleasure, but to purge, 627.
Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight, 455.
Not mine to draw the cloth-yard shaft, 653.
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed, 85.
Not trust you, dear? Nay, 't is not true, 669.
Not with slow, funereal sound, 385.
"Not ye who have stoned, not ye who have smitten us," cry, 642.
Now all the cloudy shapes that float and lie, 269.
Now all the flowers that ornament the grass, 258.
Now are the winds about us in their glee, 107.
Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in rapture the pulsating strings, 758.
Now comes the graybeard of the north, 442.
Now dandelions in the short, new grass, 333.
Now England lessens on my sight, 569.
"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!" 277.
"Now half a hundred years had I been born," 426.
"Now I lay me down to sleep," 470.
Now is Light, sweet mother, down the west, 516.
Now is the cherry in blossom, Love, 770.
Now, on a sudden, I know it, the secret, the secret of life, 653.
"Now since mine even is come at last," 642.
Now Summer finds her perfect prime, 399.
Now the frosty stars are gone, 271.

Oak leaves are big as the mouse's ear, 515.
O bird, thou dartest to the sun, 249.
O brother Planets, unto whom I cry, 746.
O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, 231.
O child, had I thy lease of time! such unimagined things, 673.
O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn! 123.
O dappled throat of white! Shy, hidden bird! 619.
O dawn upon me slowly, Paradise! 631.
O Death, we come full-handed to thy gate, 762.
O destined Land, unto thy citadel, 593.
O Earth! art thou not weary of thy graves? 276.
O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows, 343.
O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray, 80.
O'er the wet sands an insect crept, 218.
O'er the yellow crocus on the lawn, 545.
Of all the rides since the birth of time, 133.
O fairest of the rural maids! 54.
Of all the souls that stand create, 321.

O far-off darling in the South, 362.
O far-off rose of long ago, 747.
O flower of passion, rocked by balmy gales, 771.
Of old, a man who died, 688.
O fountain of Bandusia! 530.
O friends! with whom my feet have trod, 135.
Of heavenly stature, but most human smile, 589.
Often I think of the beautiful town, 121.
Oft have I stood upon the foaming strand, 766.
Oft have I wakened ere the spring of day, 576.
O gallant brothers of the generous South, 180.
O God, our Father, if we had but truth! 421.
O God, thy moon is on the hills, 582.
O gold Hyperion, love-lorn Porphyro, 243.
Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease! 455.
Oh, de good ole chariot swing so low, 459.
Oh, did you see him riding down, 424.
Oh, frame some little word for me, 400.
O, have you been in Gudbrand's dale, where Laagen's mighty flood, 512.
O hearken, all ye little weeds, 626.
Oh, I am weary of a heart that brings, 766.
Oh, it's twenty gallant gentlemen, 640.
Oh! little loveliest lady mine, 525.
Oh mother of a mighty race, 62.
Oh, the wind from the desert blew in! — Khamsin, 659.
Oh, what a night for a soul to go! 506.
Oh, what a set of Vagabundos, 338.
Oh, what 's the way to Arcady, 596.
O, inexpressible as sweet, 591.
O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending! 70.
O joy of creation, 407.
O keeper of the Sacred Key, 389.
Old Horace on a summer afternoon, 768.
Old man never had much to say, 559.
Old soldiers true, ah, them all men can trust, 486.
Old wine to drink! 199.
O lend to me, sweet nightingale, 88.
O let me die a-singing, 740.
O lifted face of mute appeal! 509.
O li'l' lamb out in de col', 738.
O little buds, break not so fast! 694.
O little town of Bethlehem, 468.
O living image of eternal youth! 626.
O lonesome sea-gull, floating far, 327.
O Love Divine, that stooped to share, 159.
O love, so sweet at first, 465.
Olympian sunlight is the Poet's sphere, 423.
On a green slope, most fragrant with the spring, 744.
On an olive-crested steep, 690.
Once before, this self-same air, 393.
Once hoary Winter chanced — alas! 697.
Once I knew a fine song, 733.
Once I saw mountains angry, 734.
Once more, once more, my Mary dear, 84.
Once the head is gray, 281.
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, 60.
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, 144.
Once when the wind was on the roof, 668.
One calm and cloudless winter night, 414.
One day between the Lip and the Heart, 13.
One day I saw a ship upon the sands, 677.
One day there entered at my chamber door, 441.
One day thou didst desert me — then I learned, 575.
One elf, I trow, is diving now, 88.
One night I lay asleep in Africa, 308.
One sat within a hung and lighted room, 602.
One shadow glides from the dumb shore, 482.
One steed I have of common clay, 391.
One sweetly solemn thought, 297.
On hoary Conway's battlemented height, 276.
O nightingale, the poets' bird, 718.
On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone, 553.
Only to find Forever, blest, 715.
On scent of game from town to town he flew, 6.
On softest pillows my dim eyes unclose, 500.
On the road, the lonely road, 323.
On the wide veranda white, 737.
On this wondrous sea, 322.
On woodlands ruddy with autumn, 65.
On your bare rocks, O barren moors, 186.
"O pitying angel, pause, and say," 533.
O poet rare and old! 130.
O pour upon my soul again, 18.
O power of Love, O wondrous mystery! 671.
O ruddy Lover, 624.
O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, 16.
O say, my flattering heart, 20.
O steadfast trees that know, 415.
O, struck beneath the laurel, where the singing fountains are, 592.
O tenderly the haughty day, 100.
O to lie in long grasses! 654.
O touch me not, unless thy soul, 581.
O thou great Movement of the Universe, 60.
O thou great Wrong that, through the slow-paced years, 66.
O thorn-crowned Sorrow, pitiless and stern, 671.
Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite! 45.
Our eyeless bark sails free, 97.
Our fathers' God! from out whose hand, 140.
Our many years are made of clay and cloud, 617.
Our Mother, loved of all thy sons, 652.
Our mother, while she turned her wheel, 137.
Our share of night to bear, 320.
Out in the dark it throbs and glows, 371.
Out in the misty moonlight, 551.
Out of a cavern on Parnassus' side, 358.
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass, 458.
Out of the cradle endlessly rocking, 227.
Out of the dusk a shadow, 489.
Out of the focal and foremost fire, 254.
Out of the heart there flew a little singing bird, 658.
Out of the hills of Habersham, 434.
Out of the old house, Nancy — moved up into the new, 493.
Out of the mighty Yule log came, 613.
Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea, 739.
Overloaded, undermanned, 756.
Over the dim confessional cried, 714.
Over the plains where Persian hosts, 533.
Over our heads the branches made, 633.
Over their graves rang once the bugle's call, 634.

O, when I hear at sea, 445.
O white and midnight sky! O starry bath! 475.
O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin? 261.
O white, white, light moon, that sailest in the sky, 442.
O woman, let thy heart not cleave, 412.
O ye sweet heavens! your silence is to me, 241.
O ye who see with other eyes than ours, 667.

Pale beryl sky, with clouds, 535.
Pale, climbing disk, who dost lone vigil keep, 553.
Pallid with too much longing, 356.
People's Attorney, servant of the Right! 79.
Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine, 124.
Poet of the Pulpit, whose full-chorded lyre, 78.
Poor Creature! nay, I 'll not say poor, 765.
"Praise ye the Lord!" The psalm to-day, 450.
Pray for the dead — who bids thee not? 578.
Priest of God, unto thee I come, 479.
Prima cantante! 366.
Prince, and Bishop, and Knight, and Dame, 507.
Proud, languid lily of the sacred Nile, 578.
Puffed up with luring to her knees, 723.
Put every tiny robe away! 291.
Put them in print? 503.

Quiet as are the quiet skies, 694.

Read me no moral, priest, upon my life, 466.
"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, 547.
Regent of song! who bringest to our shore, 244.
Reluctantly I laid aside my smiles, 769.
Repent, O ye, predestinate to woe! 507.
Restless, to-night, and ill at ease, 346.
Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover! 588.
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, 29.
Roll out, O song to God! 469.
Roman and Jew upon one level lie, 468.
Romancer, far more coy than that coy sex! 78.
Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover, 238.
Roses and butterflies snared on a fan, 356.
Rough pasture where the blackberries grow! 727.
Round among the quiet graves, 358.
Round de meadows am a-ringing, 289.
Runs the wind along the waste, 585.

Sadly as some old mediæval knight, 126.
Said Life to Death: "Methinks, if I were you, 615.
Said the archangels, moving in their glory, 355.
Sarvent, Marster! Yes, sah, dat 's me, 557.
Saturnian mother! why dost thou devour, 545.
Say, in a hut of mean estate, 722.
Says Stonewall Jackson to "Little Phil," 716.
Say there! P'r'aps, 405.
Science long watched the realms of space, 192.
"Scorn not the sonnet," though its strength be sapped, 768.
Seal thou the window! Yea, shut out the light, 626.
See, from this counterfeit of him, 237.
Seek not, Leuconöe, to know how long you 're going to live yet, 531.
See, yonder, the belfry tower, 651.
Seraglio of the Sultan Bee! 651.
Serene, I fold my hands and wait, 464.
Serene, vast head, with silver cloud of hair, 655.
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden, 764.
Shakespeare and Milton — what third blazoned name, 381.
Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves, 323.
She came among the gathering crowd, 182.
She came and stood in the Old South Church, 140.
She came and went as comes and goes, 581.
She comes like the hush and beauty of the night, 542.
She comes — the spirit of the dance! 169.
She dances, 535.
She died, — this was the way she died, 322.
She dreams of Love upon the temple stair, 689.
She felt, I think, but as a wild-flower can, 377.
"She has gone to be with the angels," 286.
She knew that she was growing blind, 198.
She leaned her cheek upon her hand, 517.
She lives in light, not shadow, 477.
She might have known it in the earlier Spring, 599.
Shepherd, wilt thou take counsel of the bird, 508.
She roves through shadowy solitudes, 630.
She sees her image in the glass, 356.
She 's had a Vassar education, 589.
She sits within the white oak hall, 731.
She 's loveliest of the festal throng, 319.
She told the story, and the whole world wept, 737.
She wanders up and down the main, 602.
She was a beauty in the days, 597.
She was so little — little in her grave, 575.
Shut in from all the world without, 137.
Sigh not for love, — the ways of love are dark! 754.
Silence and Solitude may hint, 236.
Silence instead of thy sweet song, my bird, 163.
Silence was envious of the only voice, 549.
Silent amidst unbroken silence deep, 535.
"Since Cleopatra died!" Long years are past, 269.
Since o'er thy footstool here below, 75.
Sing me a sweet, low song of night, 744.
Sin-satiate, and haggard with despair, 627.
'Skeeters am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine, 681.
Skin creamy as the furled magnolia bud, 751.
Skirting the river road (my forenoon walk, my rest), 230.
Sleep, love, sleep! 183.
Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days, 67.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, 261.
Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, 317.
Slow, groping giant, whose unsteady limbs, 690.
Slowly by God's hand unfurled, 90.
Snare me the soul of a dragon-fly, 739.

Snatch the departing mood, 611.
So all day long I followed through the fields, 772.
Soe, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne, 336.
So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn, 129.
Softer than silence, stiller than still air, 268.
Softly! 197.
Softly now the light of day, 76.
Soft on the sunset sky, 701.
Soft-sandalled twilight, handmaid of the night, 581.
Soft-throated South, breathing of summer's ease, 537.
So happy were Columbia's eight, 768.
Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings, 497.
Solemnly, mournfully, 116.
So Love is dead that has been quick so long! 357.
Some space beyond the garden close, 552.
Some tell us 'tis a burnin' shame, 454.
Something more than the lilt of the strain, 360.
Sometime, it may be, you and I, 724.
Some time there ben a lyttel boy, 528.
Sometime, when after spirited debate, 386.
Sometimes, when Nature falls asleep, 613.
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, 116.
Somewhere — in desolate wind-swept space, 380.
Sorrow, my friend, 540.
So that soldierly legend is still on its journey, 335.
So then, at last, let me awake this sleep, 685.
So, the powder's low, and the larder 's clean, 643.
Soul of a tree ungrown, new life out of God's life proceeding, 629.
Soul, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw, 492.
Southrons, hear your country call you! 165.
Sparkling and bright in liquid light, 110.
Speak! speak! thou fearful guest! 112.
Speechless Sorrow sat with me, 348.
Spring came with tiny lances thrusting, 600.
Spirit of "fire and dew," 672.
Spirits of Sleep, 706.
Spirit of song, whose shining wings have borne, 628.
Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou, 58.
Spruce Macaronis, and pretty to see, 278.
Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves! 34.
Star-dust and vaporous light, 478.
Star of the North! though night winds drift, 33.
Stars of the summer night! 115.
Stern be the pilot in the dreadful hour, 350.
Still as I move thou movest, 601.
Still sits the school-house by the road, 139.
Still thirteen years: 'tis autumn now, 216.
Still though the one I sing, 221.
Stop on the Appian Way, 259.
Strain, strain thine eyes, this parting is for aye! 628.
Strong in thy stedfast purpose, be, 353.
St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud, 47.
Such hints as untaught Nature yields! 727.
Such is the death the soldier dies, 532.
Such natural debts of love our Oxford knows, 665.
Such times as windy moods do stir, 731.
Sullen and dull, in the September day, 502.
Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew, 344.
Superb and solĕ, upon a plumĕd spray, 437.
Sure and exact, — the master's quiet touch, 531.
Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow, 373.
Sweet-breathed and young, 512.
Sweet child of April, I have found thy place, 460.
Sweetest of all childlike dreams, 135.
Sweet eyes by sorrow still unwet, 622.
Sweet little maid with winsome eyes, 622.
Sweet names, the rosary of my evening prayer, 595.
Sweet Robin, I have heard them say, 76.
Sweet saint! whose rising dawned upon the sight, 326.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, 557.
Sweet wooded way in life, forgetful Sleep! 566.
Sweet World, if you will hear me now, 377.
Swept by the hot wind, stark, untrackable, 619.
Swift across the palace floor, 347.
Swift o'er the sunny grass, 394.
Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found, 437.
Swords crossed, — but not in strife! 86.

Take all of me, — I am thine own, heart, soul, 699.
Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky, 317.
Tameless in his stately pride, along the lake of islands, 171.
Teach me the secret of thy loveliness, 709.
Tell me, is there sovereign cure, 576.
Tell me not in mournful numbers, 112.
Tell me what sail the seas, 688.
Tell me, wide wandering soul, in all thy quest, 307.
Tell Youth to play with Wine and Love, 752.
Thank God that God shall judge my soul, not man! 720.
Thanksgiving to the gods! 603.
That face which no man ever saw, 381.
That night I think that no one slept, 604.
That sovereign thought obscured? That vision clear, 338.
That such have died enables us, 322.
That which shall last for aye can have no birth, 571.
That year? Yes, doubtless I remember still, 337.
The Actor 's dead, and memory alone, 599.
The Angel came by night, 285.
The autumn seems to cry for thee, 491.
The autumn time is with us. Its approach, 143.
The banquet-cups, of many a hue and shape, 72.
The bar is crossed; but Death — the pilot — stands, 490.
The bearded grass waves in the summer breeze, 630.
The Beautiful, which mocked his fond pursuing, 364.
The beauty of the northern dawns, 396.

The bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay, 349.
The birds have hid, the winds are low, 515.
The birds their love-notes warble, 23.
The blackcaps pipe among the reeds, 699.
The brave young city by the Balboa seas, 429.
The bright sea washed beneath her feet, 347.
The cactus towers, straight and tall, 695.
The cold blast at the casement beats, 177.
The colonel rode by his picket-line, 386.
The countless stars, which to our human eye, 411.
The crocuses in the Square, 646.
The cypress swamp around me wraps its spell, 330.
The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep, 348.
The day unfolds like a lotus bloom, 739.
The despots' heel is on thy shore, 400.
The dew is on the heather, 577.
The dirge is sung, the ritual said, 373.
The dragon-fly and I together, 463.
"The ducats take! I 'll sign the bond to-day," 583.
The eagle, did ye see him fall? 432.
The eagle of the armies of the West, 516.
The earth seems a desolate mother, 342.
Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah, — come in! 'T is kind of thee, 273.
The fair Pamela came to town, 555.
The faithful helm commands the keel, 480.
The fields were silent, and the woodland drear, 486.
The fifth from the north wall, 378.
The fire upon the hearth is low, 527.
The flying sea-bird mocked the floating dulse, 603.
The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day, 381.
The fresh, bright bloom of the daffodils, 555.
The garden beds I wandered by, 663.
The garden within was shaded, 643.
The general dashed along the road, 431.
The ghosts of flowers went sailing, 486.
The goblin marked his monarch well, 43.
The golden-robin came to build his nest, 416.
The grandeur of this earthly round, 8.
The grass hung wet on Rydal banks, 181.
The grass of fifty Aprils hath waved green, 518.
The gray waves rock against the gray sky-line, 694.
The great Republic goes to war, 740.
The Great Sword Bearer only knows, 753.
The Grecian Muse, to earth who bore, 260.
The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned, 55.
The half-world's width divides us; where she sits, 378.
The handful here, that once was Mary's earth, 238.
The hand that swept the sounding lyre, 170.
The heart soars up like a bird, 722.
The heavy mists have crept away, 670.
The heavens are our riddle; and the sea, 721.
The hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked, 434.
The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, 691.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up, 712.
The imperial boy had fallen in his pride, 567.
The innocent, sweet Day is dead, 434.
Their noonday never knows, 490.
The knell that dooms the voiceless and obscure, 535.
The knightliest of the knightly race, 253.
The life of man, 286.
The light of spring, 730.
The light that fills thy house at morn, 175.
The little gate was reached at last, 216.
The little toy dog is covered with dust, 528.
The long, gray moss that softly swings, 669.
The love of man and woman is as fire, 499.
The man in righteousness arrayed, 13.
The man that joins in life's career, 5.
The man who frets at worldly strife, 47.
The May sun sheds an amber light, 63.
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, 57.
The mighty soul that is ambition's mate, 570.
The mill goes toiling slowly around, 527.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat, 42.
The moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring, 546.
The moon has left the sky, 675.
The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse! 457.
The morns are meeker than they were, 321.
The mother-heart doth yearn at even-tide, 673.
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat, 248.
The Muses wrapped in mysteries of light, 542.
The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong, 634.
The new moon hung in the sky, 383.
The news! our morning, noon, and evening cry, 50.
The night that has no star lit up by God, 174.
The night was dark and fearful, 24.
The night was thick and hazy, 433.
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city, 118.
Then saw I, with gray eyes fulfilled of rest, 367.
Then shall we see and know the group divine, 571.
Then that dread angel near the awful throne, 498.
The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes, 543.
The osprey sails above the sound, 12.
The Past walks here, noiseless, unasked, alone, 657.
The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they? 35.
The play was done, 677.
The poet's secret I must know, 257.
The promise of these fragrant flowers, 502.
The Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad for church, 644.
The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung, 190.
The Queen sat in her balcony, 342.
The rainbow on the ocean, 592.
"There are gains for all our losses," 285.
There are gains for all our losses, 281.
There are harps that complain to the presence of night, 52.
There are one or two things I should just like to hint, 205.
There are some quiet ways, 426.

There, as she sewed, came floating through her head, 702.
There be many kinds of parting — yes, I know, 715.
There came to port last Sunday night, 589.
The red rose whispers of passion, 481.
There in his room, whene'er the moon looks in, 664.
There is a clouded city, gone to rest, 584.
There is a city, builded by no hand, 241.
There is an hour of peaceful rest, 87.
There is a race from eld descent, 771.
There is a sound I would not hear, 686.
There is but one great sorrow, 281.
There is Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb, 205.
There is no rhyme that is half so sweet, 708.
There is no dearer lover of lost hours, 313.
There ! little girl, don't cry ! 560.
There 's a song in the air ! 235.
There 's beauty in the deep, 75.
There smiled the smooth Divine, unused to wound, 9.
There 's not a breath the dewy leaves to stir, 169.
There 's something in a noble boy, 105.
There stood an unsold captive in the mart, 102.
There was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz, 269.
There was a gay maiden lived down by the mill, 263.
There was a land where lived no violets, 734.
There was a man who watched the river flow, 519.
There was a rose-tree grew so high, 761.
There was a rover from a western shore, 573.
There was a time when Death and I, 364.
The rising moon has hid the stars, 114.
The river widens to a pathless sea, 645.
The road is left that once was trod, 174.
The robin chants when the thrush is dumb, 536.
The Rose aloft in sunny air, 350.
The roses of yester year, 678.
The royal feast was done ; the King, 419.
The ruddy poppies bend and bow, 753.
The Saviour, bowed beneath his cross, climbed up the dreary hill, 402.
The scarlet tide of summer's life, 305.
The sea-bound landsman, looking back to shore, 653.
These are my scales to weigh reality, 714.
The sea tells something, but it tells not all, 330.
These lands are clothed in burning weather, 735.
These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred, 215.
The shadows lay along Broadway, 105.
The shapes that frowned before the eyes, 79.
The skies are low, the winds are slow, 447.
The skies they were ashen and sober, 151.
The skilful listener, he, methinks, may hear, 516.
The sky is a drinking-cup, 281.
The sky is low, the clouds are mean, 321.
The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase, 383.
The snow had begun in the gloaming, 215.
The song-birds ? are they flown away ? 711.
The soul of the world is abroad to-night, 621.
The south-wind brings, 97.
The sparrow told it to the robin, 588.
The speckled sky is dim with snow, 294.
The spinner twisted her slender thread, 448.
The Spirit of Earth with still, restoring hands, 542.
The spring came earlier on, 415.
The star must cease to burn with its own light, 412.
The stars know a secret, 420.
The sudden thrust of speech is no mean test, 696.
The sun comes up and the sun goes down, 275.
The Sun, departing, kissed the summer Sky, 763.
The sun had set, 538.
The sun has kissed the violet sea, 433.
The sun is sinking over hill and sea, 615.
The Sun looked from his everlasting skies, 700.
The sun set, but set not his hope, 94.
The sunshine of thine eyes, 537.
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 288.
The swallow is flying over, 187.
The tide rises, the tide falls, 125.
The tide slips up the silver sand, 557.
The time is come to speak, I think, 699.
The town of Hay is far away, 676.
The trembling train clings to the leaning wall, 692.
The trump hath blown, 89.
The turtle on yon withered bough, 3.
The twilight hours like birds flew by, 296.
The vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom, 201.
The village sleeps, a name unknown, till men, 708.
The voice of England is a trumpet tone, 613.
The wakening bugles cut the night, 751.
The wars we wage, 726.
The water sings along our keel, 693.
The waves forever move, 489.
The wayfarer, 734.
The weather-leach of the topsail shivers, 302.
The whelp that nipped its mother's dug in turning from her breast, 483.
The wilderness a secret keeps, 505.
The wild geese, flying in the night, behold, 426.
The Willis are out to-night, 462.
The wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill, 332.
The wind exultant swept, 702.
The winds have talked with him confidingly, 564.
The wind of Hampstead Heath still burns my cheek, 573.
The wintry blast goes wailing by, 421.
The wise forget, dear heart, 767.
The word of God to Leyden came, 295.
The wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave, 156.
They are all gone away, 729.
They are my laddie's hounds, 471.
They are slaves who fear to speak, 203.
They cannot wholly pass away, 489.

They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone, 498.
They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars, 322.
The Year had all the Days in charge, 587.
They had brought in such sheafs of hair, 712.
They made them ready and we saw them go, 708.
They glare — those stony eyes! 247.
They rise to mastery of wind and snow, 654.
They rode from the camp at morn, 658.
They say that, afar in the land of the west, 89.
They tell me, Liberty! that in thy name, 102.
They tell me that I must not love, 195.
They tell you that Death's at the turn of the road, 637.
They wait all day unseen by us, unfelt, 393.
They who create rob death of half its stings, 496.
Thine is the mystic melody, 755.
Thine old-world eyes — each one a violet, 504.
This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times, 155.
This bears the seal of immortality, 400.
This book is all that 's left me now! 83.
This bronze doth keep the very form and mould, 475.
This, Children, is the famed Mon-goos, 698.
This drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen, 676.
This gentle and half melancholy breeze, 613.
This is a breath of summer wind, 598.
This is Palm Sunday: mindful of the day, 239.
This is the end of the book, 687.
This is the loggia Browning loved, 551.
This is the pathway where she walked, 266.
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign, 158.
This is the song of the wave! The mighty one! 743.
This is the way the baby slept, 561.
This realm is sacred to the silent past, 328.
This the true sign of ruin to a race, 107.
This was the man God gave us when the hour, 652.
This was your butterfly, you see, 374.
This world was not, 585.
Those days we spent on Lebanon, 377.
Those earlier men that owned our earth, 180.
Those were good times, in olden days, 485.
"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart, 737.
Thou art as a lone watcher on a rock, 543.
Thou art lost to me forever! — I have lost thee, Isadore! 164.
Thou art mine, thou hast given thy word, 333.
Thou art my very own, 759.
Thou blossom bright with autumn dew, 59.
Thou, born to sip the lake or spring, 7.
Thou dancer of two thousand years, 689.
Thou ever young! Persephone but gazes, 566.
Thou foolish blossom, all untimely blown! 750.
Thou for whose birth the whole creation yearned, 417.
Though gifts like thine the fates gave not to me, 379.
Though I am humble, slight me not, 22.
Though I am native to this frozen zone, 382.
Though the roving bee, as lightly, 507.
Though thy constant love I share, 275.
Thought is deeper than all speech, 173.
Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust, 544.
Though Winter come with dripping skies, 723.
Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear, 163.
Thou half-unfolded flower, 551.
Thou happiest thing alive, 167.
Thou hast done evil, 722.
Thou livest, O soul! be sure, though earth be flames, 571.
Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea, 21.
Thou, Sibyl rapt! whose sympathetic soul, 78.
Thou spark of life that wavest wings of gold, 267.
Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood, 762.
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! 119.
Thou unrelenting Past! 57.
Thou wast all that to me, love, 147.
Thou, who didst lay all other bosoms bare, 543.
Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm, 230.
Thou who ordainest, for the land's salvation, 361.
Thou, — whose endearing hand once laid in sooth, 339.
Thou, who wouldst wear the name, 64.
Three horsemen galloped the dusty way, 534.
Three steps and I reach the door, 565.
Through his million veins are poured, 394.
Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way, 478.
Through my open window comes the sweet perfuming, 767.
Throughout the soft and sunlit day, 707.
Through some strange sense of sight or touch, 709.
Through storms you reach them and from storms are free, 237.
Through the fierce fever I nursed him, and then he said, 579.
Through the night, through the night, 280.
Thunder our thanks to her — guns, hearts, and lips! 481.
Thy cruise is over now, 75.
Thy face I have seen as one seeth, 694.
Thy laugh 's a song an oriole trilled, 534.
Thy one white leaf is open to the sky, 612.
Thy span of life was all too short, 693.
Thy trivial harp will never please, 94.
Time cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale, 446.
Time has no flight — 't is we who speed along, 467.
Tinged with the blood of Aztec lands, 361.
'T is but a little faded flower, 300.
'T is of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars, 8.
'T is said that absence conquers love, 196.
'T is said that the gods on Olympus of old, 111.
'T is something from that tangle to have won, 653.
'T is the blithest, bonniest weather for a bird to flirt a feather, 647.

'T is to yourself I speak; you cannot know, 174.
'T is true, one half of woman's life is hope, 330.
To-day, dear heart, but just to-day, 712.
To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea, 741.
To him who in the love of Nature holds, 53.
Toil on, poor muser, to attain that goal, 523.
To kiss my Celia's fairer breast, 28.
To me the earth once seemed to be, 368.
To put new shingles on old roofs, 608.
To spring belongs the violet, and the blown, 385.
Tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles, 386.
To stand within a gently gliding boat, 632.
To the brave all homage render, 265.
To the quick brow Fame grudges her best wreath, 351.
To the sea-shells' spiral round, 379,
To tremble, when I touch her hands, 591.
To what new fates, my country, far, 704.
To you, whose temperate pulses flow, 502.
Trembling before thine awful throne, 86.
True love's own talisman, which here, 666.
Turning from Shelley's sculptured face aside, 654.
Turn out more ale, turn up the light, 342.
Turn with me from the city's clamorous street, 582.
Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom, 115.
'T was one of the charmëd days, 95.
'T was summer, and the spot a cool retreat, 168.
'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house, 15.
Two angels came through the gate of Heaven, 524.
Two armies covered hill and plain, 264.
Two loves had I. Now both are dead, 464.
Two shall be born the whole wide world apart, 636.
Two things there are with Memory will abide, 384.
Tying her bonnet under her chin, 424.

Unconquerably, men venture on the quest, 647.
Under a spreading chestnut-tree, 114.
Under a sultry, yellow sky, 259.
Under a toadstool, 698.
Under the apple bough, 537.
Under the roots of the roses, 285.
Under the shadows of a cliff, 670.
Under the slanting light of the yellow sun of October, 368.
Under the violets, blue and sweet, 198.
Unflinching Dante of a later day, 545.
Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight, 761.
Unnoted as the setting of a star, 141.
Unmoored, unmanned, unheeded on the deep, 361.
Untrammelled Giant of the West, 773.
Unwarmed by any sunset light, 137.
Up, Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower, 44.
Upon a cloud among the stars we stood, 498.
Upon my bier no garlands lay, 463.
Upon my mantel-piece they stand, 743.
Upon Nirwána's brink the ráhat stood, 718.
Us two wuz boys when we fell out, 529.

Vengeful across the cold November moors, 728.
Venus has lit her silver lamp, 692.
Very dark the autumn sky, 697.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day, 519.
Wake not, but hear me, love! 678.
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives, 396.
Warm, wild, rainy wind, blowing fitfully, 370.
Was there another Spring than this? 754.
Was this his face, and these the finding eyes, 594.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations, 117.
Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, 288.
Weak-winged is song, 209.
We are but two — the others sleep, 51.
We are ghost-ridden, 639.
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know! 726.
We are the Ancient People, 398.
We are two travellers, Roger and I, 292.
Weary at heart with winter yesterday, 518.
Weary, weary, desolate, 549.
Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms, 221.
We break the glass, whose sacred wine, 81.
We count the broken lyres that rest, 157.
We follow where the Swamp Fox guides, 106.
We gazed on Corryvrekin's whirl, 184.
We had been long in mountain snow, 656.
We have sent him seeds of the melon's core, 710.
We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still, 392.
We lay us down to sleep, 357.
Well, yes, sir, that am a comical name, 558.
We must be nobler for our dead, be sure, 534.
Were but my spirit loosed upon the air, 357.
Were I a happy bird, 448.
Were I transported to some distant star, 672.
We sailed and sailed upon the desert sea, 387.
We sail toward evening's lonely star, 370.
We, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead," 465.
We summoned not the Silent Guest, 499.
We took it to the woods, we two, 393.
We were boys together, 82.
We were not many — we who stood, 110.
We were ordered to Samoa from the coast of Panama, 729.
We were twin brothers, tall and hale, 485.
We wondered why he always turned aside, 487.
We wreathed about our darling's head, 250.
What are the long waves singing so mournfully evermore? 300.
What, are you hurt, Sweet? So am I, 521.
What bird is that, with voice so sweet, 485.
What bring ye me, O camels, across the southern desert, 746.
What can console for a dead world? 411.
What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried, 520.
What care I, what cares he, 452.
What charlatans in this later day, 751.
What, comrade of a night, 626.

What domes and pinnacles of mist and fire, 476.
What dost thou here, 553.
What! dost thou pray that the outgone tide be rolled back on the strand, 575.
What end the gods may have ordained for me, 530.
What fragrant-footed comer, 648.
What great yoked brutes with briskets low, 428.
What has become of the good ship Kite, 757.
What if the Soul her real life elsewhere holds, 574.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the pearly shell, 476.
"What is it to be dead?" O Life, 582.
What is the little one thinking about? 234.
What is there wanting in the Spring? 550.
What man is there so bold that he should say, 395.
What! Roses on thy tomb! and was there then, 674.
What seek'st thou at this madman's pace? 606.
What shall her silence keep, 711.
What shall we do now, Mary being dead, 238.
What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young greenwood? 480.
What 's love, when the most is said? The flash of the lightning fleet, 449.
What songs found voice upon those lips, 495.
What 's the brightness of a brow? 354.
What strength! what strife! what rude unrest! 427.
What then, what if my lips do burn, 510.
What though the green leaf grow? 566.
What time the earth takes on the garb of Spring, 627.
What was my dream? Though consciousness be clear, 430.
What, what, what, 473.
What will you give to a barefoot lass, 648.
What wondrous sermons these seas preach to men! 736.
When almond buds unclose, 629.
When April rains make flowers bloom, 544.
When calm is the night, and the stars shine bright, 15.
Whence come ye, Cherubs? from the moon? 22.
Whence, O fragrant form of light, 489.
When cherry flowers begin to blow, 739.
When Darby saw the setting sun, 11.
When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor, 625.
When dreaming kings, at odds with swift-paced time, 660.
Whenever a little child is born, 587.
Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky, 587.
When first I looked into thy glorious eyes, 101.
When first I saw her, at the stroke, 590.
When Freedom from her mountain height, 46.
When from the gloom of earth we see the sky, 413.
When from the vaulted wonder of the sky, 443.
When I am standing on a mountain crest, 705.
When I consider Life and its few years, 610.
When I forth fare beyond this narrow earth, 541.
When I 'm in health and asked to choose, 753.
When in my walks I meet some ruddy lad, 200.
When in the first great hour of sleep supreme, 576.
When in thy glass thou studiest thy face, 465.
When I was seventeen I heard, 503.
When I went up the minster tower, 653.
When late I heard the trembling cello play, 477.
When leaves turn outward to the light, 449.
When Love comes knocking at thy gate, 678.
When love in the faint heart trembles, 595.
When Love, our great Immortal, 591.
When Nature had made all her birds, 172.
When on my soul in nakedness, 572.
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden, 527.
When Psyche's friend becomes her lover, 449.
When she comes home again! A thousand ways, 559.
When souls that have put off their mortal gear, 416.
When stars pursue their solemn flight, 354.
When sunshine met the wave, 662.
When the grass shall cover me, 494.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended, 471.
When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late, 134.
When the rose is brightest, 106.
When the Sultan Shah-Zaman, 379.
When the veil from the eyes is lifted, 338.
When to soft sleep we give ourselves away, 383.
When tulips bloom in Union Square, 545.
When winds go organing through the pines, 710.
When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more, 12.
When wintry days are dark and drear, 488.
When youth was lord of my unchallenged fate, 311.
Where all the winds were tranquil, 619.
Where ancient forests round us spread, 29.
Where broods the Absolute, 339.
Wherefore these revels that my dull eyes greet? 445.
Where Helen comes, as falls the dew, 718.
Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep, 525.
Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands, 83.
Where in its old historic splendor stands, 755.
Where 's he that died o' Wednesday? 336.
Where 's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night, 209.
Where now these mingled ruins lie, 5.
Where swell the songs thou shouldst have sung, 409.
Where the graves were many, we looked for one, 376.
Where were ye, Birds, that bless his name, 490.
While I recline, 314.
While now the Pole Star sinks from sight, 236.
Whipp'will 's singin' to de moon, 680.
White England shouldering from the sea, 644.
White sail upon the ocean verge, 372.
White sand and cedars; cedars, sand, 525.
Whither doth now this fellow flee? 763.
Whither leads this pathway, little one? 516.
Whither, midst falling dew, 54.
White wings of commerce sailing far, 442.
Who are ye, spirits, that stand, 501.
Who comes to England not to learn, 740.
Who drives the horses of the sun, 515.

Who has robbed the ocean cave, 14.
Who knows the thoughts of a child, 425.
Who 'll have the crumpled pieces of a heart? 705.
"Whom the gods love die young;"—if gods ye be, 708.
Who nearer Nature's life would truly come, 78.
Whose furthest footstep never strayed, 703.
Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood? 429.
Who will watch thee, little mound, 760.
Why, Death, what dost thou hear, 306.
Why dost thou hail with songful lips no more, 659.
Why here, on this third planet from the Sun, 390.
Why should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I, 490.
Why shouldst thou cease thy plaintive song, 616.
Why should we waste and weep, 260.
Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing, 296.
Wide open and unguarded stand our gates, 380.
Wild is its nature, as it were a token, 340.
Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks, 39.
Wild stream the clouds, and the fresh wind is singing, 355.
Will there really be a morning? 587.
Wind of the City Streets, 599.
Wind of the North, 632.
With eyes hand-arched he looks into, 710.
With oaken staff and swinging lantern bright, 521.
With sails full set, the ship her anchor weighs, 324.
With saintly grace and reverent tread, 444.
With wrath-flushed cheeks, and eyelids red, 674.
Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool! 27.
Withdraw thee, soul, from strife, 627.
Within a poor man's squalid home I stood, 387.
Within his sober realm of leafless trees, 250.
Within me are two souls that pity each, 505.
Within my heart I long have kept, 635.
Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies, 63.
Within this silent palace of the Night, 651.
Without him still this whirling earth, 608.
Woe for the brave ship Orient! 178.
Woodman, spare that tree! 82.
Words, words, 745.
Wouldst know the artist? Then go seek, 668.
Would the lark sing the sweeter if he knew, 463.
Would you hear of the River-Fight? 245.
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night, 526.

Years have flown since I knew thee first, 475.
"Yer know me little nipper," 764.
Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup, 387.
Yes, faith is a goodly anchor, 216.
Yes, he was that, or that, as you prefer, 444.
Yes, I have heard the nightingale, 476.
Yes, I know what you say, 420.
Ye smooth-faced sons of Jacob, hug close your ingleside, 758.
Yes, still I love thee! Time, who sets, 195.
Yet, O my friend—pale conjurer, I call, 631.
Ye white Sicilian goats, who wander all, 770.
Yon clouds that roam the deserts of the air, 630.
You ask a verse, to sing (ah, laughing face!) 351.
You ax about dat music made, 748.
You gave me roses, love, last night, 582.
You may drink to your leman in gold, 281.
You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse, 443.
Young to the end through sympathy with youth, 637.
Your heart is a music-box, dearest! 170.
You sang me a song, 773.
You will come, my bird, Bonita? 430.
You who dread the cares and labors, 327.

INDEX OF TITLES

Abraham Lincoln.....*R. H. Stoddard* 282
Absolution.....*Watson* 479
Adelaide Neilson.....*Winter* 372
Adonais.....*Harney* 323
Adsum.....*R. H. Stoddard* 285
After a Lecture on Keats.....*Holmes* 156
After an Interval.....*W. Whitman* 232
After-Comers, The.....*R. T. S. Lowell* 180
After Death.....*C. F. Richardson* 541
After Music.....*J. P. Peabody* 747
After-Song.....*Gilder* 478
After the Burial.....*J. R. Lowell* 216
After Wings.....*S. M. B. Piatt* 374
Agathon (extract).....*Woodberry* 595
Aged Stranger, The.....*Harte* 406
Ahab Mohammed.....*Legaré* 266
Ah, be not false.....*R. W. Gilder* 477
Ahmed.....*Bensel* 674
Aidenn.....*Trask* 671
Albatross.....*C. W. Stoddard* 446
Alcyone.....*Mace* 365
Alice Ray.....*S. J. Hale* 23
Alicia's Bonnet.....*E. C. Pullen* 601
All Quiet along the Potomac.*E. L. Beers* 454
All 's well.....*H. McE. Kimball* 348
Alma Mater's Roll.....*E. E. Hale* 307
Alnwick Castle.....*Halleck* 37
Along Shore.....*Bashford* 736
Alpheus and Arethusa.....*Daly* 768
America.....*Bryant* 62
America.....*S. F. Smith* 153
America.....*B. Taylor* 272
America (from "The Torch-Bearers")
A. Bates 533
American Flag, The.....*Drake* 46
American Girl, An.....*Matthews* 589
America to England.....*Woodberry* 594
America to Great Britain.....*Allston* 18
Amy.....*Legaré* 266
Ancestry.....*S. Crane* 734
Ancient of Days.....*W. C. Doane* 468
Andalusian Sereno, The.....*Saltus* 521
Andrew.....*Parsons* 239
Andromeda.....*T. B. Aldrich* 383
Andromeda.....*Roche* 498
Angels.....*Hall* 700
Angel's Song, The.....*Sears* 194
Angler's Wish, An.....*Van Dyke* 545
Annabel Lee.....*Poe* 151
Anne.....*Reese* 609
Anonymous.....*Tabb* 489
Another Way.....*Bierce* 444
Antiquity of Freedom, The.....*Bryant* 61
Antony to Cleopatra.....*Lytle* 303
Appeal to Harold, The.....*H. C. Bunner* 598
Appreciation.....*T. B. Aldrich* 379
April.....*Auringer* 518
April.....*Loveman* 763
April—and Dying.....*A. R. Aldrich* 719
April Fantasie.....*Cortissoz* 555
Arab Song.....*R. H. Stoddard* 282
Arachne.....*R. T. Cooke* 289
Arcana Sylvarum.....*DeKay* 509
Ariana.....*Sanborn* 326
Arid Lands, The.....*Bashford* 735
Ariel in the Cloven Pine.....*B. Taylor* 271
Armistice.....*Jewett* 693
Armorer's Song, The.....*H. B. Smith* 679
Army Correspondent's Last Ride
G. A. Townsend 417
Arraignment.....*Cone* 642
Arrow and the Song, The
H. W. Longfellow 115
Art.....*L. C. Perry* 668
Arthur.....*Winter* 372
Artist, The.....*Grissom* 762
Art Master, An.....*O'Reilly* 480
Art Thou the Same.....*Tatnall* 678
As a Bell in a Chime.....*R. U. Johnson* 550
Ashby.....*J. R. Thompson* 265
Ashcake.....*Page* 558
Ashes of Roses.....*E. G. Eastman* 702
As I came down from Lebanon..*Scollard* 658
As I came down Mount Tamalpais..*Urmy* 635
Asleep.....*Winter* 371
Aspects of the Pines.....*P. H. Hayne* 317
As some Mysterious Wanderer of the
Skies.....*Stockard* 634
As the Day breaks.....*McGaffey* 669
Astraea.....*Whittier* 130
At Best.....*O'Reilly* 480
At Chappaqua.....*Benton* 326
At Gibraltar.....*Woodberry* 594
At Last.....*Trask* 671
At Lincoln.....*O. F. Adams* 653
At Magnolia Cemetery.....*Timrod* 317
At Marshfield (from "Webster: An
Ode").....*Wilkinson* 451
At Midnight.....*Sherman* 651
At Night.....*Montgomery* 615
At Set of Sun.....*M. A. Townsend* 330
At Shakespeare's Grave.....*I. Browne* 359
Attainment.....*Tassin* 767
At the Grave of Walker.....*J. Miller* 427
At the Hacienda.....*Harte* 403
At the Mermaid Inn.....*Hildreth* 617
At the Ninth Hour (from "God and
the Soul").....*J. L. Spalding* 413

At the Shrine ... *Munkittrick* 551
At Twilight ... *Van Rensselaer* 678
Auf Wiedersehen ... *J. R. Lowell* 216
Authority ... *Huntington* 390
Autograph, An ... *J. R. Lowell* 218
Autograph, An ... *Whittier* 141
Autumn ... *E. Dickinson* 321
Autumn Breeze, An ... *W. H. Hayne* 613
Autumn in the West ... *Gallagher* 143
Ave! Nero Imperator ... *Osborne* 674
Awakening ... *Sangster* 391
Aztec City, The ... *Ware* 584

Babie, The ... *Rankin* 296
Baby ... *E. G. Eastman* 701
Babyhood ... *Holland* 234
Bacchylides ... *Whicher* 675
Balder's Wife ... *Alice Cary* 297
Ballade of Dead Friends ... *E. A. Robinson* 728
Ballade of Islands, A ... *L. Robinson* 696
Ballad of Oriskany, The ... *Auringer* 517
Ballad of Sir John Franklin, A ... *Boker* 261
Ballad of the Faded Field ... *R. B. Wilson* 532
Ballad of the French Fleet, A *H. W. Longfellow* 125
Ballad of Trees and the Master, A *Lanier* 437
Ballot, The ... *Pierpont* 34
Band in the Pines, The ... *J. E. Cooke* 455
Banjo of the Past, The ... *Weeden* 748
Banner of the Jew, The ... *Lazarus* 519
Barefoot Boy, The ... *Whittier* 130
Baron's Last Banquet, The ... *A. G. Greene* 80
Barren Moors, The ... *Channing* 186
Bartol ... *A. B. Alcott* 78
Battle-Field, The ... *Bryant* 60
Battle-Field, The ... *E. Dickinson* 322
Battle-Hymn of the Republic *J. W. Howe* 220
Bayadere, The ... *Saltus* 522
Beam of Light, A ... *Rooney* 718
Beautiful, The ... *Dorgan* 364
Becalmed ... *Tabb* 490
Beclouded ... *E. Dickinson* 321
Bedouins of the Skies, The ... *Kenyon* 630
Bedouin Song ... *B. Taylor* 272
Beds of Fleur-de-Lys, The ... *C. P. Stetson* 663
Beer ... *Arnold* 345
Before Sunrise in Winter ... *Sill* 419
Before the Rain ... *Troubetskoy* 699
Beggars ... *E. Higginson* 692
Beginners ... *W. Whitman* 221
Belated Violet, A ... *Herford* 697
Believe and take Heart ... *J. L. Spalding* 411
Bell, A ... *Scollard* 660
Bells, The ... *Poe* 150
Bells, The (from "Wishmaker's Town") *W. Young* 506
Bells of Lynn, The ... *H. W. Longfellow* 123
Ben Bolt ... *English* 233
Benedicite ... *Brackett* 367
Bereaved ... *Riley* 561
Betrayal (from Song for "The Jaquerie") *Lanier* 433
Betrayal of the Rose, The ... *E. M. Thomas* 571
Between the Sunken Sun and the New Moon ... *P. H. Hayne* 318
Be ye in Love with April-tide? ... *Scollard* 660
Beyond ... *H. P. Kimball* 668
Beyond Recall ... *Bradley* 364
Bibliomaniac's Prayer, The *Eugene Field* 529
Biftek aux Champignons ... *H. A. Beers* 504
Biglow Papers, The (extracts) *J. R. Lowell* 205
Bill and Joe ... *Holmes* 158
Birds ... *R. H. Stoddard* 280
Birds of Bethlehem, The ... *Gilder* 478
Birth ... *Stillman* 672
Birth of Galahad, The (extract) ... *Hovey* 705
Bivouac of the Dead, The ... *O'Hara* 248
Bivouac on a Mountain Side *W. Whitman* 231
Black Riders, The ... *S. Crane* 734
Black Sheep ... *Burton* 645
Blazing Heart, The ... *Brotherton* 501
Blind Louise ... *Dewey* 198
Blind Psalmist, The ... *Kinney* 168
Blondel ... *Urmy* 635
Blossom of the Soul, The ... *R. U. Johnson* 551
Blossom Time ... *Larremore* 600
Blue and the Gray, The ... *Finch* 292
Bluebeard's Closet ... *R. T. Cooke* 290
Blue-Bird, The ... *A. Wilson* 12
Blue Hills beneath the Haze *C. G. Whiting* 431
Bobolinks, The ... *Cranch* 172
Bondage ... *Jennison* 524
Book, A ... *E. Dickinson* 320
Book of Day-Dreams (extracts) *C. L. Moore* 570
Bookra ... *Warner* 308
Borrowed Child, The ... *Weeden* 749
Bos'n Hill ... *Albee* 332
Brahma ... *Emerson* 93
Brave Old Ship, the Orient, The *R. T. S. Lowell* 178
Breath, A ... *De Vere* 449
Breath of Hampstead Heath *E. M. Thomas* 573
Bridal Pair, The (from "Wishmaker's Town") ... *W. Young* 507
Bride, The ... *Bierce* 443
Bride's Toilette, The ... *Cortissoz* 556
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard (*Negro Spiritual*) 460
Bring them not back ... *Kenyon* 631
Brook, The ... *Lord* 243
Brook, The (extract) ... *Wright* 394
Brook Song ... *Morse* 425
Brothers, The ... *Sprague* 51
Browning at Asolo ... *R. U. Johnson* 551
Bubble, The ... *Tabb* 490
Bucket, The ... *Woodworth* 20
Budding-Time too Brief ... *Stein* 694
Building of the Ship, The (extract) *H. W. Longfellow* 119
Bulb, A ... *Munkittrick* 552
Burden of Love, The ... *Jennison* 524
Burial of the Dane, The ... *Brownell* 247
Burns ... *Halleck* 39
But Once ... *Winthrop* 307
Butterfly, The ... *James* 732
By the Pacific ... *Bashford* 735
By the Pacific Ocean ... *J. Miller* 428

Cacoëthes Scribendi ..... *Holmes* 161
California ..... *T. L. Harris* 260
Called Back ..... *E. Dickinson* 320
Call of the Bugles, The ..... *Hovey* 703
Call on Sir Walter Raleigh, A *S. M. B. Piatt* 376
Calumny ..... *Osgood* 170
Camilla ..... *Keeler* 758
Candidate's Letter, The (from "The Biglow Papers") ..... *J. R. Lowell* 206
Candlemas ..... *A. Brown* 626
Captain's Feather, The ..... *S. M. Peck* 577
Caravans ..... *J. P. Peabody* 746
Cardinal Bird, The ..... *Gallagher* 142
Care ..... *Cloud* 657
Carlyle and Emerson ..... *Schuyler* 676
Carmen Bellicosum ..... *McMaster* 451
Carpe Diem (from the "House of a Hundred Lights") ..... *Torrence* 753
Catch, A ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
Cattle of his Hand, The ..... *Underwood* 749
Cavalry crossing a Ford .... *W. Whitman* 231
Celestial Passion, The ..... *R. W. Gilder* 475
Cello, The ..... *R. W. Gilder* 477
Centennial Hymn ..... *Whittier* 140
Challenge, A ..... *Kenyon* 630
Chambered Nautilus, The ..... *Holmes* 158
Change ..... *W. D. Howells* 386
Changeling Grateful, A ... *J. P. Peabody* 745
Changelings ..... *M. T. Higginson* 486
Channing ..... *A. B. Alcott* 77
Chanting Cherubs, The ..... *Dana* 22
Chaperon, The ..... *H. C. Bunner* 600
Character ..... *Emerson* 94
Character, A ..... *C. F. Bates* 399
Charleston ..... *Timrod* 316
Chartless ..... *E. Dickinson* 322
Chaucer ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 124
Chez Brébant ..... *Durivage* 201
Child, A ..... *R. W. Gilder* 477
Child, The ..... *Tabb* 490
Child, The (from "Wild Eden") *Woodberry* 592
Child in the Street, The ..... *J. J. Piatt* 351
Child of To-day, A ..... *Buckham* 673
Children, The ..... *C. M. Dickinson* 471
Children's Hour, The .. *H. W. Longfellow* 122
Child's Question, A ..... *Nason* 582
Child's Wish, A ..... *Ryan* 403
Child's Wish granted, The .. *G. P. Lathrop* 537
Chiquita ..... *Harte* 403
Choice ..... *E. Dickinson* 321
Choir Practice ..... *Crosby* 620
Christine ..... *J. Hay* 396
Christmas Carol, A ..... *Holland* 235
Christmas Night of '62 ..... *McCabe* 421
Chrysalis, A ..... *Bradley* 363
Circumstance ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
City in the Sea, The ..... *Poe* 147
City of God, The ..... *S. Johnson* 254
Classical Criticism ..... *G. L. Richardson* 768
Cleopatra ..... *Story* 218
Clerks, The ..... *E. A. Robinson* 728
Clock's Song, The ..... *R. H. Lathrop* 540
Cloistered ..... *A. Brown* 626
Closing Scene, The ..... *T. B. Read* 250
Clouds, The ..... *Croswell* 192
Clover ..... *Tabb* 489
Clover, The ..... *Deland* 624
Clue, The ..... *C. F. Bates* 400
Coasters, The ..... *T. F. Day* 756
Cocoa-Tree, The ..... *C. W. Stoddard* 446
Cœur de Lion to Berengaria ..... *Tilton* 362
Coleridge ..... *Hellman* 755
College Colonel, The ..... *Melville* 235
College Verse, Recent 765
Col. Trumbull's "The Declaration of Independence" (from "The National Paintings") ..... *Drake* 46
Columbus ..... *J. Miller* 426
Columbus ..... *Sigourney* 47
Come back ..... *Herbert* 196
Come Love or Death ... *W. H. Thompson* 509
Come slowly, Paradise ..... *Kenyon* 631
Commemoration Ode (extracts) ... *Monroe* 660
Common Inference, A ..... *C. P. Stetson* 663
Common Sense ..... *J. T. Fields* 182
Compensation ..... *Collier* 467
Compensation (from "The House of a Hundred Lights") ..... *Torrence* 752
Comradery ..... *Cawein* 710
Comrades ..... *Blood* 391
Conceits ..... *A. Bates* 534
Conclusion of the Whole Matter, The (from "The House of a Hundred Lights") ..... *Torrence* 753
Concord Hymn ..... *Emerson* 100
Condemned, The ..... *Howland* 466
Conjecture, A ..... *C. F. Richardson* 541
Conquered Banner, The ..... *Ryan* 402
Conqueror's Grave, The ..... *Bryant* 63
Conqueror Worm, The ..... *Poe* 149
Conscience-Keeper, The (from "Wish-maker's Town") ..... *W. Young* 507
Conservative, A ..... *C. P. Stetson* 663
Constant ..... *E. Dickinson* 321
Content ..... *S. Crane* 734
Contrast, The ..... *Cone* 643
Coral Grove, The ..... *Percival* 70
Corda Concordia (extract) ..... *Stedman* 339
Corn-Song, A ..... *Dunbar* 737
Coronation ..... *Jackson* 324
Cotton Boll, The ..... *Timrod* 314
Countrywoman of Mine, A *E. G. Eastman* 700
Coup de Grace, The ..... *Sill* 420
Courtin', The (from "The Biglow Papers") ..... *J. R. Lowell* 207
Cowboy, The ..... *Antrobus* 452
Cranes of Ibycus, The ..... *Lazarus* 519
Creation ..... *Bierce* 444
Creek-Road, The ..... *Cawein* 710
Creole Slave-Song, A ..... *M. Thompson* 485
Cressid ..... *N. Perry* 423
Crew Poem, A ..... *Blount* 768
Crossed Swords, The ..... *Frothingham* 86
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry (extract) *W. Whitman* 226
Crossing the Plains ..... *J. Miller* 428
Crossing the Tropics ..... *Melville* 236
Cross of Gold, The ..... *Gray* 378
Crotalus ..... *Harte* 404
Crowing of the Red Cock, The ... *Lazarus* 520
Crowned Poet, A ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 719

Cry from the Shore, A ..... *Cortissoz* 556
Crystal, The ..... *Coan* 423
Culprit Fay, The (extracts) ..... *Drake* 42
Cumberland, The ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 123
Curfew ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 116
Curiosity (extracts) ..... *Sprague* 50
Cyclamen, The ..... *A. Bates* 533
Cyclone at Sea, A ..... *W. H. Hayne* 613

Daffodils ..... *Reese* 609
Dalliance of the Eagles, The ..... *W. Whitman* 230
Dancer, The ..... *E. P. C. Hayes* 751
Dancing Fawn, The ..... *Rogers* 689
Dancing Girl, A ..... *Osgood* 169
Dandelions ..... *Albee* 333
Daniel Gray ..... *Holland* 233
Dante ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 115
Darby and Joan ..... *Honeywood* 11
Darest thou now, O Soul ..... *W. Whitman* 232
Darkness ..... *Rosenberg* 766
D'Artagnan's Ride ..... *Morris* 765
Dartmouth Winter-Song ..... *Hovey* 705
Daughter of Mendoza, The ..... *Lamar* 88
Dawning o' the Year, The ..... *Blake* 461
Day of Atonement, The (extract) ..... *Leiser* 747
Days ..... *Emerson* 96
Days of my Youth ..... *Tucker* 10
Dead, The ..... *Very* 174
Dead in the Sierras ..... *J. Miller* 429
Dead Love ..... *M. M. Adams* 464
Dead Moon, The ..... *Dandridge* 639
Dead Player, The ..... *R. B. Wilson* 531
Dead Singer, The ..... *M. A. Townsend* 329
Dead Soldier, A ..... *Montgomery* 614
Dead Solomon, The ..... *Dorgan* 364
Deaf ..... *H. C. Bunner* 597
Death ..... *Cawein* 709
Death ..... *Pellew* 649
Death and Night ..... *Kenyon* 630
Death at Daybreak ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 720
Death-Bed, A ..... *J. Aldrich* 197
Deathless, The ..... *E. P. C. Hayes* 751
Death of Azron, The ..... *Rollins* 499
Death of Grant, The ..... *Bierce* 443
Death of Minnehaha, The (from "The Song of Hiawatha") ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 119
Death of Slavery, The ..... *Bryant* 66
Death of the Flowers, The ..... *Bryant* 57
Death's Epitaph ..... *Freneau* 4
Death Song, A ..... *Dunbar* 738
Decanter of Madeira, age 86, to George Bancroft, aged 86, Greeting, A ..... *S. M. Mitchell* 313
Decay of a People, The ..... *Simms* 107
Decoration ..... *T. W. Higginson* 268
Deep, The ..... *J. G. C. Brainard* 75
Deep Waters ..... *Sutphen* 759
De Fust Banjo ..... *Russell* 568
Delay ..... *C. F. Bates* 400
Democracy (from the "Commemoration Ode") ..... *Monroe* 661
Demon-Lover, The (from "Hadad") ..... *J. A. Hillhouse* 24
Departed, The ..... *Tabb* 489
Departure ..... *M. R. Smith* 441
Derelict ..... *E. C. Pullen* 602
Derelict, The ..... *Foote* 361
De Sheepfol' ..... *S. P. McL. Greene* 635
Despair ..... *R. H. Lathrop* 539
Destiny ..... *H. S. Morris* 617
Diamond, A ..... *Loveman* 763
Dibdin's Ghost ..... *Eugene Field* 529
Dies Iræ ..... *Coles* 193
Dinkey-Bird, The ..... *Eugene Field* 528
Dirge ..... *Cawein* 711
Dirge ..... *Eastman* 197
Dirge ..... *Parsons* 238
Dirge for a Soldier ..... *Boker* 264
Disappointment ..... *Collier* 467
Disarmed ..... *Searing* 465
Discoverer, The ..... *Stedman* 333
Disenchantment (from the "Book of Day-Dreams") ..... *C. L. Moore* 570
Distinction ..... *M. A. DeW. Howe* 708
Divan, The ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
Divided ..... *Gray* 378
Divine Awe (from "Wild Eden") ..... *Woodberry* 591
Dixie ..... *Pike* 165
Does the Pearl know? ..... *H. Hay* 754
Donald ..... *Abbey* 442
Done For ..... *R. T. Cooke* 291
Don Juan ..... *Foote* 361
Don Quixote ..... *Betts* 552
Doors, The ..... *Mifflin* 497
Dorothy ..... *R. H. Lathrop* 539
Dorothy Q ..... *Holmes* 160
Doubt ..... *Rogers* 690
"Doves of Venice, The" ..... *Hutton* 472
Down a Woodland Way ..... *M. Howells* 743
Down the Bayou ..... *M. A. Townsend* 330
Do you fear the Wind? ..... *Garland* 656
Dream, A ..... *Kinney* 168
Dreaming in the Trenches ..... *McCabe* 422
Dream of Death, A ..... *Jennison* 523
Dream of Flowers, A ..... *Coan* 422
Drifting ..... *T. B. Read* 252
Drifting Petal, A ..... *M. M. Fenollosa* 739
Driving Home the Cows ..... *K. P. Osgood* 458
Drop of Ink, A ..... *J. E. Whitney* 676
Drowned Mariner, The ..... *E. O. Smith* 127
Druid, The ..... *Tabb* 490
Dryad Song ..... *Fuller* 772
Duality ..... *Hardy* 505
Dum Vivimus Vigilamus ..... *Webb* 342
Dust, The ..... *Hall* 700
Dwainie (from "The Flying Islands of the Night") ..... *Riley* 563

Each and All ..... *Emerson* 90
Eagle of the Blue, The ..... *Melville* 236
Eagle's Fall, The ..... *C. G. Whiting* 432
Early Bluebird, An ..... *M. Thompson* 484
Early News ..... *Pratt* 588
Earth, The ..... *Emerson* 97
Ebb and Flow ..... *G. W. Curtis* 305
Ecce in Deserto ..... *H. A. Beers* 505
Echoes from the Sabine Farm (extracts) ..... *Eugene Field* 530
Eclipse of Faith, The ..... *T. D. Woolsey* 79
Edith ..... *Channing* 187
Egotism ..... *Martin* 608
Egyptian Lotus, The ..... *Eaton* 578

"Ej Blot Til Lyst"....W. M. Payne 627
El Capitan-General....Leland 269
Electra....Williams 483
Elegiac....Percival 70
Elf and the Dormouse, The....Herford 698
Elfin Song (from "The Culprit Fay")
Drake 45
El Vaquero....Foote 361
Embryo....M. A. Townsend 331
Emerson....A. B. Alcott 77
Emerson....M. M. Dodge 393
Emigravit....Jackson 324
Enamoured Architect of Airy Rhyme
T. B. Aldrich 382
End, The....Rice 688
Endymion....H. W. Longfellow 114
En Garde, Messieurs....Lindsey 638
England....Channing-Stetson 740
England....R. E. Day 543
England....Montgomery 613
Enviable Isles, The....Melville 237
Envoy (to "More Songs from Vagabondia")....Hovey 703
Envoy....S. M. B. Piatt 377
Epicedium....Traubel 639
Epilogue at Wallack's, An....Wayland 677
Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series
Holmes 159
Epitaph (from "The Fading Rose")
Freneau 3
Epithalamium....J. G. C. Brainard 76
Eternal Goodness, The....Whittier 135
Eternal Justice, The....A. R. Aldrich 720
Eternity....E. Dickinson 322
Et Mori Lucrum (from "God and the Soul")....J. L. Spalding 412
Europa....S. H. Thayer 407
Eutaw Springs....Freneau 3
Evanescence....Spofford 354
Evangeline (extracts)....H. W. Longfellow 116
Evangeline in Acadie (from "Evangeline")
H. W. Longfellow 116
Evelyn....R. Johnson 409
Evening....G. W. Doane 76
Evening Hymn....Furness 90
Evening in Tyringham Valley
R. W. Gilder 476
Evening Revery, An (extract)....Bryant 60
Evening Songs....Cheney 515
Evening Wind, The....Bryant 58
Every one to his own Way....Cheney 515
Evolution....Tabb 489
Exhortation....Hastings 19
Exhortation to Prayer....Mercer 85
Exile at Rest, The....Pierpont 34
Exiles....W. H. Hayne 613
Experience....Wharton 762
"Extras"....Burton 646

Fable for Critics, A (extract)
J. R. Lowell 205
Fair England....Cone 644
Faith....R. Palmer 153
Faith's Vista....Abbey 443
Faith Trembling....De Vere 448
Falcon, The....R. H. Stoddard 282
Fallow Field, The....Dorr 275
Falstaff's Song....Stedman 336
Fame....Tabb 490
Far Cry to Heaven, A....E. M. Thomas 575
Farewell, A....De Vere 448
Farewell, A....Monroe 662
Farewell, The....Whittier 128
Farewell to America, A....Wilde 27
Farewell to Cuba....M. G. Brooks 73
Farewell to Summer....Arnold 344
Far-off Rose, A....J. P. Peabody 747
Farragut....Meredith 457
Farther....J. J. Piatt 350
Fate....Block 565
Fate....S. M. Spalding 636
Fay's Sentence, The (from "The Culprit Fay")....Drake 42
Fear....L. E. Mitchell 686
Feminine....H. C. Bunner 599
Ferry, The....Boker 263
Fiat Lux....Mifflin 498
Fickle Hope....H. S. Morris 620
Fiction (from "Curiosity")....Sprague 50
Fight at the San Jacinto, The
J. W. Palmer 277
Fighting Race, The....J. I. C. Clarke 547
Finding of Gabriel, The (from "Evangeline")....H. W. Longfellow 118
Fire i' the Flint, The....L. Robinson 696
Firelight (from "Snow-Bound")
Whittier 137
First Quest, The (from "The Culprit Fay")....Drake 43
First Snow-Fall, The....J. R. Lowell 215
First Song, The....Burton 645
First Step, The....Saxton 672
Fisherman's Hymn, The....A. Wilson 12
Fisher's Boy, The....Thoreau 182
Flag goes by, The....H. H. Bennett 756
Fledglings....T. L. Harris 260
Flight....Cawein 711
Flight, The....Mifflin 498
Flight from the Convent, The....Tilton 362
Flight of the Arrow, The
R. H. Stoddard 286
Flight of the Heart, The....Goodale 722
Flight of the War-Eagle, The....Auringer 516
Flight of Youth, The....R. H. Stoddard 281
Flight Shot, A....M. Thompson 485
Flood of Years, The....Bryant 67
Flood-Time on the Marshes....Stein 695
Florence Vane....P. P. Cooke 197
Flower-Seller, The (from "Wishmaker's Town")....W. Young 506
Flown Soul, The....G. P. Lathrop 536
Flute, The....J. R. Taylor 723
Flying Fish....M. M. Fenollosa 739
Flying Islands of the Night (extract)
Riley 563
Fool's Prayer, The....Sill 419
Footnote to a Famous Lyric, A....Guiney 666
Forbearance....Emerson 94
Force....Sill 420
For Decoration Day....Hughes 736
Forefather, The....Burton 646
Forepledged....J. L. Spalding 412
Forerunners....Emerson 93
Forest Hymn, A....Bryant 55

Forgiven? ..... *Gillespy* 767
Forgiveness Lane ..... *M. G. Dickinson* 714
Forgiveness of Sins, a Joy unknown to Angels ..... *A. L. Hillhouse* 86
For Sale, a Horse ..... *C. E. Taylor* 768
Forthfaring ..... *W. Howells* 701
Fortunate One, The ..... *Monroe* 662
Four-Leaf Clover ..... *E. Higginson* 692
Four Things ..... *Van Dyke* 547
Four Winds, The ..... *Luders* 632
Fraternity ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 719
Freedom for the Mind .... *W. L. Garrison* 102
Friend and Lover ..... *De Vere* 449
Fringed Gentian ..... *E. Dickinson* 321
Fringilla Melodia, The ..... *Hirst* 175
From Generation to Generation *W. D. Howells* 386
Frost ..... *E. M. Thomas* 574
Fruitionless ..... *Coolbrith* 495
Fugitive Slave's Apostrophe to the North Star, The ..... *Pierpont* 33
Funeral of Time, The ..... *Hirst* 176

Garden and Cradle ..... *Eugene Field* 527
Garden where there is no Winter, The *Block* 564
Garrison ..... *A. B. Alcott* 79
Gazelle, A ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 286
General's Death, The ..... *J. O'Connor* 431
Genesis ..... *Ingham* 652
Genius ..... *E. A. White* 714
Gentian ..... *E. G. Crane* 772
George Washington ..... *Ingham* 652
Georgia Volunteer, A ... *M. A. Townsend* 331
Geronimo ..... *McGaffey* 670
Ghost-Flowers ..... *M. T. Higginson* 487
Ghosts ..... *Munkittrick* 551
Gift of Water, The ..... *Garland* 655
Gifts of God, The ..... *Very* 175
Gil, the Toreador ..... *Webb* 342
Girl of Pompeii, A ..... *Martin* 608
Give me not Tears ..... *R. H. Lathrop* 539
Give me the Splendid Silent Sun *W. Whitman* 225
Gloucester Harbor ..... *E. S. P. Ward* 482
God and the Soul (extracts) *J. L. Spalding* 412
God bless you, Dear, to-day! .. *J. Bennett* 712
God keep you ..... *De Vere* 449
God save the Nation ..... *Tilton* 361
God's Will ..... *Munger* 767
Golden Age, The ..... *E. F. Fenollosa* 585
Golden-Robin's Nest, The ..... *Chadwick* 416
Gold-of-Ophir Roses ..... *Dennen* 771
Gold-Seekers, The ..... *Garland* 656
Good-By, A ..... *E. P. C. Hayes* 751
Go sleep, ma Honey ..... *Barker* 680
Grand Ronde Valley, The .. *E. Higginson* 692
Grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, A ..... *Preston* 287
Graveyard Rabbit, The ..... *Stanton* 623
Green Isle of Lovers, The ..... *Sands* 89
Greeting of the Roses, The ..... *Garland* 656
Grizzly ..... *Harte* 404
Guerdon, The ..... *J. J. Piatt* 351
Guest, The ..... *H. McE. Kimball* 348
Guilielmus Rex ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 381
Gulf Stream ..... *S. C. Woolsey* 491

Habeas Corpus ..... *Jackson* 325
Hadad (extract) ..... *J. A. Hillhouse* 24
Hail Columbia ..... *Hopkinson* 14
Hand of Lincoln, The ..... *Stedman* 335
Handsel Ring, The ..... *Houghton* 525
Happiest Heart, The ..... *Cheney* 515
Harlequin of Dreams, The ..... *Lanier* 437
Harold the Valiant ..... *Stebbins* 188
Harriet Beecher Stowe ..... *Dunbar* 737
Harvest ..... *Cortissoz* 557
Hast thou heard the Nightingale? *R. W. Gilder* 476
Haunted Palace, The ..... *Poe* 149
Haunts of the Halcyon, The ..... *Luders* 632
Hawthorne ..... *A. B. Alcott* 78
Health, A ..... *Pinkney* 81
Health at the Ford, A ..... *Rogers* 690
"Heart of all the Scene, The" (from "Woodnotes") ..... *Emerson* 95
Heart of Oak ..... *Luders* 632
Heart's Summer, The ..... *E. Sargent* 177
Heart, we will forget him *E. Dickinson* 321
Heaven ..... *M. J. Dickinson* 715
Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose .... *Proctor* 399
Heavens are our Riddle, The ... *H. Bates* 721
Heaven's Magnificence ..... *Muhlenberg* 75
Heaviest Cross of all, The ..... *Conway* 567
Hebe ..... *J. R. Lowell* 204
He came too late ..... *Bogart* 682
He 'd nothing but his Violin ..... *Dallas* 580
Height of the Ridiculous, The .... *Holmes* 154
Helen ..... *Valentine* 731
Helen ..... *S. C. Woolsey* 491
Helen Hunt Jackson ..... *Coolbrith* 495
Helen Keller ..... *Stedman* 337
Helios ..... *Spingarn* 766
Heliotrope ..... *H. T. Peck* 621
He made us Free ..... *Egan* 544
Henry Ward Beecher ..... *C. H. Phelps* 548
Her Answer ..... *J. Bennett* 712
Heredity ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 380
Her Epitaph ..... *Parsons* 238
Her Horoscope ..... *M. A. Townsend* 330
Her Music ..... *M. J. Dickinson* 715
Heroes (from "The Song of Myself") *W. Whitman* 223
Heroic Age, The ..... *Gilder* 478
Hero of the Commune, The ..... *Preston* 286
Her Picture ..... *Cortissoz* 553
Her Shadow ..... *E. C. Pullen* 601
He who hath loved ..... *Malone* 716
Hey Nonny No ..... *Merington* 771
Hic Jacet ..... *Moulton* 357
"Hic Me, Pater Optime, Fessam Deseris" *L. Robinson* 696
Higher Good, The ..... *Parker* 166
High Tide at Gettysburg, The *W. H. Thompson* 508
His Majesty ..... *T. Brown* 680
His Mother's Joy ..... *Chadwick* 417
His Quest ..... *Tooker* 606
His Statement of the Case ..... *Morse* 426
Holiday, A ..... *Reese* 612
Hollyhock, A ..... *Sherman* 651
Hollyhocks, The ..... *Betts* 552
Home, Sweet Home! ..... *J. H. Payne* 85

Homeward Bound (from "Wild Eden") *Woodberry* 591
Homing, The *Rooney* 717
Honey dripping from the Comb *Riley* 563
Hope *W. D. Howells* 387
Horace *J. O. Sargent* 200
Hound, The (from "Song for the Jaquerie") *Lanier* 434
Hour of Peaceful Rest, The *Tappan* 87
House of a Hundred Lights, The (extracts) *Torrence* 752
House of Night, The (extract) *Freneau* 4
House on the Hill, The *E. A. Robinson* 729
Hudson, The *Hellman* 755
Human Plan, The *Crandall* 631
Humble-Bee, The *Emerson* 92
Hundred-Yard Dash, The *Lindsey* 638
Hunt, The *Spofford* 355
Hunter of the Prairies, The *Bryant* 59
Hymn *Dunbar* 738
Hymn for the Dedication of a Church *Norton* 29
Hymn of the Earth *Channing* 186
Hymn of Trust *Holmes* 159
Hymn to the Night *H. W. Longfellow* 111

Icarus *Koopman* 653
Ichabod *Whittier* 129
I count my Time by Times that I meet Thee *Gilder* 475
Ideal, The *Saltus* 523
Identity *T. B. Aldrich* 380
Idleness *S. W. Mitchell* 313
Idler, The *Very* 173
I Explain *S. Crane* 734
If *W. D. Howells* 387
If all the Voices of Men *Traubel* 639
I fear no Power Woman wields *McGaffey* 670
If I but knew *Leigh* 678
"If Spirits walk" *Jewett* 693
If still they live (from "The Inverted Torch") *E. M. Thomas* 576
I. H. B. *Winter* 373
Ike Walton's Prayer *Riley* 561
I know not why *Rosenfeld* 772
Immortal Flowers *Rice* 688
Immortality *Dana* 21
Immortality *Hardy* 506
Immortality *Reese* 610
Immutabilis *A. L. Bunner* 673
Implora Pace *Hildreth* 616
In a China Shop *Hellman* 768
In a Copy of Omar Khayyám *J. R. Lowell* 215
In a Garret *Allen* 328
Incipit Vita Nova *W. M. Payne* 627
In Clonmel Parish Churchyard *S. M. B. Piatt* 376
Incognita of Raphael *Butler* 306
In dat Great Gittin'-up Mornin' (*Negro Spiritual*) 459
In Death *Bradley* 363
India *Coates* 535
Indian Burying-Ground, The *Freneau* 4
Indian Summer *Tabb* 490
Indian's Welcome to the Pilgrim Fathers, The *Sigourney* 48
Indirection *Realf* 343
In Earliest Spring *W. D. Howells* 386
Inevitable, The *Bolton* 467
In Explanation *Learned* 503
Infallibility *Collier* 467
Infinity *P. H. Savage* 725
Infinity (from "The Song of Myself") *W. Whitman* 224
In Galilee *Butts* 468
In Hades *Brackett* 367
In Harbor *P. H. Hayne* 319
Inheritance *M. T. Higginson* 487
In Leinster *Guiney* 665
In Louisiana *Paine* 669
In Memory of General Grant *Abbey* 442
In Memory of John Lothrop Motley *Bryant* 67
In Mexico *Stein* 695
In November *A. R. Aldrich* 718
In Paradise *A. Bates* 533
In Rama *G. A. Townsend* 418
In School-Days *Whittier* 139
In Sleep *Burton* 647
Insomnia *E. M. Thomas* 575
In Sorrow *Hastings* 19
Inspiration *S. Johnson* 254
Inspiration *Thoreau* 182
In State (extract) *F. Willson* 389
International Copyright *J. R. Lowell* 215
International Episode, An *Duer* 729
In Tesla's Laboratory *R. U. Johnson* 550
In the Beginning *Monroe* 662
In the Dark *Bushnell* 346
In the Dark *M. T. Higginson* 486
In the Firelight *Eugene Field* 527
In the Grass *Garland* 654
In the Old Churchyard at Fredericksburg *Loring* 583
In the "Old South" *Whittier* 140
In the Still, Star-lit Night *E. Stoddard* 258
In the Twilight *J. R. Lowell* 217
In Time of Grief *Reese* 611
Into the Noiseless Country *Parsons* 239
In Vain *R. T. Cooke* 291
Inverted Torch, The (extracts) *E. M. Thomas* 576
Invocation *Stedman* 339
In Youth *Stein* 695
Iona *Coxe* 184
Io Victis *Story* 219
Ireland *J. J. Piatt* 351
Irish Wild-Flower, An *S. M. B. Piatt* 377
Iron Gate, The (extract) *Holmes* 162
I served in a Great Cause *Traubel* 638
Isolation *J. P. Peabody* 746
Israfel *Poe* 148
Iter Supremum *Hardy* 506
It is in Winter that we dream of Spring *R. B. Wilson* 531
It is not Death to die *Bethune* 192
I would not live alway *Muhlenberg* 74

Jack and Gill *Morgridge* 473
James McCosh *Bridges* 637
Jar, The *R. H. Stoddard* 282
J. B. *H. C. Bunner* 599
Jeannie Marsh *G. P. Morris* 84
Jesus *Parker* 166

"Jim" ..... *Harte* 405
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle (from "Pike County Ballads") ..... *J. Hay* 396
John Bright ..... *Gummere* 595
John Brown ..... *Koopman* 653
John Pelham ..... *Randall* 401
Joined the Blues ..... *Rooney* 716
Journey, The ..... *Hansbrough* 769
Joy ..... *R. H. Lathrop* 539
Joy Enough ..... *B. Eastman* 725
Joy of the Morning ..... *Markham* 543
Juanita ..... *J. Miller* 430
Judgment ..... *Channing-Stetson* 740
Judgment, The ..... *Goodale* 722
Judgment Day ..... *W. D. Howells* 387
Judith ..... *W. Young* 508
Jugurtha ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 125
June ..... *Bryant* 56

Kearny at Seven Pines ..... *Stedman* 335
Kearsarge, The ..... *Roche* 498
Keats (from an "Ode to England"). *Lord* 243
Keats ..... *Reese* 612
Keenan's Charge ..... *G. P. Lathrop* 538
Kelpius's Hymn ..... *A. Peterson* 582
Kentucky Babe ..... *Buck* 681
Khamsin ..... *Scollard* 659
Kitty's Laugh ..... *A. Bates* 534
Kitty's "No" ..... *A. Bates* 534
Kol Nidra (from "The Day of Atonement") ..... *Leiser* 747
Kree ..... *Gordon* 606
Ku Klux ..... *Cawein* 710

La Grisette ..... *Holmes* 155
Lake Superior ..... *Goodrich* 87
Lament of a Mocking-Bird ..... *Kemble* 163
Lament of Anastasius ..... *W. B. O. Peabody* 76
Lamp, The ..... *S. P. McL. Greene* 634
Lamp in the West, The ..... *E. Higginson* 692
Landor ..... *Albee* 332
Last Bowstrings, The ..... *E. A. White* 712
Last Cup of Canary, The ..... *Cone* 643
Last Days ..... *E. Stoddard* 259
Last Fight, The ..... *Tooker* 604
Last Furrow, The ..... *Markham* 542
Last Good-By, The ..... *Moulton* 357
Last Hunt, The ..... *W. R. Thayer* 640
Last Landlord, The ..... *Allen* 327
Last Leaf, The ..... *Holmes* 154
Last Prayer, A ..... *Jackson* 325
Last Reservation, The ..... *Learned* 502
Latter Day, The ..... *Hastings* 19
Laurana's Song ..... *Hovey* 705
Laura Sleeping ..... *Moulton* 356
Laus Veneris ..... *Moulton* 356
Leaves at my Window ..... *J. J. Piatt* 351
Leaves of Grass (from "The Song of Myself") ..... *W. Whitman* 222
Lenore ..... *Poe* 147
Les Morts vont vite ..... *H. C. Bunner* 598
Liberty ..... *J. Hay* 395
Liberty for All ..... *W. L. Garrison* 102
Library, The ..... *Sherman* 650
Life ..... *A. Brown* 626
Life ..... *E. Dickinson* 320
Life and Death ..... *L. C. Perry* 667
Life-Lesson, A ..... *Riley* 560
Life on the Ocean Wave, A ..... *E. Sargent* 177
Light'ood Fire, The ..... *Boner* 488
"Like as the Lark" ..... *Parsons* 241
Like to a Coin ..... *A. Bates* 534
Lily of Yorrow, The ..... *Van Dyke* 546
Lincoln (from the "Commemoration Ode") ..... *Monroe* 660
Lincoln's Grave (extract) ..... *M. Thompson* 486
Linen Bands ..... *V. Thompson* 691
Lines to a Blind Girl ..... *T. B. Read* 252
Lion's Cub, The ..... *M. Thompson* 483
Lip and the Heart, The ..... *J. Q. Adams* 13
Lise ..... *R. T. Cooke* 290
Little Alabama Coon ..... *Starr* 680
Little Beach-Bird, The ..... *Dana* 21
Little Boy Blue ..... *Eugene Field* 528
Little Boy's Vain Regret, A ..... *E. M. Thomas* 588
Little Breeches (from "Pike County Ballads") ..... *J. Hay* 397
Little Brother of the Rich, A ..... *Martin* 608
Little Child, The ..... *Paine* 669
Little Dutch Garden, A ..... *W. Whitney* 681
Little Elf, The ..... *Bangs* 693
Little Giffen ..... *Ticknor* 254
Little Guinever ..... *A. Fields* 347
Little Knight in Green, The ..... *K. L. Bates* 648
Little Nipper an' 'is Ma ..... *Gouraud* 764
Little Orphant Annie ..... *Riley* 562
Little Parable, A ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 720
Little Theocritus ..... *Paradise* 770
Little Way, A ..... *Stanton* 624
Little while I fain would linger yet, A ..... *P. H. Hayne* 319
Little Wild Baby ..... *Janvier* 579
Living Book, The ..... *C. F. Bates* 400
Living Memory, A ..... *Croffut* 464
Living Temple, The ..... *Holmes* 157
Lohengrin ..... *W. M. Payne* 628
Lonely-Bird, The ..... *H. S. Morris* 619
"Lonely Bugle grieves, The" (from "An Ode on the Celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825") ..... *Mellen* 89
Longfellow ..... *Riley* 564
Long Night, The ..... *H. B. Smith* 760
Look into the Gulf, A ..... *Markham* 542
Loon, The ..... *Street* 171
Lost Colors, The ..... *E. S. P. Ward* 481
Lost Genius, The ..... *J. J. Piatt* 352
Lost Pleiad, The ..... *Simms* 107
Louisa May Alcott ..... *Moulton* 358
Love ..... *Dickinson* 321
Love ..... *Trask* 671
Love and Death ..... *Deland* 624
Love and Life ..... *Lippmann* 707
Love and Poverty ..... *E. C. Pullen* 602
Love and Time ..... *Lloyd* 755
Love in the Winds ..... *Hovey* 705
Love is Strong ..... *Burton* 646
Love-Knot, The ..... *N. Perry* 424
Lover's Song, The ..... *Sill* 420
Lover, The ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 282
Love's Change ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 719
Love's Kiss ..... *H. Hay* 754
Love's Prayer ..... *Riley* 564

Love's Resurrection Day ..... *Moulton* 358
Love's Rosary ..... *Woodberry* 595
Loves she like me ..... *Woodworth* 20
Love's Wisdom ..... *Deland* 624
Love to the Church ..... *Dwight* 10
Love Unchangeable ..... *Dawes* 195
Love Unsought ..... *Embury* 195
Luke Havergal ..... *E. A. Robinson* 727
Lullaby ..... *Holland* 588
Lydia ..... *Reese* 609
Lyttel Boy, The ..... *Eugene Field* 528

Madame Hickory ..... *Larremore* 600
Madroño ..... *Harte* 407
Making of Man, The ..... *Chadwick* 415
Man and Nature ..... *Weeks* 415
Man by the Name of Bolus, A ..... *Riley* 563
Man in Nature ..... *W. R. Thayer* 641
Mannahatta ..... *W. Whitman* 226
Manor Lord, The ..... *Houghton* 526
Man's Pillow ..... *I. Browne* 360
Man who frets at Worldly Strife, The ..... *Drake* 47
Man with the Hoe, The ..... *Markham* 541
Man with the Hoe, The ..... *Cheney* 586
Many things thou hast given me, Dear Heart ..... *Rollins* 500
March ..... *Loveman* 763
March ..... *Webb* 342
Marco Bozzaris ..... *Halleck* 36
Margaret Fuller ..... *A. B. Alcott* 78
Mariposa Lily, The ..... *Coolbrith* 495
"Mark" ..... *McGaffey* 670
Marshes of Glynn, The ..... *Lanier* 435
Martyr's Memorial ..... *Guiney* 665
Mary Booth ..... *Parsons* 238
Maryland Battalion, The ..... *J. W. Palmer* 278
Masks ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
Massasauga, The ..... *Garland* 655
Massa's in de Cold Ground ..... *Foster* 289
Master's Invitation, The ..... *Randolph* 297
"Master Sky-Lark," Songs from ..... *J. Bennett* 711
Maud Muller ..... *Whittier* 131
Maurice de Guérin ..... *Egan* 543
May 30, 1893 ..... *Bangs* 693
Mayflower ..... *O'Reilly* 481
Mayflower, The ..... *Ellsworth* 256
May Morning ..... *Thaxter* 370
May Sun sheds an Amber Light, The ..... *Bryant* 63
Meadow Lark, The ..... *Garland* 654
Medusa ..... *Weeks* 414
Meeting after Long Absence (as she feared it would be) ..... *L. C. Perry* 667
Meeting after Long Absence (as it was) ..... *L. C. Perry* 667
Memnon ..... *Scollard* 659
Memorials ..... *Melville* 236
Memories ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
Memories ..... *Prentice* 84
Memory ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
Men behind the Guns, The ..... *Rooney* 717
Men of the North ..... *Neal* 52
Mercedes ..... *E. Stoddard* 259
Merlin ..... *Emerson* 94
Methinks the Measure ..... *Hutchison* 766

Midsummer ..... *Trowbridge* 294
Midwinter ..... *Trowbridge* 294
"Mighty Heart, The" (from "Wood-notes") ..... *Emerson* 96
Million Little Diamonds, A ..... *Butts* 588
Milton ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 124
Milton ..... *Mifflin* 496
Milton's Prayer of Patience ..... *E. L. Howell* 193
Mint Julep, The ..... *Hoffman* 111
Miss Nancy's Gown ..... *Cocke* 769
Mist ..... *Thoreau* 183
Miyoko San ..... *M. M. Fenollosa* 739
Mocking-Bird, The ..... *E. P. C. Hayes* 751
Mocking-Bird, The ..... *Lanier* 437
Mocking-Bird, The ..... *Stanton* 623
Mocking-Bird, The ..... *Stockard* 634
Modern Romans, The ..... *C. F. Johnson* 368
Mohammed and Seid ..... *H. S. Morris* 619
Mon-Goos, The ..... *Herford* 698
Montefiore ..... *Bierce* 444
Monterey ..... *Hoffman* 110
Mood, A ..... *W. Howells* 702
Mood, A ..... *Troubetskoy* 698
Moonlight in Italy ..... *Kinney* 169
Moonlight Song of the Mocking-Bird ..... *W. H. Hayne* 613
Moonrise ..... *Sherman* 651
Moonrise in the Rockies ..... *E. Higginson* 692
Moral in Sevres, A ..... *M. Howells* 743
Morgan ..... *Stedman* 338
Moritura ..... *Davidson* 760
Morn ..... *Jackson* 324
Morning ..... *E. Dickinson* 587
Morning ..... *P. H. Savage* 724
Morning Fancy ..... *M. W. Lowell* 740
Morning-Glory, The ..... *M. W. Lowell* 250
Morning in Camp ..... *Bashford* 735
Mors Benefica ..... *Stedman* 338
Mors et Vita ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 285
Mortifying Mistake, A ..... *Pratt* 588
Moss supplicateth for the Poet, The ..... *Dana* 22
Mother England ..... *E. M. Thomas* 575
Mother (from "Snow-Bound") ..... *Whittier* 137
Mother Goose Sonnets ..... *Morgridge* 473
Mother's Song, The ..... *Cloud* 657
Mother who died too, The ..... *E. M. Thomas* 575
Moth-Song ..... *Cortissoz* 553
Mountain to the Pine, The ..... *Hawkes* 762
Mountebanks, The ..... *Luders* 633
Mount Rainier ..... *Bashford* 736
Mower in Ohio, The ..... *J. J. Piatt* 349
Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" (from "The Biglow Papers") ..... *J. R. Lowell* 209
Mr. Merry's Lament for "Long Tom" ..... *J. G. C. Brainard* 75
Mrs. Golightly ..... *Hall* 699
Mulford ..... *Whittier* 141
Music and Memory ..... *Albee* 332
Music in Camp ..... *J. R. Thompson* 264
Music in the Night ..... *Spofford* 354
Music of Hungary ..... *A. R. Aldrich* 718
Music of the Night ..... *Neal* 52
My Autumn Walk ..... *Bryant* 65
My Babes in the Wood ..... *S. M. B. Piatt* 374
My Bird ..... *Judson* 184
My Birth ..... *M. J. Savage* 466

My Books ... *H. W. Longfellow* 126
My Brigantine ... *Cooper* 30
My Cat-Bird ... *Venable* 366
My Child ... *Pierpont* 35
My Comrade ... *Markham* 542
My Comrade ... *Roche* 499
My Country (extract) ... *Woodberry* 593
"My Dearling" ... *Allen* 327
My Enemy ... *Brotherton* 501
My Fatherland ... *Lawton* 567
My Father's Child ... *Bloede* 492
My Honey, My Love ... *J. C. Harris* 514
My Laddie's Hounds ... *Easter* 471
My Letter ... *Litchfield* 521
My Little Girl ... *S. M. Peck* 577
My Little Neighbor ... *M. A. Mason* 633
My Lost Youth ... *H. W. Longfellow* 121
My Maryland ... *Randall* 400
My Mother's Bible ... *G. P. Morris* 83
My New World ... *I. Browne* 359
My Old Counselor ... *Hall* 700
My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night *Foster* 288
My Other Me ... *Litchfield* 521
My Queen ... *Winter* 371
My Rose ... *H. Hawthorne* 744
Myself (from "The Song of Myself") *W. Whitman* 221
Mystery, The ... *L. Whiting* 582
My Uninvited Guest ... *M. R. Smith* 441

Name in the Sand, A ... *Gould* 30
National Paintings, The (extract) ... *Drake* 46
Nature ... *Dickinson* 321
Nature ... *H. W. Longfellow* 124
Nature and the Child (from "God and the Soul") ... *J. L. Spalding* 412
Nature: the Artist ... *Knowles* 727
Near the Lake ... *G. P. Morris* 83
Nearer Home ... *Phœbe Cary* 297
Negro Spirituals ... 459
New Arrival, The ... *Cable* 589
New Castalia, The ... *W. H. Ward* 358
New England ... *Percival* 70
New England ... *Prentice* 84
New England's Dead ... *McClellan* 190
New Ezekiel, The ... *Lazarus* 520
News, The (from "Curiosity") ... *Sprague* 50
New World, The ... *Very* 174
Night after Night ... *Bloede* 492
Night and Day ... *Lanier* 434
Night-Blooming Cereus, The ... *Monroe* 662
Nightfall in Dordrecht ... *Eugene Field* 527
Night in Camp ... *Bashford* 735
Night in Lesbos, A ... *Horton* 675
Night Mists ... *W. H. Hayne* 613
Night Watch, The ... *Winter* 371
Night-Wind ... *Lloyd* 756
Nihil Humani Alienum ... *Coan* 423
Noel ... *R. W. Gilder* 478
"No Hint of Stain" (from "An Ode in Time of Hesitation") ... *Moody* 726
Not Knowing ... *M. G. Brainard* 469
November ... *E. Stoddard* 257
Now ... *M. B. Dodge* 463
Now I lay me down to sleep ... *E. H. Pullen* 470
Now is the Cherry in blossom ... *Wilkins* 770

Obituary ... *Parsons* 240
O Captain! My Captain! ... *W. Whitman* 231
October in Tennessee ... *Malone* 715
Ode ... *Emerson* 100
Ode ... *R. W. Gilder* 474
Ode, An ... *T. B. Aldrich* 385
Ode, An, on the Celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825 (extract) ... *Mellen* 89
Ode for a Master Mariner Ashore ... *Guiney* 664
Ode for Decoration Day, An (extract) *Peterson* 180
Ode in Time of Hesitation, An (extracts) *Moody* 726
Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration ... *J. R. Lowell* 209
Ode to a Butterfly ... *T. W. Higginson* 267
Ode to England (extracts) ... *Lord* 243
Ode to Fortune ... *Halleck and Drake* 47
O Earth! Art thou not weary? ... *Dorr* 276
O Fairest of the Rural Maids ... *Bryant* 54
Of Joan's Youth ... *Guiney* 666
Of one who neither sees nor hears *R. W. Gilder* 477
Of one who seemed to have failed *S. W. Mitchell* 312
Of the Lost Ship ... *E. R. White* 757
O, Inexpressible as Sweet (from "Wild Eden") ... *Woodberry* 591
Old ... *Hoyt* 108
Old-Fashioned Garden, The (extract) *J. R. Hayes* 721
Old Flemish Lace ... *A. W. Carpenter* 411
Old Folks at Home ... *Foster* 288
Old Ironsides ... *Holmes* 153
Old Man and Jim, The ... *Riley* 559
Old Man's Carousal, The ... *Paulding* 17
Old Man's Idyl, An ... *Realf* 343
Old Mill, The ... *English* 232
Old Road, The ... *Very* 174
Old Sergeant, The ... *F. Willson* 388
Old Sexton, The ... *Benjamin* 681
Old Song reversed, An ... *R. H. Stoddard* 285
Old Street, An ... *Cloud* 657
Old Thought, An ... *Luders* 632
Old Violin, The ... *Egan* 544
O Little Town of Bethlehem ... *P. Brooks* 468
Olivia ... *Pollock* 300
On a Boy's First Reading of "King Henry V" ... *S. W. Mitchell* 311
On a Bust of Dante ... *Parsons* 237
On a Cast from an Antique ... *Pellew* 648
On a Dead Poet ... *Osgood* 170
On a Ferry Boat ... *Burton* 645
On a Grave in Christ-Church, Hants *O. F. Adams* 654
On a Great Man whose Mind is clouding *Stedman* 338
On a Greek Vase ... *Sherman* 650
On a Magazine Sonnet ... *Loines* 768
On a Miniature ... *H. A. Beers* 504
On a Piece of Tapestry ... *Santayana* 761
On a Portrait of Columbus ... *Woodberry* 594
On a Travelling Speculator ... *Freneau* 6
Once before ... *M. M. Dodge* 393
One Country ... *Stanton* 622
One Saturday ... *A. D. Robinson* 470

One Way of trusting ..... *H. P. Kimball* 669
On first entering Westminster Abbey *Guiney* 665
On Kingston Bridge ..... *Cortissoz* 553
On Lebanon ..... *Gray* 377
On lending a Punch-Bowl ..... *Holmes* 155
Only One ..... *G. Cooper* 588
On One who died in May ..... *C. C. Cook* 306
Open Secret, An ..... *C. A. Mason* 463
On reading ——..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
On reading a Poet's First Book *H. C. Bunner* 598
On Sivori's Violin ..... *Osgood* 170
On Snow-Flakes melting on his Lady's Breast ..... *W. M. Johnson* 28
On Some Buttercups ..... *Sherman* 650
On the Atchafalaya (from "Evangeline") ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 117
On the Campagna ..... *E. Stoddard* 259
On the Death of a Metaphysician *Santayana* 761
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake *Halleck* 37
On the Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft *Riley* 561
On the Death of my Son Charles . *Webster* 28
On the Defeat of a Great Man ..... *Lord* 244
On the Fly-Leaf of Manon Lescaut *Learned* 502
On the Heights ..... *Foote* 360
On the late S. T. Coleridge..... *Allston* 18
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln *R. W. Gilder* 475
On the Plains ..... *F. Brooks* 763
On the Proposal to erect a Monument in England to Lord Byron ..... *Lazarus* 518
On the Road..... *Dunbar* 738
On the Road to Chorrera ..... *A. Bates* 534
On the Ruins of a Country Inn... *Freneau* 5
On the Slain at Chickamauga .... *Melville* 236
On the Verge ..... *Winter* 371
On waking from a Dreamless Sleep *A. Fields* 346
Open Secret, An..... *C. A. Mason* 463
Opportunity ..... *Cawein* 710
Opportunity ..... *Ingalls* 466
Or ever the Earth was (from the "Book of Day-Dreams").. *C. L. Moore* 571
Oriental Songs ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
O, struck beneath the Laurel (from "Wild Eden") ..... *Woodberry* 592
Other One, The ..... *H. T. Peck* 622
Other World, The ..... *Stowe* 194
Our Orders ..... *J. W. Howe* 221
Our Two Opinions ..... *Eugene Field* 529
Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking *W. Whitman* 227
Out of the Old House, Nancy .... *Carleton* 493
Outward Bound ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 382
Over their Graves ..... *Stockard* 634
O ye Sweet Heavens..... *Parsons* 241

Painted Fan, A..... *Moulton* 356
Palabras Cariñosas ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 380
Palace of the Gnomes (from "Zophiel") *M. G. Brooks* 71
Palinode..... *J. R. Lowell* 216
Pamela in Town ..... *Cortissoz* 555
Pan in Wall Street..... *Stedman* 334
Paradisi Gloria ..... *Parsons* 241
Paraphrase of Luther's Hymn ..... *Hedge* 192
Parrhasius..... *Willis* 102
Parting ..... *E. Dickinson* 320
Parting Glass, The..... *Freneau* 5
Parting of the Ways, The ... *J. B. Gilder* 773
Passing Bell at Stratford, The .... *Winter* 373
Past..... *W. Howells* 702
Past, The ..... *Bryant* 57
Pastel ..... *Saltus* 523
Pasture, A ..... *Knowles* 727
Pawns, The (from "Wishmaker's Town") ..... *W. Young* 507
Pax Paganica ..... *Guiney* 665
Peaks, The ..... *S. Crane* 733
Perdita..... *Coates* 535
Persicos Odi..... *Merrill* 769
Peter Cooper ..... *J. Miller* 429
Petition, A..... *T. B. Aldrich* 385
Petrified Fern, The ..... *Branch* 461
Phantoms All ..... *Spofford* 353
Philomel to Corydon ..... *W. Young* 508
"Picciola" ..... *Newell* 456
Pike County Ballads (extracts) ... *J. Hay* 396
Pilgrim Fathers, The ..... *Pierpont* 35
Pilgrim, The ..... *Palfrey* 298
Pines, The ..... *Lippmann* 707
Pines, The..... *Spofford* 354
Pines and the Sea, The ..... *Cranch* 173
Pine-Tree Buoy, A ..... *H. S. Morris* 619
Pioneers ..... *Garland* 654
Pitcher of Mignonette, A... *H. C. Bunner* 597
Pity of the Leaves, The .. *E. A. Robinson* 728
Plain Man's Dream, A..... *Keppel* 672
Plantation Ditty, A ..... *Stanton* 623
Planting of the Apple-Tree, The .. *Bryant* 62
Plato to Theon..... *Freneau* 8
Plough-Hands' Song, The ... *J. C. Harris* 513
Poe's Cottage at Fordham ..... *Boner* 487
Poet, The..... *Bryant* 64
Poet, The..... *C. Mathews* 201
Poet and Lark..... *De Vere* 449
Poet and the Child, The ..... *W. Howells* 701
Poet of Earth ..... *S. H. Thayer* 408
Poetry..... *Markham* 542
Poetry..... *Foote* 360
Poet's Hope, A (extract)..... *Channing* 185
Poet's Secret, The..... *E. Stoddard* 257
Polar Quest, The ..... *Burton* 647
Poppies in the Wheat..... *Jackson* 325
Portrait, A..... *Duer* 730
Posthumous..... *H. A. Beers* 503
Post-Meridian ..... *W. P. Garrison* 465
Power ..... *Collier* 467
Prairie..... *H. Bates* 720
Praise-God Barebones..... *Cortissoz* 554
Prayer..... *C. F. Richardson* 540
Prayer, A..... *Sill* 421
Pray for the Dead..... *Eaton* 578
Praxiteles and Phryne..... *Story* 220
Prelude..... *Stedman* 2
Prelude..... *J. P. Peabody* 745
Prescience ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 383
Presentiment ..... *Bierce* 444
Priest's Prayer, A..... *M. G. Dickinson* 714

Private Devotion.....*P. H. Brown* 28
Problem, The.....*Emerson* 91
Processional.....*James* 733
Proem.....*Cawein* 708
Proem.....*Herford* 697
Proem.....*Whittier* 128
Proem, A.....*S. Ward* 200
Prophecy, A (from "Lincoln's Grave") *M. Thompson* 486
Prophetess (from "Snow-Bound") *Whittier* 138
Psalm of Life, A.....*H. W. Longfellow* 112
Purpose.....*J. J. Piatt* 353
Purpose (from "To a Writer of the Day") *L. E. Mitchell* 685
Pyxidanthera, The.....*Bristol* 460

Quakeress Bride, The.....*Kinney* 167
Quaker Graveyard, The....*S. W. Mitchell* 313
Quaker Ladies.....*Cortissoz* 555
Quaker Widow, The.....*B. Taylor* 273
Quatorzain.....*Timrod* 316
Quatrain, A.....*Sherman* 651
Quest (from "Corda Concordia") *Stedman* 339
Quiet Pilgrim, The.....*E. M. Thomas* 572
Quits.....*T. B. Aldrich* 385

Ráhat, The.....*Rooney* 718
Rain-Crow, The.....*Cawein* 708
Rare Moments.....*C. H. Phelps* 549
Raven, The.....*Poe* 144
Reality.....*M. G. Dickinson* 714
Recognition.....*Chadwick* 416
Recollection.....*A. R. Aldrich* 719
Recollection.....*A. W. Carpenter* 410
Reconciliation.....*C. A. Mason* 463
Recrimination.....*Wilcox* 615
Recruit, The.....*Chambers* 764
Red Jacket.....*Halleck* 40
Reed, The.....*H. B. Carpenter* 413
Reincarnation.....*Sickels* 469
Remembrance.....*Boner* 488
Remembrance.....*G. P. Lathrop* 537
Remembrance, A.....*Clarke* 197
Reminiscence.....*T. B. Aldrich* 382
Republic, The (from "The Building of the Ship").....*H. W. Longfellow* 119
Requiem.....*Lunt* 189
Reserve.....*Reese* 612
Reserve.....*M. A. Townsend* 330
Respite, The (from "Zophiel") *M. G. Brooks* 72
Retort.....*Dunbar* 737
Return, The.....*A. Fields* 347
Return of Napoleon from St. Helena, The *Sigourney* 48
Revealed.....*Koopman* 653
Reveille.....*M. O'Connor* 457
Rhodora, The.....*Emerson* 92
Rhœcus (extract).....*J. R. Lowell* 202
Richard Somers.....*B. Eastman* 725
Ride to Cherokee, The..*A. W. Carpenter* 410
Ride to the Lady, The.....*Cone* 642
Riding Down.....*N. Perry* 424
Rinaldo.....*Peterson* 181
"Rise," A.....*McGaffey* 670
Rise of Man, The.....*Chadwick* 417
River-Fight (extract).....*Brownell* 245
Robert Gould Shaw (from "An Ode in Time of Hesitation").....*Moody* 726
Robin Redbreast.....*G. W. Doane* 76
Robinson Crusoe.....*C. E. Carryl* 433
Robin's Secret.....*K. L. Bates* 647
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep..*Willard* 29
Rock me to sleep.....*Allen* 329
Roll-Call.....*Shepherd* 456
Roll, Jordan, Roll.....(*Negro Spiritual*) 459
Roll out, O Song.....*F. Sewall* 469
Romance.....*M. Howells* 742
Room's Width, The.....*E. S. P. Ward* 482
Rosalie.....*Allston* 18
Rosary, The.....*Rogers* 691
Rose and Root.....*J. J. Piatt* 350
Rose and Thorn, The.....*P. H. Hayne* 319
Rose of Stars, The (from "Wild Eden") *Woodberry* 591
Rose's Cup, The.....*Sherman* 651
Roses of Memory.....*Gordon* 607
Roslin and Hawthornden.....*Van Dyke* 546
Royal Mummy to Bohemia, The *C. W. Stoddard* 445
Rubric.....*J. P. Peabody* 746
Russia.....*Dole* 545
Russian Fantasy, A.....*Dole* 545

Salem.....*Stedman* 336
Sambo's Right to be Kilt.....*Halpine* 454
Samuel Hoar.....*Sanborn* 326
Sanctuary.....*Guiney* 667
Sandpiper, The.....*Thaxter* 369
Sandy Hook.....*Houghton* 525
Santa Barbara.....*F. F. Browne* 447
Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth at "The Players".....*T. B. Aldrich* 381
Sassafras.....*S. M. Peck* 576
Satirist, The.....*Koopman* 653
Saturninus.....*Conway* 568
Savage, A.....*O'Reilly* 480
'Scaped.....*S. Crane* 733
Scarlet Tanager, The.....*Benton* 326
Scarlet Tanager, The.....*M. A. Mason* 633
School Girl, The.....*Venable* 366
Scurrilous Scribe, The.....*Freneau* 6
Sea, The.....*R. H. Stoddard* 280
Sea and Shore.....*Koopman* 652
Sea-Birds.....*Allen* 327
Sea Irony.....*Heaton* 677
Search, The.....*Crosby* 621
Sea-Sleep.....*T. L. Harris* 261
Sea's Spell, The.....*S. M. Spalding* 636
Seaward.....*Thaxter* 369
Seaward (from "Wild Eden").....*Woodberry* 592
Sea-Way.....*Cortissoz* 557
Sea-Weed, The.....*E. C. Pullen* 603
Second Mate, The.....*O'Brien* 303
Second Quest, The (from "The Culprit Fay").....*Drake* 44
Second Volume, The.....*Bell* 649
Secret, The.....*E. Dickinson* 322
Secret, The (from "Wild Eden") *Woodberry* 590
Seeker in the Marshes, The.....*Dawson* 603
Segovia and Madrid.....*R. T. Cooke* 289
Sent with a Rose to a Young Lady *Deland* 624

Separation ... *A. L. Bunner* 673
Separation ... *M. G. Dickinson* 715
Serenade, A ... *Pinkney* 82
Serenade (from "The Spanish Student") ... *H. W. Longfellow* 115
Sesostris ... *Mifflin* 497
Settler, The ... *Street* 171
Shadow, The ... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
Shadow Dance, The ... *Moulton* 356
Shadow-Evidence ... *M. M. Dodge* 394
Shadow of the Night, A ... *T. B. Aldrich* 381
Shadow Rose, The ... *Rogers* 690
Shadows, The ... *Sherman* 651
Shakespeare ... *Blood* 391
Shamrock, The ... *Egan* 544
She came and went ... *J. R. Lowell* 204
Sherman ... *R. W. Gilder* 476
She was a Beauty ... *H. C. Bunner* 597
Ship, The ... *Mifflin* 496
Sidney Godolphin ... *Scollard* 658
Sigh, A ... *Spofford* 354
Sigh not for Love ... *H. Hay* 754
Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim, A ... *W. Whitman* 231
Si Jeunesse savait ... *Stedman* 338
Silence ... *Morse* 425
Silence ... *J. L. Spalding* 412
Silkweed ... *P. H. Savage* 724
Simple Simon ... *Morgridge* 473
"Since Cleopatra died" ... *T. W. Higginson* 269
Sinfonia Eroica ... *James* 732
Sing again ... *Van Vorst* 773
Singer of One Song, The ... *H. A. Beers* 505
Sinless Child, The (extract) ... *E. O. Smith* 126
Sir Marmaduke's Musings ... *Tilton* 363
Sister (from "Snow-Bound") ... *Whittier* 138
Sisters, The ... *Tabb* 489
Skeleton at the Feast, The ... *Roche* 499
Skeleton in Armor, The ... *H. W. Longfellow* 112
Skilful Listener, The ... *Cheney* 516
Skipper Ireson's Ride ... *Whittier* 133
Sky, The ... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
Sky-Lark's Song, The (from "Master Sky-Lark") ... *J. Bennett* 711
Sleep ... *T. B. Aldrich* 383
Sleep ... *A. Brown* 627
Sleep ... *Tooker* 606
"Sleep and his Brother Death" ... *W. H. Hayne* 613
Sleeper, The ... *Poe* 146
Sleeping Priestess of Aphrodite, A ... *Rogers* 689
Sleighing Song ... *Shaw* 15
Small and Early ... *Jenks* 625
Smiling Demon of Notre Dame, A ... *Jewett* 694
Smoke ... *Thoreau* 183
Smooth Divine, The ... *Dwight* 9
Snow-Bound (extracts) ... *Whittier* 137
Snowflakes ... *M. M. Dodge* 587
"Snowing of the Pines, The" ... *T. W. Higginson* 268
Snow-Storm, The ... *Emerson* 93
Society upon the Stanislaus, The ... *Harte* 405
Soldier Poet, A ... *R. Johnson* 409
Soldier's Grave, A ... *Albee* 332
Solitude ... *F. Peterson* 677
Solitude ... *P. H. Savage* 724
Song ... *Jewett* 694
Song ... *M. W. Lowell* 249
Song ... *A. D. Miller* 730
Song ... *Osgood* 170
Song ... *Pinkney* 81
Song ... *Shaw* 14
Song ... *B. Taylor* 272
Song ... *Thaxter* 370
Song ... *F. W. Thomas* 196
Song ... *Williams* 483
Song, A ... *H. Hawthorne* 744
Song, The ... *Erskine* 767
Song about Singing, A ... *A. R. Aldrich* 718
Song and Science ... *Shinn* 628
Song before Grief, A ... *R. H. Lathrop* 540
Song for Lexington, A ... *Weeks* 415
Song for the asking, A ... *Ticknor* 253
Song for "The Jaquerie" (extracts) *Lanier* 433
Song from a Drama ... *Stedman* 333
Song from "Ben Hur" ... *Wallace* 678
Song in March ... *Simms* 107
Song in the Dell, The ... *C. E. Carryl* 432
Song of a Heathen, The ... *R. W. Gilder* 478
Song of Arno, A ... *Channing-Stetson* 741
Song of Egla ... *M. G. Brooks* 73
Song of Eros, in "Agathon" ... *Woodberry* 595
Song of Hiawatha, The (extract) ... *H. W. Longfellow* 119
Song of Myself, The (extracts) *W. Whitman* 221
Song of Riches, A ... *K. L. Bates* 648
Song of the Ancient People, The (extract) ... *Proctor* 398
Song of the Camp, The ... *B. Taylor* 274
Song of the Chattahoochee ... *Lanier* 434
Song of the Elfin Steersman ... *Hill* 88
Song of the Hunt, The (from "Master Sky-Lark") ... *J. Bennett* 712
Song of the Palm ... *T. Robinson* 340
Song of the Sons of Esau, The ... *Runkle* 758
Song of the Turnkey, The ... *H. B. Smith* 679
Song of the Wave, A ... *Lodge* 743
Song of Thyrsis ... *Freneau* 3
Song of Two Angels, A ... *Richards* 524
Songs ... *R. W. Gilder* 475
Songs (from "Master Sky-Lark") ... *J. Bennett* 711
Song's Worth, A ... *S. M. Spalding* 636
"Song, to the Gods, is Sweetest Sacrifice" ... *A. Fields* 348
Song with a Discord, A ... *Colton* 723
Song, Youth, and Sorrow ... *Lawton* 567
Sonnet, A ... *A. D. Miller* 731
Sonnet, A ... *Troubetskoy* 699
Sonnet, The ... *R. W. Gilder* 476
Sonnet in a Garden ... *J. P. Peabody* 745
Sonnets (from the series relating to Edgar Allan Poe) ... *S. H. Whitman* 101
Sorrow ... *Trask* 671
So slow to die (from "Wild Eden") ... *Woodberry* 592
Soul, The ... *Cawein* 710
Soul and Sense ... *H. P. Kimball* 669
Soul in the Body, The ... *E. M. Thomas* 574
Soul of Man, The ... *Goodale* 722
Soul of the World, The ... *Crosby* 621
Soul unto Soul glooms darkling (from the "Book of Day-Dreams") ... *C. L. Moore* 570

Soul's Defiance, The ..... *L. Stoddard* 29
Soul, wherefore fret thee? ..... *Bloede* 492
Southern Girl, A ..... *S. M. Peck* 577
Southern Snow-Bird, The .. *W. H. Hayne* 612
South-Wind ..... *G. P. Lathrop* 537
Sovereigns, The ..... *Mifflin* 496
So wags the World ..... *Cortissoz* 554
Spanish Student, The (extract) *H. W. Longfellow* 115
Sparkling and Bright ..... *Hoffman* 110
Sphinx, The ..... *Brownell* 247
Sphinx speaks, The ..... *Saltus* 522
Spinner, The ..... *De Vere* 448
Spirit of the Fall, The ..... *Dandridge* 640
Spirit of the Maine, The ..... *Jenks* 625
Spirit of the Wheat, The ..... *Valentine* 731
Spray of Honeysuckle, A ..... *Bradley* 364
Spring ..... *Loveman* 763
Spring Beauties, The ..... *Cone* 644
Stab, The ..... *Harney* 323
Stanza from an Early Poem ..... *Cranch* 173
Stanza on Freedom, A ..... *J. R. Lowell* 203
Stanzas ..... *Wilde* 27
Starlight ..... *Chadwick* 416
Star of Calvary, The ..... *N. Hawthorne* 191
Starry Host, The ..... *J. L. Spalding* 411
Stars, The ..... *M. M. Dodge* 393
Stars begin to fall ..... *(Negro Spiritual)* 459
Star-Spangled Banner, The ..... *Key* 16
Statue of Lorenzo de' Medici, The *Nesmith* 674
Stella ..... *Crandall* 631
Stevenson's Birthday ..... *K. Miller* 761
Still though the One I sing .. *W. Whitman* 221
Stirrup-Cup, The ..... *J. Hay* 398
Stirrup-Cup, The ..... *Lanier* 434
Stonewall Jackson ..... *Flash* 455
Stonewall Jackson's Way .. *J. W. Palmer* 277
Stone Walls ..... *Lippmann* 707
Storm in the Distance, A ... *P. H. Hayne* 318
Strip of Blue, A ..... *Larcom* 299
Strong, The ..... *Cheney* 515
Strong Heroic Line, The ..... *Holmes* 161
Succession, The ..... *Mace* 684
Such is the Death the Soldier dies *R. B. Wilson* 532
"Such Stuff as Dreams are made of" *T. W. Higginson* 269
Summer Night, A ..... *E. Stoddard* 259
Summer Sanctuary, A ..... *Ingham* 652
Sunflower to the Sun, The ..... *Stebbins* 188
Sunrise ..... *Lanier* 437
Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma *M. M. Fenollosa* 739
Sunrise of the Poor, The ... *R. B. Wilson* 532
Sunset ..... *Bashford* 736
Sunset, A ..... *Loveman* 763
Sunshine of the Gods, The (extract) *B. Taylor* 275
Sunshine of thine Eyes, The *G. P. Lathrop* 537
Surrender of Spain, The ..... *J. Hay* 396
Survival ..... *Coates* 535
Swamp Fox, The ..... *Simms* 106
Swan Song of Parson Avery, The *Whittier* 134
Sweets that die ..... *L. E. Mitchell* 686
Swing low, Sweet Chariot *(Negro Spiritual)* 459
Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible Raven, The ..... *G. W. Carryl* 742
Symbols ..... *V. Thompson* 691

Tacita ..... *Kenyon* 630
Tacking Ship off Shore ..... *W. Mitchell* 302
T. A. H. ..... *Bierce* 444
Taliesin: A Masque (extract) ..... *Hovey* 706
Tannhäuser ..... *W. M. Payne* 627
Tears ..... *Reese* 610
Tears in Spring ..... *Channing* 187
Tears of the Poplars, The .. *E. M. Thomas* 572
Technique (from "To a Writer of the Day") ..... *L. E. Mitchell* 685
Telling the Bees ..... *Reese* 611
Tell Me (from "The Inverted Torch") *E. M. Thomas* 576
Tellus ..... *Huntington* 390
Tempted ..... *Sill* 420
Tennessee ..... *F. Brooks* 763
Tennyson ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 381
Tennyson ..... *Coates* 536
Tennyson ..... *Van Dyke* 547
Terminus ..... *Emerson* 97
Term of Death, The ..... *S. M. B. Piatt* 377
Test, The ..... *Emerson* 101
Thalatta! Thalatta! ..... *J. B. Brown* 305
Thalia ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 384
Thanatopsis ..... *Bryant* 53
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor, The *Butterworth* 450
That such have died ..... *E. Dickinson* 322
Thefts of the Morning ..... *E. M. Thomas* 574
Then and Now ..... *C. F. Johnson* 368
Then shall we see (from the "Book of Day-Dreams") ..... *C. L. Moore* 571
Theocritus ..... *A. Fields* 347
Theseus and Ariadne ..... *Mifflin* 496
Thisbe ..... *Cone* 643
Thistle-Down ..... *C. D. Bates* 587
Thomas à Kempis ..... *Bowker* 582
Thomas à Kempis ..... *Reese* 610
Thoralf and Synnöv ..... *Boyeson* 512
Thoreau ..... *A. B. Alcott* 78
Thoreau's Flute ..... *L. M. Alcott* 465
Thoughts on the Commandments .. *Baker* 589
Thou livest, O Soul! (from the "Book of Day-Dreams") ..... *C. L. Moore* 571
Threnody ..... *Emerson* 97
Threnody, A ..... *Lanigan* 473
Tide rises, the Tide falls, The *H. W. Longfellow* 125
Time ..... *Collier* 467
Time and Eternity ..... *Dickinson* 322
'T is but a Little Faded Flower *Howarth* 300
To Abraham Lincoln ..... *J. J. Piatt* 350
To a Caty-Did ..... *Freneau* 7
To a Cherokee Rose ..... *W. H. Hayne* 612
To a Child ..... *Montgomery* 614
To a Crow ..... *R. B. Wilson* 531
To a Honey Bee ..... *Freneau* 7
To a Hurt Child ..... *Litchfield* 521
To a June Breeze ..... *H. C. Bunner* 599
To a Lady ..... *Parsons* 240

To a Lady ..... *J. J. Piatt* 351
To a Lily ..... *Legaré* 267
To a Magnolia Flower in the Garden of the Armenian Convent at Venice ..... *S. W. Mitchell* 311
To a Maple Seed ..... *Mifflin* 497
To a Moth ..... *C. E. Thomas* 765
To an Autumn Leaf ..... *A. Mathews* 305
To an Imperilled Traveller ..... *Dole* 545
To an Obscure Poet who lives on my Hearth ..... *Hildreth* 616
To an Old Venetian Wine-Glass ..... *Mifflin* 496
To a Rose ..... *Sherman* 650
To a Town Poet ..... *Reese* 611
To a Waterfowl ..... *Bryant* 54
To a Wild Rose found in October ..... *E. P. C. Hayes* 750
To a Wind-Flower ..... *Cawein* 709
To a Withered Rose ..... *Bangs* 693
To a Writer of the Day (extracts) ..... *L. E. Mitchell* 685
To a Young Child ..... *Scudder* 298
To a Young Girl dying ..... *Parsons* 239
To Critics ..... *Learned* 503
To Demeter ..... *Fleming* 566
To Diane ..... *H. Hay* 753
To Duty ..... *T. W. Higginson* 268
To England ..... *Boker* 263
To England ..... *C. L. Moore* 569
To Faustine ..... *Colton* 724
To Giulia Grisi ..... *Willis* 106
To Hafiz ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 379
To Helen ..... *Poe* 144
To his Countrymen (from "A Fable for Critics") ..... *J. R. Lowell* 205
To Imagination ..... *E. M. Thomas* 575
To Jessie's Dancing Feet ..... *W. DeL. Ellwanger* 590
To John Greenleaf Whittier ..... *W. H. Ward* 358
To Leuconöe (from "Echoes from the Sabine Farm") ..... *Eugene Field* 530
To Miguel de Cervantes Saavadra ..... *Munkittrick* 552
To-Morrow ..... *Coates* 536
To M. T. ..... *B. Taylor* 275
To my Lady ..... *Boker* 263
To-Night ..... *Moulton* 355
Too late ..... *E. Dickinson* 322
To One being Old ..... *L. E. Mitchell* 687
To One in Paradise ..... *Poe* 147
To O. S. C. ..... *Trumbull* 672
Torch Bearers, The (extract) ..... *A. Bates* 533
Torch-Light in Autumn ..... *J. J. Piatt* 351
Torn Hat, The ..... *Willis* 105
To Rosina Pico ..... *Lord* 244
To Russia ..... *J. Miller* 429
To Sally ..... *J. Q. Adams* 13
To Shakespeare ..... *R. E. Day* 543
To Shelley ..... *Tabb* 489
To Sleep ..... *Fleming* 566
To Sleep ..... *Osgood* 169
To St. Mary Magdalen ..... *B. D. Hill* 470
To the Boy ..... *Kinney* 167
To the Fountain of Bandusia (from "Echoes from the Sabine Farm") ..... *Eugene Field* 530
To the Fringed Gentian ..... *Bryant* 59
To the Man-of-War-Bird ..... *W. Whitman* 230
To the Milkweed ..... *Mifflin* 497
To the Mocking-Bird ..... *Pike* 163
To the Mocking-Bird ..... *Wilde* 27
To the Moonflower ..... *Betts* 553
Town of Hay, The ..... *Foss* 676
Tradition of Conquest ..... *S. M. B. Piatt* 375
Transfigured ..... *S. M. B. Piatt* 377
Travellers, The ..... *M. A. DeW. Howe* 708
Tribute of Grasses, A ..... *Garland* 655
Trilby ..... *A. Brown* 626
Trust ..... *Reese* 611
Tsigane's Canzonet, The ..... *King* 511
Tuberose ..... *Block* 565
Tutelage, The ..... *Bell* 649
Twilight at Sea ..... *Welby* 296
Twilight at the Heights ..... *J. Miller* 429
"Twilight of the Poets, The" ..... *Shinn* 628
Two Angels, The ..... *Whittier* 139
Two Argosies ..... *Bruce* 583
Two Friends, The ..... *Leland* 270
Two Mysteries, The ..... *M. M. Dodge* 392
Two of a Trade ..... *Duffield* 463
Two Paths ..... *Dorr* 277
Two Spirits, The ..... *Kenyon* 630
Two Wives, The ..... *W. D. Howells* 386

Ulalume ..... *Poe* 151
Ulf in Ireland ..... *DeKay* 510
Unanswered ..... *M. G. Dickinson* 715
Unborn, The ..... *Finch* 759
Uncle Gabe's White Folks ..... *Page* 557
"Undersong, The" (from "Wood-notes") ..... *Emerson* 95
Under the Blue ..... *F. F. Browne* 447
Under the Red Cross ..... *Hickox* 581
Under the Snow ..... *Collyer* 301
Under the Stars ..... *Rice* 688
Under the Violets ..... *Holmes* 159
Under the Violets ..... *E. Young* 198
Undiscovered Country, The ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 383
Unfulfilment ..... *Bushnell* 346
Unguarded Gates ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 380
"Unillumined Verge, The" ..... *Bridges* 637
Uninscribed Monument, on one of the Battlefields of the Wilderness, An ..... *Melville* 236
Unless ..... *Glynes* 581
Unmanifest Destiny ..... *Hovey* 704
Unpraised Picture, An ..... *Burton* 646
Unreturning ..... *E. Stoddard* 258
Unseen Spirits ..... *Willis* 105
Unwritten Poems ..... *Winter* 374
Ute Lover, The ..... *Garland* 655
Utterance ..... *E. Dickinson* 320

Vagabonds, The ..... *Trowbridge* 292
Valentine, A ..... *Gillespy* 767
Valentine, A ..... *Richards* 525
Valse Jeune ..... *Guiney* 666
Vanished ..... *E. Dickinson* 322
Vanishers, The ..... *Whittier* 135
Vanquished ..... *F. F. Browne* 446
Vaquero ..... *J. Miller* 428
Veery, The ..... *Van Dyke* 546
Veery-Thrush, The ..... *J. R. Taylor* 723

Venus of the Louvre ..... *Lazarus* 519
Vicksburg ..... *P. H. Hayne* 317
Village Blacksmith, The ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 114
Vingtaine ..... *A. L. Bunner* 673
Violets, The ..... *S. Crane* 734
Violin's Complaint, The ... *W. R. Thayer* 641
Virgil's Tomb ..... *Rogers* 690
Virginians of the Valley, The .... *Ticknor* 253
Virtuosa ..... *M. A. Townsend* 330
Vision ..... *W. D. Howells* 387
Vision of Sir Launfal, The (extract) ..... *J. R. Lowell* 204
Vision of the Snow, The ..... *Preston* 286
Visit from St. Nicholas, A ... *C. C. Moore* 15
Vita Benefica ..... *Rollins* 500
Vivérols ..... *Jordan* 579
Voice ..... *Spofford* 355
Voiceless, The ..... *Holmes* 157
Voice of the Dove, The ..... *J. Miller* 429
Voice of the Grass, The ..... *Boyle* 199
Voice of the Void, The .... *G. P. Lathrop* 537
Voice of Webster, The (extract) ..... *R. U. Johnson* 549
Void between, The (from "God and the Soul") ..... *J. L. Spalding* 413
Volunteer, The ..... *Cutler* 455
Votive Song ..... *Pinkney* 82

Waiting ..... *Burroughs* 464
Waiting Chords ..... *S. H. Thayer* 408
Waking Year, The ..... *E. Dickinson* 321
Walt Whitman ..... *H. S. Morris* 620
Walt Whitman ..... *Williams* 483
Wander-Lovers, The ..... *Hovey* 702
Wapentake ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 124
War ..... *Channing-Stetson* 740
Warden of the Cinque Ports, The ..... *H. W. Longfellow* 120
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers ..... *Pierpont* 34
Washington (from the "Commemoration Ode") ..... *Monroe* 660
Washington Sequoia, The (extract) . *Shinn* 629
Washington's Statue ..... *Tuckerman* 190
Wasted Sympathy, A ..... *W. Howells* 702
Was there Another Spring ..... *H. Hay* 754
Watcher, The ..... *S. J. Hale* 24
Watchers, The ..... *A. Bates* 534
Watching ..... *Judson* 183
Watch of a Swan, The .... *S. M. B. Piatt* 375
Water-Lily, The ..... *Tabb* 489
Waves ..... *Emerson* 97
Wayfarer, The ..... *S. Crane* 734
Wayside, The ..... *Morse* 426
Wayside Virgin, The ..... *L. E. Mitchell* 687
Way the Baby slept, The ..... *Riley* 561
Way the Baby woke, The ..... *Riley* 560
Way to Arcady, The ..... *H. C. Bunner* 596
Way to Heaven, The ..... *C. G. Whiting* 432
Webster: An Ode (extract) .... *Wilkinson* 451
Wedding-Song, A ..... *Chadwick* 417
We lay us down to sleep ..... *Moulton* 357
Wendell Phillips ..... *A. B. Alcott* 79
Wendell Phillips (extract) ..... *O'Reilly* 480
Were but my Spirit loosed upon the Air ..... *Moulton* 357
Were-Wolf ..... *J. Hawthorne* 585
Westward Ho! ..... *J. Miller* 427
We walked among the Whispering Pines ..... *Boner* 488
We were Boys together ..... *G. P. Morris* 82
What is the Use (extract) ..... *Ellsworth* 255
What Mr. Robinson thinks (from "The Biglow Papers") ... *J. R. Lowell* 205
What my Lover said ..... *H. Greene* 580
What shall it profit? ..... *W. D. Howells* 387
What the Bullet sang ..... *Harte* 407
What though the Green Leaf grow? ..... *Fleming* 566
What was my Dream? ..... *J. O'Connor* 430
When Almonds bloom ..... *Shinn* 629
When Even cometh on ..... *Tilley* 673
Whenever a Little Child is born ..... *A. C. Mason* 587
When first I saw her (from "Wild Eden") ..... *Woodberry* 590
When in the first Great Hour (from "The Inverted Torch") . *E. M. Thomas* 576
When Love comes knocking ..... *Gardner* 678
When Nature hath betrayed the Heart that loved her ..... *Jewett* 694
When she comes home ..... *Riley* 559
When the Grass shall cover me ..... *Coolbrith* 494
When the Great Gray Ships come in ..... *G. W. Carryl* 741
When the most is said ..... *De Vere* 449
When the Sultan goes to Ispahan ..... *T. B. Aldrich* 379
Where Helen comes ..... *Rooney* 718
Where Helen sits ..... *Richards* 525
Where Hudson's Wave ..... *G. P. Morris* 83
Whirlwind Road, The ..... *Markham* 542
White Azaleas ..... *H. McE. Kimball* 349
White Rose, A ..... *O'Reilly* 481
White Roses ..... *Fabbri* 761
Whither ..... *Cheney* 516
Whither ..... *Goetz* 766
Whittier ..... *Sangster* 391
Who knows? ..... *N. Perry* 425
"Whom the Gods love" ..... *M. A. De W. Howe* 708
Why? ..... *S. Crane* 734
Why it was cold in May ..... *Eliot* 587
Why the Robin's Breast was Red ..... *Randall* 402
Why thus longing? ..... *H. W. Sewall* 296
Why ye blossome cometh before ye Leafe ..... *Herford* 697
Widowed Heart, The ..... *Pike* 164
Wife, The ..... *Dinnies* 198
Wild Eden (extracts) ..... *Woodberry* 590
Wild Geese, The ..... *Morse* 426
Wild Honeysuckle, The ..... *Freneau* 4
Wild Ride, The ..... *Guiney* 666
Willis, The ..... *Proudfit* 462
Will it be so? (from "The Inverted Torch") ..... *E. M. Thomas* 576
Wind and Wave ..... *C. W. Stoddard* 445
Wind in the Pines, The ..... *Cawein* 710
Wind-swept Wheat, The ..... *De Vere* 447
Wine and Dew ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 281
Winged Worshippers, The ..... *Sprague* 51

Winter Days ..... *Abbey* 442
Winter Sleep ..... *E. M. Thomas* 575
Winter Twilight ..... *Elliot* 581
Winter Twilight, A ..... *A. Bates* 535
Winter Wish, A ..... *Messinger* 199
Wish, A ..... *Garland* 655
Wishmaker's Town (extracts) .. *W. Young* 506
Wistful Days, The ..... *R. U. Johnson* 550
Witch in the Glass, The .. *S. M. B. Piatt* 375
Witch's Whelp, The ..... *R. H. Stoddard* 279
With a Nantucket Shell ..... *Webb* 341
With a Rose from Conway Castle .... *Dorr* 276
With a Spray of Apple Blossoms . *Learned* 502
With Flowers ..... *E. Dickinson* 320
With Lilacs ..... *Crandall* 631
With Roses ..... *Lloyd* 756
With Wordsworth at Rydal .. *J. T. Fields* 181
Woman's Execution, A ..... *King* 512
Woman's Pride, A ..... *H. Hay* 754
Wonderland ..... *H. T. Peck* 622
Woodbines in October ..... *C. F. Bates* 400
Woodman, spare that Tree! .. *G. P. Morris* 82
Woodnotes (extracts) ..... *Emerson* 95
Wood-Song ..... *J. P. Peabody* 745
Word, The ..... *Realf* 343
Word of God to Leyden came, The *Rankin* 295
Wordsworth (from An "Ode to England") ..... *Lord* 243
Word to the Wise, A ..... *Duer* 730
Work ..... *Block* 565
World Beyond, A ..... *Bowditch* 192
World I am passing through, The ... *Child* 89
World is mine, The ..... *Coates* 536
World Music ..... *Bushnell* 345
World Transformed, The (from "Snow-Bound") ..... *Whittier* 137
World well lost, The ..... *Stedman* 337
Worship (extract) ..... *Lord* 242
Written at the End of a Book *L. E. Mitchell* 687
Written in the Visitors' Book at the Birthplace of Robert Burns ..... *Cable* 589
Written on a Fly-Leaf of Theocritus *M. Thompson* 485
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod . *Eugene Field* 526

Yankee Man-of-War, The *Author Unfound* 8
Yellow Jessamine ..... *Woolson* 460
Ylen's Song (from "The Birth of Galahad") ..... *Hovey* 705
Yosemite (from "The Washington Sequoia") ..... *Shinn* 629
Young Lovers, The (from "The House of a Hundred Lights") . *Torrence* 752
Yourself ..... *Very* 174
Youth ..... *Cloud* 658
Youth ..... *Lodge* 744
Youth and Age (from "The House of a Hundred Lights") ..... *Torrence* 752
Yuki ..... *M. M. Fenollosa* 739
Yule Log, The ..... *W. H. Hayne* 613
Yuma ..... *C. H. Phelps* 549

"Zophiel" (extracts) ..... *M. G. Brooks* 71

INDEX OF POETS

Abbey, Henry 442
Adams, John Quincy 13
Adams, Mary Mathews 465
Adams, Oscar Fay 653
Albee, John 332
Alcott, Amos Bronson 77
Alcott, Louisa May 466
Aldrich, Anne Reeve 718
Aldrich, James 197
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey 379
Allen, Elizabeth Akers 327
Allston, Washington 18
Anonymous 8, 459
Antrobus, John 453
Arnold, George 344
Auringer, O. C. 516

Baker, George Augustus 589
Bangs, John Kendrick 693
Barker, Edward D. 681
Bashford, Herbert 735
Bates, Arlo 533
Bates, Charlotte Fiske 399
Bates, Clara Doty 587
Bates, Herbert 720
Bates, Katharine Lee 647
Beers, Ethel Lynn 454
Beers, Henry Augustin 503
Bell, Robert Mowry 649
Benjamin, Park 682
Bennett, Henry Holcomb 756
Bennett, John 711
Bensel, James Berry 674
Benton, Joel 326
Bethune, George Washington 192
Betts, Craven Langstroth 552
Bierce, Ambrose 443
Blake, Mary Elizabeth 462
Block, Louis James 564
Bloede, Gertrude 492
Blood, Henry Ames 391
Blount, Edward Augustus, Jr. 768
Bogart, Elizabeth 682
Boker, George Henry 261
Bolton, Sarah Knowles 467
Boner, John Henry 487
Bowditch, Nathaniel Ingersoll 192
Bowker, Richard Rogers 582
Boyeson, Hjalmar Hjorth 512
Boyle, Sarah Roberts 199
Brackett, Anna Callender 367
Bradley, Mary Emily 363
Brainard, John Gardiner Calkins 75
Brainard, Mary Gardiner 470
Branch, Mary Bolles 461
"Bridges, Madeline." — See *Mary Ainge De Vere.*
Bridges, Robert 637
Bristol, Augusta Cooper 460
Brooks, Francis 763
Brooks, Maria Gowen 71
Brooks, Phillips 468
Brotherton, Alice Williams 501
Brown, Alice 626
Brown, Joseph Brownlee 306
Brown, Phœbe Hinsdale 29
Brown, Theron 680
Browne, Francis Fisher 446
Browne, Irving 359
Brownell, Henry Howard 245
Bruce, Wallace 583
Bryant, William Cullen 53
Buck, Richard Henry 681
Buckham, James 673
Bull, Lucy Catlin. — See *Lucy Robinson.*
Bunner, Alice Learned 673
Bunner, Henry Cuyler 596
"Burroughs, Ellen." — See *Sophie Jewett.*
Burroughs, John 464
Burton, Richard 645
Bushnell, Frances Louisa 345
Butler, William Allen 306
Butterworth, Hezekiah 451
Butts, Mary Frances 468, 588

Cable, George Washington 589
Carleton, Will 493
Carpenter, Amelia Walstien 410
Carpenter, Henry Bernard 413
Carryl, Charles Edward 432
Carryl, Guy Wetmore 741
Cary, Alice 297
Cary, Phœbe 297
Cavazza, Elisabeth Jones. — See *Elisabeth Cavazza Pullen.*
Cawein, Madison 708
Chadwick, John White 415
Chambers, Robert William 764
Channing, William Ellery 185
Channing-Stetson, Grace Ellery 740
Cheney, John Vance 515, 587
Child, Lydia Maria 90
Clarke, Joseph I. C. 547
Clarke, Willis Gaylord 197
Cloud, Virginia Woodward 657
Coan, Titus Munson 422

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE 535
COCKE, ZITELLA 769
COLES, ABRAHAM 193
COLLIER, THOMAS STEPHENS 467
COLLYER, ROBERT 302
COLTON, ARTHUR 723
CONE, HELEN GRAY 642
CONWAY, KATHERINE ELEANOR 567
COOK, CLARENCE CHATHAM 307
COOKE, JOHN ESTEN 455
COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON 198
COOKE, ROSE TERRY 289
COOLBRITH, INA 494
"COOLIDGE, SUSAN." — See *Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.*
COOPER, GEORGE 588
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE 30
CORTISSOZ, ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON 553
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND 184
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE 172
CRANDALL, CHARLES HENRY 631
CRANE, ELIZABETH GREEN 772
CRANE, STEPHEN 733
"CROAKERS, THE." — See *Halleck and Drake.*
CROFFUT, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS 464
CROSBY, ERNEST 620
CROSWELL, WILLIAM 192
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM 305
CUTLER, ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON 455

DALLAS, MARY KYLE 580
DALY, EUGENE HOWELL 768
DANA, RICHARD HENRY 21
DANDRIDGE, DANSKE 639
DAVIDSON, MARGARET GILMAN (GEORGE) 760
DAWES, RUFUS 195
DAWSON, DANIEL LEWIS 603
DAY, RICHARD EDWIN 543
DAY, THOMAS FLEMING 757
DE KAY, CHARLES 509
DELAND, MARGARET 624
DENNEN, GRACE ATHERTON 771
DE VERE, MARY AINGE 447
DEWEY, GEORGE WASHINGTON 198
DICKINSON, CHARLES MONROE 472
DICKINSON, EMILY 320, 587
DICKINSON, MARTHA GILBERT 714
DINNIES, ANNA PEYRE 198
DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON 76
DOANE, WILLIAM CROSWELL 468
DODGE, MARY BARKER 464
DODGE, MARY MAPES 392, 587
DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL 545
DORGAN, JOHN AYLMER 364
DORR, JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY 275
"DOUGLAS, MARIAN." — See *Annie Douglas Robinson.*
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN 42
"DROCH." — See *Robert Bridges.*
DUER, ALICE. — See *Alice Duer Miller.*
DUER, CAROLINE 729
DUFFIELD, SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY 463
DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE 737
DURIVAGE, FRANCIS ALEXANDER 201
DWIGHT, TIMOTHY 9

EASTER, MARGUERITE ELIZABETH 471
EASTMAN, BARRETT 725
EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE 197
EASTMAN, ELAINE GOODALE 700
EATON, ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON 578
EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS 543
ELIOT, HENRIETTA ROBINS 587
ELLIOT, GEORGE TRACY 581
ELLSWORTH, ERASTUS WOLCOTT 255
ELLWANGER, WILLIAM DE LANCEY 590
EMBURY, EMMA CATHARINE 196
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO 90
ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN 232
ERSKINE, JOHN 767

FABBRI, CORA 761
FATHER EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P. — See *Benjamin Dionysius Hill.*
FENOLLOSA, ERNEST FRANCISCO 586
FENOLLOSA, MARY MCNEIL 739
FIELD, EUGENE 526
FIELDS, ANNIE 346
FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS 181
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES 292
FINCH, JULIA NEELY 759
FLASH, HENRY LYNDEN 455
FLEMING, MAYBURY 566
FOOTE, LUCIUS HARWOOD 360
"FORESTER, FANNY." — See *Emily Chubbuck Judson.*
"FORESTER, FRANK." — See *Henry William Herbert.*
FOSS, SAM WALTER 676
FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS 288
"FOXTON, E." — See *Sarah Hammond Palfrey.*
FRENEAU, PHILIP 3
FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON 87
FULLER, MARGARET 773
FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY 90

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS 142
GARDNER, WILLIAM HENRY 678
GARLAND, HAMLIN 654
GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS 465
GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD 102
GEORGE, MARGARET GILMAN. — See *Margaret George Davidson.*
GILDER, JOSEPH B. 773
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON 474
GILLESPY, JEANNETTE BLISS 767
"GLYNDON, HOWARD." — See *Laura Redden Searing.*
GLYNES, ELLA DIETZ 581
GOETZ, PHILIP BECKER 767
GOODALE, DORA READ 722
GOODALE, ELAINE. — See *Elaine Goodale Eastman.*
GOODRICH, SAMUEL GRISWOLD 87
GORDON, ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL 606
GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG 30
GOURAUD, GEORGE FARWEL 765
GRAY, DAVID 377
GREENE, ALBERT GORTON 80
GREENE, HOMER 581

Greene, Sarah Pratt McLean 634
Grissom, Arthur 762
"Groot, Cecil de." — See *Wallace Rice.*
Guiney, Louise Imogen 664
Gunmere, Francis Barton 595

Hale, Edward Everett 308
Hale, Sarah Josepha 23
Hall, Gertrude 699
Halleck and Drake 46
Halleck, Fitz-Greene 36
Halpine, Charles Graham 455
Hansbrough, Mary Berri (Chapman) 770
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne 505
Harney, Will Wallace 323
Harris, Joel Chandler 513
Harris, Thomas Lake 260
Harte, Francis Bret 403
Hastings, Thomas 19
Hawkes, Clarence 762
Hawthorne, Hildegarde 744
Hawthorne, Julian 585
Hawthorne, Nathaniel 191
Hay, Helen 753
Hay, John 395
Hayes, Ednah Proctor (Clarke) 750
Hayes, John Russell 721
Hayne, Paul Hamilton 317
Hayne, William Hamilton 612
Heaton, John Langdon 677
Hedge, Frederic Henry 193
Hellman, George Sidney 755, 768
Herbert, Henry William 196
Herford, Oliver 697
"Hermes, Paul." — See *William Roscoe Thayer.*
"H. H." — See *Helen Fiske Jackson.*
Hickox, Chauncey 582
Higginson, Ella 692
Higginson, Mary Thacher 486
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth 267
Hildreth, Charles Lotin 616
Hill, Benjamin Dionysius 470
Hill, George 88
Hillhouse, Augustus Lucas 86
Hillhouse, James Abraham 24
Hirst, Henry Beck 175
Hoffman, Charles Fenno 110
Holland, Josiah Gilbert 233, 588
Holmes, Oliver Wendell 153
Honeywood, St. John 11
Hopkinson, Joseph 14
Horton, George 675
Houghton, George 525
Hovey, Richard 702
Howarth, Ellen Clementine 300
Howe, Julia Ward 220
Howe, Mark A. De Wolfe 708
Howell, Elizabeth Lloyd 194
Howells, Mildred 742
Howells, William Dean 386
Howells, Winifred 701
Howland, Edward 466
Hoyt, Ralph 108
Hughes, Rupert 736

Huntington, William Reed 390
Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay. — See *Ellen Mackay Hutchinson Cortissoz.*
Hutchison, Percy Adams 766
Hutton, Laurence 472

"Idas." — See *John Elton Wayland.*
Ingalls, John James 466
Ingham, John Hall 652
"Innsley, Owen." — See *Lucy White Jennison.*
"Ironquill." — See *Eugene Fitch Ware.*

Jackson, Helen Fiske 324
James, Alice Archer (Sewall) 732
Janvier, Margaret Thomson 579
Jenks, Tudor 625
Jennison, Lucy White 523
Jewett, Sophie 693
Johnson, Charles Frederick 368
Johnson, Robert Underwood 549
Johnson, Rossiter 409
Johnson, Samuel 254
Johnson, William Martin 28
Jordan, David Starr 580
Judson, Emily Chubbuck 183

Keeler, Charles Augustus 758
Kemble, Francis Anne 163
Kenyon, James Benjamin 630
Keppel, Frederick 673
Kerr, Orpheus C. — See *Robert Henry Newell.*
Key, Francis Scott 16
Kimball, Hannah Parker 668
Kimball, Harriet McEwen 348
King, Edward 511
Kinney, Elizabeth Clementine 167
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence 727
Koopman, Harry Lyman 652

Lamar, Mirabeau Bonaparte 88
Lanier, Sidney 433
Lanigan, George Thomas 473
Larcom, Lucy 300
Larremore, Wilbur 600
Lathrop, George Parsons 536
Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne 539
Lawton, William Cranston 567
Lazarus, Emma 518
Learned, Walter 502
Legaré, James Matthew 266
Leigh, Amy E. 678
Leiser, Joseph 747
Leland, Charles Godfrey 269
Lindsey, William 638
Lippmann, Julie Mathilde 707
Litchfield, Grace Denio 521
Lloyd, Beatrix Demarest 755
Lodge, George Cabot 743
Loines, Russell Hillard 768
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth 111
Lord, William Wilberforce 242
Loring, Frederick Wadsworth 584
Loveman, Robert 763
Lowell, James Russell 202
Lowell, Maria White 249

LOWELL, ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE 178
LUDERS, CHARLES HENRY 632
LUNT, GEORGE 190
LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES 303

MACE, FRANCES LAUGHTON 365, 684
MALONE, WALTER 715
MARKHAM, EDWIN 541
MARTIN, EDWARD SANFORD 608
MASON, AGNES CARTER 587
MASON, CAROLINE ATHERTON 463
MASON, MARY AUGUSTA 633
MATHEWS, ALBERT 305
MATHEWS, CORNELIUS 201
MATTHEWS, BRANDER 590
MCCABE, WILLIAM GORDON 421
MCGAFFEY, ERNEST 669
MCLELLAN, ISAAC 190
MCMASTER, GUY HUMPHREYS 451
MELLEN, GRENVILLE 89
MELVILLE, HERMAN 235
MERCER, MARGARET 86
MEREDITH, WILLIAM TUCKEY 458
MERINGTON, MARGUERITE 771
MERRILL, CHARLES EDMUND, JR. 769
MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY 200
MIFFLIN, LLOYD 496
MILLER, ALICE DUER 730
MILLER, JOAQUIN 426
MILLER, KATHERINE 761
MITCHELL, LANGDON ELWYN 685
MITCHELL, SILAS WEIR 311
MITCHELL, WALTER 303
MONROE, HARRIET 660
MONTGOMERY, GEORGE EDGAR 613
MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN 726
MOORE, CHARLES LEONARD 569
MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE 15
MORGRIDGE, HARRIET S. 473
MORRIS, GEORGE POPE 82
MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR 765
MORRIS, HARRISON SMITH 617
MORSE, JAMES HERBERT 425
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER 355
MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS 74
MUNGER, ROBERT LOUIS 767
MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD KENDALL 551

NASON, EMMA HUNTINGTON 582
NEAL, JOHN 52
NEGRO SPIRITUALS 459
NESMITH, JAMES ERNEST 674
NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY 457
NORTON, ANDREWS 29

O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES 304
"OCCIDENTE, MARIA DEL." — See *Maria Gowen Brooks.*
"O'REILLY, MILES." — See *Charles Graham Halpine.*
O'CONNOR, JOSEPH 430
O'CONNOR, MICHAEL 457
O'HARA, THEODORE 248
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE 480
OSBORNE, SAMUEL DUFFIELD 675
OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT 169
OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM 458

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON 557
PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW 669
PALFREY, SARAH HAMMOND 299
PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON 277
PALMER, RAY 153
PARADISE, CAROLINE WILDER (FELLOWES) 770
PARKER, THEODORE 166
PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM 237
"PAUL, JOHN." — See *Charles Henry Webb.*
PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE 17
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD 85
PAYNE, WILLIAM MORTON 627
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON 745
PEABODY, WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER 76
PECK, HARRY THURSTON 621
PFCK, SAMUEL MINTURN 576
PELLEW, GEORGE 648
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES 70
"PERCY, FLORENCE." — See *Elizabeth Akers Allen.*
PERRY, LILLA CABOT 667
PERRY, NORA 423
PETERSON, ARTHUR 583
PETERSON, FREDERICK 677
PETERSON, HENRY 180
PHELPS, CHARLES HENRY 548
PIATT, JOHN JAMES 349
PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN 374
PIERPONT, JOHN 33
PIKE, ALBERT 163
PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE 81
POE, EDGAR ALLAN 144
POLLOCK, EDWARD 301
PRATT, ANNA M. 588
PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON 84
PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN 286
PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN 398
PROUDFIT, DAVID LAW 462
PULLEN, ELISABETH CAVAZZA 601
PULLEN, EUGENE HENRY 470

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER 400
RANDOLPH, ANSON DAVIES FITZ 298
RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES 295
"RAYMOND, GRACE." — See *Annie R. Stillman.*
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN 250
REALF, RICHARD 343
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH 609
RICE, WALLACE 688
RICHARDS, LAURA ELIZABETH 524
RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS 540
RICHARDSON, GEORGE LYNDE 768
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB 559
ROBINSON, ANNIE DOUGLAS 471
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON 727
ROBINSON, LUCY 696
ROBINSON, TRACY 340
ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY 498
ROGÉ, MADAME. — See *Charlotte Fiske Bates.*
ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON 689
ROLLINS, ALICE WELLINGTON 499
ROONEY, JOHN JEROME 716
ROSENBERG, JAMES NAUMBERG 766

ROSENFELD, MORRIS 772
RUNKLE, BERTHA BROOKS 759
RUSSELL, IRWIN 568
RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH 402

SALTUS, FRANCIS SALTUS 521
SANBORN, FRANKLIN BENJAMIN 326
SANDS, ROBERT CHARLES 89
SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH 391
SANTAYANA, GEORGE 762
SARGENT, EPES 177
SARGENT, JOHN OSBORNE 201
SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON 467
SAVAGE, PHILIP HENRY 724
SAXTON, ANDREW BICE 672
SCHUYLER, MONTGOMERY 676
SCOLLARD, CLINTON 658
SCOTT, MARY MCNEIL. — See *M. McN. Fenollosa.*
SCUDDER, ELIZA 298
SEARING, LAURA REDDEN 465
SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON 194
SEWALL, ALICE ARCHER. — See *A. A. (S.) James.*
SEWALL, FRANK 469
SEWALL, HARRIET WINSLOW 297
SHAW, JOHN 14
SHEPHERD, NATHANIEL GRAHAM 456
SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER 650
SHINN, MILICENT WASHBURN 628
SICKELS, DAVID BANKS 469
"SIEGVOLK, PAUL." — See *Albert Mathews.*
SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY 47
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND 419
SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE 106
SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES 126
SMITH, HARRY BACHE 679, 761
SMITH, MAY RILEY 441
SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS 153
SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER 411
SPALDING, SUSAN MARR 636
SPINGARN, JOEL ELIAS 766
SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT 353
SPRAGUE, CHARLES 50
STANTON, FRANK LEBBY 622
STARR, HATTIE 680
STEBBINS, MARY ELIZABETH (HEWITT) 188
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE 2, 333
STEIN, EVALEEN 694
"STERNE, STUART." — See *Gertrude Bloede.*
STETSON, CHARLOTTE PERKINS 663
STETSON, GRACE ELLERY CHANNING. — See *Mrs. Channing-Stetson.*
STILLMAN, ANNIE R. 672
STOCKARD, HENRY JEROME 634
STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN 445
STODDARD, ELIZABETH 257
STODDARD, LAVINIA 30
STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY 279
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE 218
STOWE, HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER 195
STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS 171
SUTPHEN, VAN TASSEL 760

TABB, JOHN BANISTER 489
TAPPAN, WILLIAM BINGHAM 87
TASSIN, ALGERNON 767
TATNALL, FRANCES DORR (SWIFT) 679
TAYLOR, BAYARD 721
TAYLOR, CHARLES EDWARD 768
TAYLOR, JOSEPH RUSSELL 723
THAXTER, CELIA 369
THAYER, STEPHEN HENRY 407
THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE 640
THOMAS, CHARLES EDWARD 766
THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA 571, 588
THOMAS, FREDERICK WILLIAM 196
THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH 264
THOMPSON, MAURICE 483
THOMPSON, VANCE 691
THOMPSON, WILL HENRY 508
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID 182
TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRERY 253
TILLEY, LUCY EVANGELINE 674
TILTON, THEODORE 361
TIMROD, HENRY 314
TOOKER, LEWIS FRANK 604
TORRENCE, FREDERIC RIDGELY 752
TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED 417
TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY 329
TRASK, KATRINA 671
TRAUBEL, HORACE L. 638
TROUBETSKOY, AMÉLIE 698
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND 292
TRUMBULL, ANNIE ELIOT 672
TUCKER, ST. GEORGE 10
TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE 191

UNDERWOOD, WILBUR 749
URMY, CLARENCE 635

VALENTINE, EDWARD A. U. 731
"VANDEGRIFT, MARGARET." — See *Margaret Thomson Janvier.*
VAN DYKE, HENRY 545
VAN RENSSELAER, PEYTON 678
VAN VORST, MARIE 773
VARLEY, JOHN PHILIP. — See *Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*
VENABLE, WILLIAM HENRY 366
VERY, JONES 173

WALLACE, LEW 678
WARD, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS 481
WARD, SAMUEL 200
WARD, WILLIAM HAYES 358
WARE, EUGENE FITCH 585
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY 308
WATSON, EDWARD WILLARD 479
WAYLAND, JOHN ELTON 678
WEBB, CHARLES HENRY 341
WEBSTER, DANIEL 28
WEEDEN, HOWARD 748
WEEKS, ROBERT KELLEY 414
WELBY, AMELIA COPPUCK 296
WHARTON, EDITH 763
WHICHER, GEORGE MEASON 676
WHITE, EDWARD LUCAS 712
WHITE, EUGENE RICHARD 758
WHITING, CHARLES GOODRICH 431
WHITING, LILIAN 582
WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN 101

Whitman, Walt 221
Whitney, Hattie 681
Whitney, Joseph Ernest 677
Whittier, John Greenleaf 128
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler 615
Wilde, Richard Henry 27
Wilkins, Mary Eleanor 770
Wilkinson, William Cleaver 452
Willard, Emma Hart 29
Williams, Francis Howard 483
Willis, Nathaniel Parker 102
Willson, Forceythe 388
Wilson, Alexander 12
Wilson, Robert Burns 531
Winter, William 371
Winthrop, Theodore 307
Woodberry, George Edward 590
Woodworth, Samuel 20
Woolsey, Sarah Chauncey 491
Woolsey, Theodore Dwight 79
Woolson, Constance Fenimore 461
Wright, William Bull 394

"Xariffa." — See *Mary Ashley Townsend.*

Young, Edward 199
Young, William 506

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